

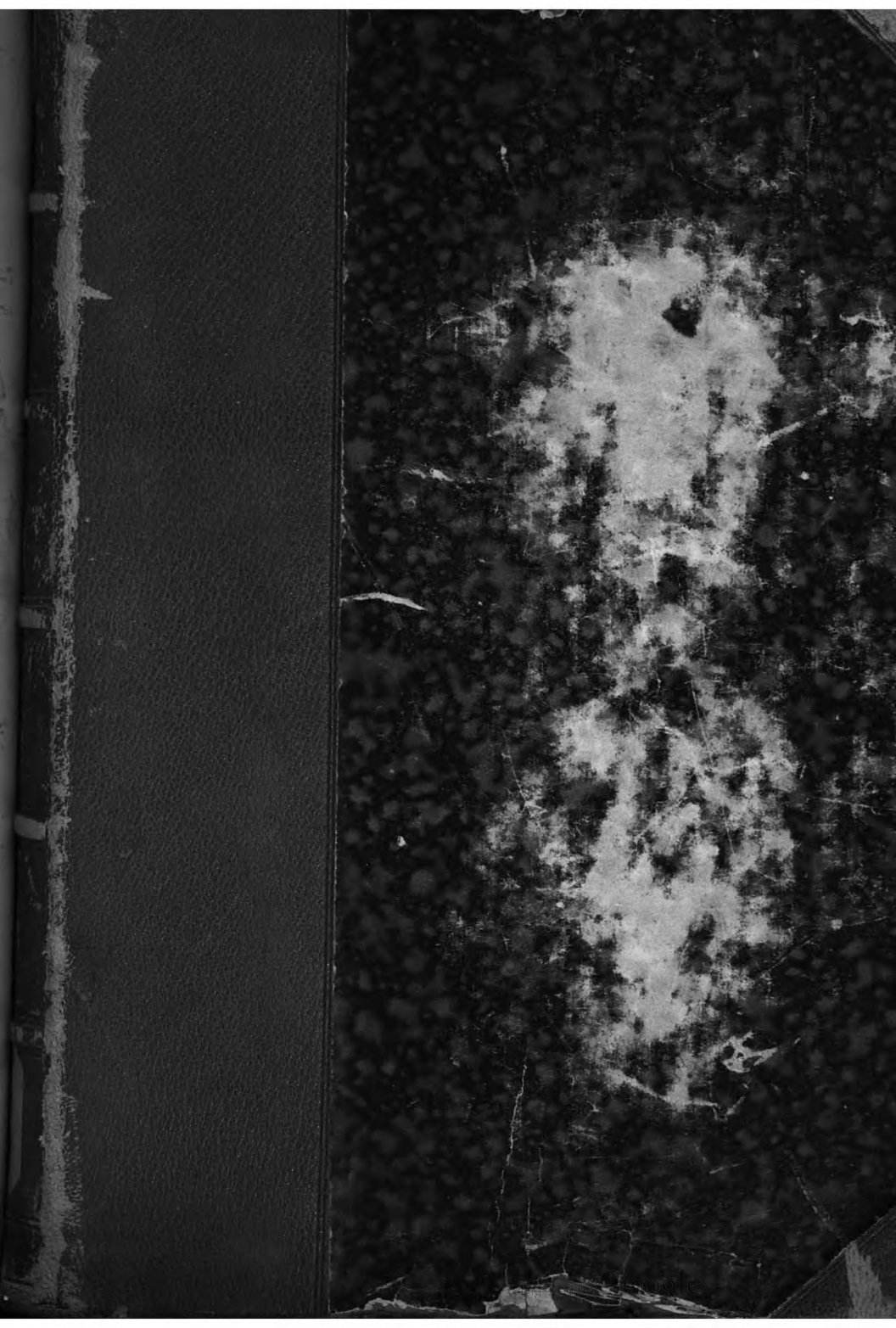
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## CONTENTS VOLUME IV.

	PAGE.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A Reminiscence of. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	Albert Rhodes ..... 8
ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.....	Charles Barnard..... 233
ANNETTA PLUMMER'S DIARY.....	Abby Morton Díaz..... 558
APRIL SNOW. Poem.....	Virginia F. Townsend..... 381
AROUND THE WORLD ON A TELEGRAPH WIRE. Poem. (Illus. by L. Hopkins).....	E. L. Bynner..... 680
ARTIST-SOLDIER, The.....	Charles Barnard..... 233
AUTUMN POETRY. (Illustrated).....	Lucy Larcom..... 796
BACKUS, My Friend Colonel. A Talk with Big Boys.....	J. G. Holland..... 483
BEAR, The Good-natured. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	Isabella Valancy Crawford..... 135
BEES THAT WENT TO THE SKY, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Joel Stacy..... 13
BENITA. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Mary E. Bradley..... 22
BIRDS, Something about. (Illustrated).....	Prof. W. K. Brooks..... 394
BIRDS IN THE SPRING. (Illustrated).....	Prof. W. K. Brooks..... 555
BIRDS IMPROVE IN NEST-BUILDING, How. (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	Prof. W. K. Brooks..... 686
BLUE-COAT BOY, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	"Aunt Fanny"..... 662
BLUE-COAT GIRL, Extracts from the Journal of a. (Illus. by C. S. Reinhart).....	Laura W. Johnson..... 327
BO-PEEP. Verses.....	E. Norman Gunnison..... 823
BORROWING A GRANDMOTHER. (Illus. by Frank Beard and Sol. Eytinge, Jr.).....	Helen Angell Goodwin..... 38
BOSTON GIRL OF 1776, A Little.....	Mrs. E. G. Carter..... 11
BOUCHE DE MADEMOISELLE LOUISE, LA. French Story for Translation.....	F. Dupin de Saint-André..... 503
BOY'S LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR, A. (Illustrated).....	Chaplain H. H. Clark..... 616
BOYS OF MY BOYHOOD, The.....	William Cullen Bryant..... 99
BRAVE LITTLE FLORENCIA. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson).....	Newton Perkins..... 339
BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.....	Author of "Helen's Babies"..... 164
BUTTERCUP, A. Poem.....	K. C..... 718
CANARIES, A Talk about. (Illustrated).....	Ernest Ingersoll..... 247
CAR-HORSES AT HOME. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	Charles Barnard..... 91
CARLO AND THE MILK-PAN. Pictures drawn by.....	F. Oppen..... 38
CASPAR DEANE AND THE CINNAMON. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	C. D. Clark..... 382
CATHERN: A Sequel to the "Ash-Girl." (Illustrated).....	Lucy G. Morse..... 302
CATS, Turning into. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Frances Lee..... 392
CAUGHT BY THE SNOW. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	William H. Rideing..... 792
CÉCILE ET LULU. French Story for Translation. (Illustrated).....	A. A. Chapman..... 369
CECILE AND LULU. Translation of French Story.....	A. A. Chapman..... 531
CENTENNIAL, Budge's Story of the.....	Author of "Helen's Babies"..... 164
CENTENNIAL PEN-WIPER, A. (Illustrated).....	Mrs. M. H. Jaquith..... 50
CENTRAL PARK, Young Folks' Fun in. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	Charles Barnard..... 705
CENTURY AGO, A. (Illustrated).....	Noah Brooks..... 802
CHILD-BISHOPS OF SALISBURY, St. Nicholas' Day and the. (Illus. by Sol. Eytinge).....	Melville Eggleston..... 532
CHRISTMAS EVE, Léon Maturin's. (Illustrated).....	C. F. Jackson..... 123
CHRISTMAS SONG, A.....	Hattie S. Russell..... 90
CHRISTMAS-TIDE, Not Only in the. Verse. (Illustrated).....	Bessie Hill..... 447
CIRCUS IN BRITANNY, An American. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	William M. F. Round..... 727
CLEVER JOE. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	Henry L. Williams..... 236
CLOCK IN THE SKY AT NIGHT, A. (Illustrated by Author).....	Richard A. Proctor..... 120
CLUCK-A-LUCK'S STRANGE CHILDREN. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	E. Müller..... 77



	PAGE.
COMPLAINT OF, THE STOCKINGS, The. Poem.....	<i>Sidney Dayre</i> 118
CORAL-FISHER AND HIS WIFE, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i> 641
COWS WITH RED EARS, Four Hundred White.....	<i>Amanda B. Harris</i> 466
CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF EASTER. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 406
DAYLIGHT BURGLARY, Another. Picture drawn by.....	<i>F. Oppen</i> 214
DOLL, The True Story of a.....	<i>Rebecca Harding Davis</i> 138
DOVES, The Flock of. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 98
DOWAGER, The Discontented. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>E. L. B.</i> 480
DRUMMER FRITZ, AND HIS EXPLOITS. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 718
DRUMMING, How I Went a- (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 739
DUMB ORATOR. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>C. P. Cranch</i> 627
EASTER, Curious Customs of. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 409
EASTER MORNING. Tablet.....	364
EGYPTIAN, The Naughty Little. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 560
ESTHER, THE FLOWER-GIRL (Illustrated).....	<i>Emily H. Leland</i> 280
FACES OF FISHES, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Herbert E. Copeland</i> 282
FAIRIES, A Dream About.....	<i>H. H.</i> 649
FAIR-MINDED MEN WHO WALKED TO DONAHAN, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 725
FAIRY STORY, Making a. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>Julius A. Truesdell</i> 428
FAR AWAY. Poem.....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 37
FESTINA LENTE, A Talk with Boys.....	<i>Thomas Hughes</i> 245
FIRST TIME, The. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Saxe Holm</i> 473
FISHERS, The Three. Poem. (Illustrated by J. A. Mitchell).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 554
FLOCK OF DOVES, The. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 98
FLORENCIA, Brave Little. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson).....	<i>Newton Perkins</i> 339
FLORIDA FISHERS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. Mary Treat</i> 490
FLOWERS IN WINTER. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. C.</i> 42
FLUFFY AND SNUFFY. Poem. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Carrie W. Thompson</i> 456
FOURTH MONTH DUNCE. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>H. M. M.</i> 371
FOX AND THE TABLET, The. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>H. P.</i> 381
FOX, The Crafty. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 261
FRANK. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Frances E. Beale</i> 513
FRENCH STORY-TELLERS, Two. (Illustrated).....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 780
FURROW, The Little Brown Seed in the. Poem.....	<i>Ida W. Benham</i> 612
GENERAL'S RIDE, Curious End of the. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 434
GEORGE THE THIRD. (Illustrated).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 623
"GOD KNOWS." Poem.....	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i> 403
GOING A-GYPSYING. (Illustrated).....	<i>John H. Peel</i> 620
GOING TO THE SEA-SHORE. Poem. (Illustrated Border).....	<i>E. F. N.</i> 587
GOLDEN FISH OF OWARI CASTLE, The. (Illustrated by a Japanese Artist).....	<i>William E. Griffis</i> 324
GONE ASTRAY. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>George MacDonald</i> 713, 770
GOOD TIMES. Pictures drawn by.....	"Sphinx" 24
GOOD-WILL. Talk with Boys.....	<i>J. T. Tronbridge</i> 389
GRANNY'S STORY. Poem.....	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> 10
GRASS. Poem.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 483
GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS AND PICTURES. (Fac-simile illustrations from the New England Primer, etc.).....	<i>Honore E. Scudder</i> 192
GREEDY, The Kingdom of the. (Illustrated) Translated by.....	<i>Laura W. Johnson</i> 112
GREEN HOUSE WITH GOLD NAILS, The. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Mrs. J. P. Ballard</i> 525
GREYHOUND'S WARNING, The.....	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 189
GUNPOWDER. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. A. Judson</i> 580
"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" Picture.....	191
HAPPY DAY. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 644
HANS GOTTENLIEB, THE FIDDLER. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 400
HARE AND HOUNDS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i> 789
HAROUN AL RASCHID. Poem.....	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 792
HEVL. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 589

	PAGE.
H. H., A Parable by.....	<i>H. H.</i> 34
HIPPETY HOP, The Sad Story of. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Samuel C. Wilson</i> 489
HIPPOPOTAMUS, The Revenge of the Little. (Illustrated).....	<i>Park Benjamin</i> 816
HIS OWN MASTER. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> , 81, 171, 268, 332, 409, 442, 542, 593, 666, 746, 807
"HOLLENBERRY" CUP, The. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Mrs. J. P. Ballard</i> 457
HORSE HOTEL, The. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 91
HOUSE OF SANTA CLAUS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Edward Eggleston</i> 131
ICE, On the. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Irwin Russell</i> 315
ILLUMINATED TEXTS. (Illustrated Title).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 379
INDIAN GIRLAND HER MESSENGER-BIRD, The. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>George W. Ranck</i> 244
ITALIAN BABIES. (Illustrated).....	<i>E. D. Southwick</i> 806
IVANHOE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 448
JACK FROST, A Visit from. Picture drawn by.....	<i>M. Woolf</i> 318
JIM AND THE WATER-MELON. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Frank Beard</i> 280
JINGLES.....	188, 438, 527, 651, 745, 773
JOHN'S FIRST PARTY.....	<i>Charles Dudley Warner</i> 673
JUPITER, The Giant Planet. (Illustrated by Author).....	<i>Richard A. Proctor</i> 628
KAREN AND HER BABY, Little. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. C. W.</i> 297
KATINKA. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i> 157
KATY DELAY, Poor. Poem.....	<i>Maria W. Jones</i> 351
KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY, The. (Illustrated.) Translated by.....	<i>Laura W. Johnson</i> I, 112
KING LONESOME. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 178
KING TRISANKU. Poem.....	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 649
LABRADOR, A Summer Ride in. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Mrs. C. E. Graser</i> 689
LEAD-PENCILS, All About.....	<i>James W. Preston</i> 14
LEAP-YEAR. Picture drawn by.....	"Sphinx" 14
LECTURE-BUREAU, Trotty's.....	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i> 454
LETTER TO A YOUNG NATURALIST, A.....	<i>William Howitt</i> 154
LETTER TO LETTER WRITERS, A.....	<i>Susan A. Brown</i> 310
LETTER, Our. (Illustration: Fac-Simile of a Letter from Charles Dickens).....	<i>M. F. Armstrong</i> 438
LETTERS AT SCHOOL, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 108
LIGHT-HOUSE, Nellie in the. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Archer Weiss</i> 577
LINCOLN, A Reminiscence of Abraham. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>Albert Rhodes</i> 8
LISTENING. Poem. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i> 19
LITTLE BOSTON GIRL OF 1776, A.....	<i>Mrs. E. G. Carter</i> 11
LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW, The. Poem.....	<i>Ida W. Benham</i> 612
LITTLE GIRL WHO GREW SMALLER, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Emily H. Leland</i> 773
LITTLE KAREN AND HER BABY. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. C. W.</i> 297
LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Miss Florence Scannell</i> 466
LITTLE TRAVELERS. (Illustrated by "Sphinx.").....	<i>Harriet M. Miller</i> 181
LONESOME, King. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 178
"LOOK! LOOK!" Picture drawn by.....	<i>J. W. Champney</i> 485
LOUISE, La Bouche de Mademoiselle. French Story for Translation.....	<i>F. Dupin de Saint-André</i> 503
LUCK AND LABOR. Poem.....	<i>Mrs. Caroline A. Soule</i> 301
MABEL AND I. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen</i> 206
MAKING MAPLE SUGAR. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	<i>Ruth Kenyon</i> 300
MAN-OF-WAR, A Boy's Life on a. (Illustrated).....	<i>Chaplain H. H. Clark</i> 616
MARCH. Poem.....	<i>M. M. H. Conway</i> 341
MARJORIE. Poem.....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 491
MICE AND THEIR WAYS, Wild. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 534, 600
MINSTRELS, The Old-Time. (Illustrated).....	<i>E. B. M.</i> 214
MINUET, The. Poem.....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 153
MISS LOUISE'S MOUTH. Translation of French Story on page 503.....	<i>A. R. T.</i> 636
MODERN AND MÆDIEVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE. (Illus. by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Henry Baldwin</i> 202
MOSS-PICTURES. A New Style of Fancy Work.....	<i>J. M. B.</i> 828
MOTHER. Poem. (Illustrated by Frontispiece).....	<i>M. M. D.</i> 769

The



	PAGE.
MOTHER IN THE DESERT, The. (Illustrated).....	Susan Coolidge ..... 522
MOTHER GOOSE OPERETTA.....	G. B. Bartlett..... 226
MR. TOMPKINS LAUGH, What Made.....	Abby Morton Diaz ..... 617
MR. TOMPKINS' SMALL STORY.....	Abby Morton Diaz..... 645
MY FRIEND COLONEL BACKUS. A Talk with Big Boys.....	J. G. Holland ..... 483
NATURALIST, A Letter to a Young.....	William Howitt..... 154
NAUGHTY LITTLE EGYPTIAN, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	Joel Stacy ..... 560
NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE. (Illustrated).....	Susan Archer Weiss..... 577
NEW-YEAR'S DAY, Marie's. (Illustrated).....	G. W. B..... 218
NO POCKET. (Illustrated).....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 75
"NOT ONLY IN THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE." Verse. (Illustrated).....	Bessie Hill..... 447
NOW IT 'S YOUR TURN. Picture.....	..... 788
"OH, THE DUTCH COMPANIE IS THE BEST COMPANIE!" Picture drawn by "Sphinx".....	..... 823
OPENING THE LILY. Picture drawn by.....	Walter Satterlee..... 648
OPEN SECRET, An. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Mary A. Lathbury..... 437
ORIENTAL SPORTS THAT I SAW, Some. (Illustrated by a Siamese Artist).....	Fanny Roper Feudge..... 127
OUR MASTER. Picture drawn by.....	Addie Ledyard..... 745
OWARI CASTLE, The Golden Fish of. (Illustrated by a Japanese Artist).....	William E. Griffis..... 324
OWL THAT STARED, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	Rose Hawthorne Lathrop..... 16
PANCHY. (Illustrated by F. P. Lathrop).....	Mrs. F. M. Lathrop..... 737
PARABLE, A.....	H. H..... 34
PARTNERS. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Emily Huntington Miller..... 45
PARTY, John's First.....	Charles Dudley Warner..... 673
PARTY, The First. Poem.....	Josephine Pollard..... 254
PATTIKIN'S HOUSE. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis, Mary A. Hallock, J. E. Kelly, and Thomas Moran).....	Joy Allison, 255, 347, 373, 492, 517
PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL. The.....	Lucretia P. Hale..... 275
PETERKIN'S TEA PARTY, Mrs.....	Lucretia P. Hale..... 539
PETERKINS CELEBRATE-THE FOURTH OF JULY, The. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Lucretia P. Hale..... 604
PETERKINS' CHRISTMAS-TREE, The.....	Lucretia P. Hale..... 139
PETER'S RABBIT-HUNT. (Illustrated).....	Paul Fort..... 752
"PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME." Picture.....	..... 805
POEMS AND CAROLS OF WINTER. (Illustrated).....	Lucy Larcom..... 65
"POLLY'S CHRISTMAS SOCIETY," Doings of the. (Illustrated).....	Olive Thorne..... 109
POOR KATY DELAY. Poem.....	Maria W. Jones..... 351
POPPETS. (Illustrated).....	Amalie La Forge..... 184
PROVERB, The Story of a. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Sidney Lanier..... 468
Q AND U. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	J. P. Ballard..... 498
QUEEN AND NOT A QUEEN, A. (Illustrated).....	Susan Coolidge..... 16
RABBIT-HUNT, PETER'S. (Illustrated).....	Paul Fort..... 752
RAIN, HAIL, SNOW. Verse.....	L. T. C..... 279
READY FOR A SECOND COURSE. Picture drawn by.....	J. W. Champney..... 660
RED RIDING-HOOD. Poem.....	John Greenleaf Whittier..... 425
RIDDLE, A. Verse.....	J. S..... 141
RIDE, The Curious End of the General's. (Illustrated).....	John Levees..... 434
ROBBIE TALKS.....	Olive Thorne..... 726
ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG. Poem. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson).....	Celia Thaxter..... 661
ROSES. Poem.....	Edgar Favcett..... 539
SAM CLEMONS, THE SECOND.....	Frank R. Stockton..... 361
SANDHOPPER JIG, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	Margaret Eytinge..... 235
SANTA CLAUS, The House of. (Illustrated).....	Edward Eggleston..... 131
SCHOOL-LUNCHEONS.....	The "Little Schoolma'am,"..... 755
SEA-FOAM. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Mary A. Lathbury..... 33
SEA-SHORE, Going to the. Poem. (Illustrated Border).....	E. F. N..... 587
SECRET DOOR, The. (Illustrated by Mary A. Hallock).....	Susan Coolidge..... 103
SEVEN AGES, The. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	M. B. Whiting..... 312

	PAGE
"SEVENTY-SEVEN." Verses.....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 183
SLEEPING COURIER, The. (Illustrated).....	Frank R. Stockton..... 426
SLIDE, A Jolly. Picture.....	..... 274
SONGS OF SPRING. (Illus by Sol. Eytinge, Walter Satterlee and Fidelia Bridges).....	Lucy Larcom..... 365, 459
SPRAY. (Illustrated by J. F. Runge, from painting by J. H. Beard).....	J. Reed Sever..... 552
SPRING-BOARD, The. Picture drawn by.....	F. Oppen..... 138
SPRING WORK. Picture drawn by.....	Mary A. Lathbury..... 346
STARS AND DAISIES. Verses.....	Louis Munson..... 247
STARS IN JANUARY.....	..... 166
STARS IN FEBRUARY.....	..... 263
STARS IN MARCH.....	..... 342
STARS IN APRIL.....	..... 385
STARS IN MAY.....	..... 498
STARS IN JUNE.....	..... 562
STARS IN JULY.....	..... 613
STARS IN AUGUST.....	..... 676
STARS IN SEPTEMBER.....	..... 730
STARS IN OCTOBER, NOVEMBER and DECEMBER.....	..... 818
ST. NICHOLAS' DAY, AND THE CHILD-BISHOPS OF SALISBURY. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	Melville Eggleston..... 532
STOCKINGS, The Complaint of the. Poem.....	Sidney Dayre..... 118
STORY OF A PROVERB, The. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Sidney Lanier..... 468
SUMMER RIDE IN LABRADOR, A. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	Mrs. C. E. Groser..... 689
SUNDAY BABY, The. Poem.....	Alice Williams..... 44
"SUN SMILED, And the".....	Margaret Eytinge..... 588
SWIMMING, A Talk About. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	Sanford B. Hunt..... 607
"SWOOPING EAGLE'S" FIRST EXPLOIT, The. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 682
TABLEAUX-VIVANTS, New Parlor.....	G. B. Bartlett..... 508
"TELL ME, DAISY." Verses. (Illustrated by "Sphinx").....	Bessie Hill..... 516
"THERE'S A SHIP ON THE SEA." Verse. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	Joel Stacy..... 773
THISTLE-PUFFS. (Illustrated).....	Ina Carol..... 735
TINSIE'S CONCLUSION. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	George Klinge..... 48
"TOLEKBUL" BAD BOY, Story of a. (Illustrated).....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 25
TOMMY'S COUSINS. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	E. Müller..... 528
TRAGEDY. Poem.....	Celia Thaxter..... 275
TRISANKU, King. Poem.....	Henry W. Longfellow..... 649
TROT'TY'S LECTURE BUREAU.....	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps..... 454
TURNING INTO CATS. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Frances Lee..... 392
TURTLE TAUGHT A LESSON, How a. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins and "Sphinx").....	E. S. Thayer..... 646
TWILIGHT DANCE, A. Picture.....	..... 679
TWO DOROTHYS, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	C. F. Jackson..... 197
TWO FRENCH STORY-TELLERS. (Illustrated).....	Donald G. Mitchell..... 780
TWO WISHES, The. (Illustrated).....	Susan Coolidge..... 319
VALENTINE, A. Poem. (Illustrated).....	A. E. C..... 267
VALENTINE, The. Picture drawn by.....	"Sphinx"..... 243
VILLAGE OF WILD BEASTS, A. (Illustrated).....	Frank R. Stockton..... 651
WARNING, The Greyhound's.....	Hezekiah Butterworth..... 189
WHAT MADE MR. TOMPKINS LAUGH.....	Abby Morton Diaz..... 617
WHICH HAD IT? (Illustrated by J. W. Champney).....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 783
WHITTINGTON LISTENING TO THE BOW BELLS OF LONDON. Picture drawn by.....	Miss E. M. S. Scannell..... 588
WHY NELLIE WAS NOT POPULAR. (Illustrated).....	Constance Marion..... 404
WILD MICE AND THEIR WAYS. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	Ernest Ingersoll..... 534, 600
WINTER, Poems and Carols of. (Illustrated).....	Lucy Larcom..... 65
WISHES, The two. (Illustrated).....	Susan Coolidge..... 319
WORTHY POOR, The. Verses. (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	M. M. D..... 502
YOUNG FOLKS' FUN IN CENTRAL PARK. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	Charles Barnard..... 705

## DEPARTMENTS.

## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Introduction—A Balloon Inventor—Floating Gardens—Costly Clothes—Eating Nails—The Pet of the Regiment (illustrated)—Snakes with Spectacles—Tip-Top Shoes, 52; Merry Christmas—A Big Plum-Pudding—The Christmas Putz at Bethlehem—East or West?—One Good Turn Deserves Another—A Little Hollander's Bird-Cage (illustrated)—The Safety Lamp, 142; A New Year Wish—Strange Scent-Bags—Feed the Birds—Five "Thats"—An Esquimaux House or Hut—Skipping-Ropes in Glasgow (illustrated)—What Made Them So?—A Fern that Looks Like a Lamb—Bismarck's Dog—The Biggest Flower—A Doll for a Sign, 220; Were-Wolves—A Friend to the Birds—Supposing a Case—The Bee that Saved a Kingdom.—New-York Street Lamps in 1697 and 1876 (illustrated)—A True Mule Story—Comfort for Short Folks, 288; Crystallized Horses—A Fresh-Water Whale—School Luncheons—A Real Baby-House (illustrated)—A Seed in the Wool—Cinderella's Slipper—The Oldest Organ in the Country, 354; Short Days and the Birds—A Paper-making Spider—An Ape's Death—A Good "Blowing-Up"—How to Make Butter—"The Churn" (illustration)—Royal, but never a King—A New Way of Comforting—Jack-Stones—An Old Flame, 418; Robins in the Tree-top—How a Letter Won a Crown—Oil on the Troubled Waters—The Longest Days—A House-Building Fish—The Fish that Went Ashore (illustrated)—Route du Roi, 506; June Gladness—The Deacon's Conundrum—Astragaloi—Bad News for the Children—A Stocking Revival—A Circular Boat (illustrated)—School-Luncheons, 570; Fourth of July and the Birds—An Underground Forest—July Events—The Cost of Wet Feet—Four-Leaved Clovers—Fire-Crackers—Sparrows and Horses (illustrated)—All the Alphabet—Can a Dog Think?—Blacksmiths in Africa, 634; Ice—Pressing Flowers—Discontent—Robin Hood Clubs—A Boy with His Eyes Open—The Fiery Tears of St. Lawrence—Which are the Swimmers?—Seventeen-Year Locusts (illustrated), 608; The Little Schoolma'am and School Luncheons—Flower Dollies—Is the Calla a Lily?—Electric Candle—Grass Shoes—"Not in" to Trouble—One of Jack's Pets (illustrated), 762; About Moss Pictures—How Not to Do It—Turkey and Roses—Dosing an Elephant—Home-Made Targets—Deacon Green's Sermon on Amiability (illustration)—A Needle-Throwing Weapon, 826.

## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS. (Illustrated.)

A True Story—Jingles—The Wonderful Puppies—Children of the Week, 56; The Robin's Visit—What My Little Brother Thinks, 144; The Frogs' Picnic—Broken Toys, 222; The Adopted Chicken—Two Kittens—The Naughty Doll, 284; Little Tradja of Norway—The Sick Frog, 352; The Lion, 416; The Life of a Little Green Frog, 504; Tony's Letter, 568; Jamie's Rabbits, 632; Little Peery, 696; One, Two, Three (illustrated by Mary Wyman Wallace)—Good Friends, 760; What the Parrot Taught the Little Girl (illustrated by James C. Beard), 824.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

Letter from Winkie West—My Squirrel—Nothing to Do—The Youth and the North Wind, 59; A Queer Way of Writing (illustrated)—On the Closing of the Centennial—Tottie's Calendar (illustrated), 227; Pansy's Lovers—Some California Scenes—"The Youthful Rubens Drawing Flies" (picture), 356; How to Make a Bird-House (illustrated), 420; The Deserted House—A Fairy Story—"The Peterkins at the Centennial" (picture), 572; Pompeii—Barred In—The Woodpecker, 764.

## FRONTISPICES.

The King Orders a Tart as big as the Capitol, 1; The Heart of Winter, 65; The Minuet, 153; André, the Artist-Soldier, 233; Little Karen's Friends, 297; Aunt Carrie Winds the Clock, 361; As Good as a Mother, 425; A June Morning, 513; Nellie in the Light-House, 577; The Coral-Fisher's Wife, 641; "Hurrah for the Coach!" 705; "Wait till we get there, Darling!" 766.

## LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S PAGE.

Wine or Cider Jelly, Jam..... *Marion Harland*..... 55

LETTER-BOX ..... 60, 149, 228, 292, 357, 421, 508, 572, 636, 700, 765, 828

RIDDLE-BOX..... 62, 150, 230, 294, 359, 423, 510, 575, 639, 703, 767, 831

## OUR MUSIC PAGE.

"Dickon has a boat," 54; Christmas Carol, 148; Harum Scarum, 290.





THE KING ORDERS A TART AS BIG AS THE CAPITOL.

(See "The Kingdom of the Greedy.")

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 1.

## THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY.

(By P. J. STAHL.)

TRANSLATED BY LAURA W. JOHNSON.

### PART I.

THE country of the Greedy, well known in history, was ruled by a king who had much trouble. His subjects were well-behaved, but they had one sad fault—they were too fond of pies and tarts. It was as disagreeable to them to swallow a spoonful of soup as if it were so much sea-water, and it would take a policeman to make them open their mouths for a bit of meat, either boiled or roasted. This deplorable taste made the fortunes of the pastry-cooks, but also of the apothecaries. Families ruined themselves in pills and powders; camomile, rhubarb, and peppermint trebled in price, as well as other disagreeable remedies, such as castor —, which I will not name.

The King of the Greedy sought long for the means of correcting this fatal passion for sweets, but even the faculty were puzzled.

"Your Majesty," said the great Court doctor, Olibriers, at his last audience, "your people look like putty! They are incurable; their senseless love for good eating will bring them all to the grave."

This view of things did not suit the King. He was wise, and saw very plainly that a monarch without subjects would be but a sorry king.

Happily, after this utter failure of the doctors, there came into the mind of His Majesty a first-class idea. He telegraphed for Mother Mitchel, the most celebrated of all pastry-cooks. Mother Mitchel soon arrived, with her black cat Fanfruluche, who accompanied her everywhere. He was an incomparable cat. He had not his equal as an adviser and a taster of tarts.

Mother Mitchel having respectfully inquired what she and her cat could do for His Majesty, the King demanded of the astonished pastry-cook a tart as big as the Capitol—bigger even, if possible, but no smaller! When the King uttered this astounding order, deep emotion was shown by the chamberlains, the pages and lackeys. Nothing but the respect due to his presence prevented them from crying "Long live your Majesty!" in his very ears. But the King had seen enough of the enthusiasm of the populace, and did not allow such sounds in the recesses of his palace.

The King gave Mother Mitchel one month to carry out his gigantic project. "It is enough," she proudly replied, brandishing her crutch. Then, taking leave of the King, she and her cat set out for their home.

On the way, Mother Mitchel arranged in her head the plan of the monument which was to immortalize her, and considered the means of executing it. As to its form and size, it was to be as exact a copy of the Capitol as possible, since the King had willed it; but its outside crust should have a beauty all its own. The dome must be adorned with sugar-plums of all colors, and surmounted by a splendid crown of macaroons, spun sugar chocolate, and candied fruits. It was no small affair.

Mother Mitchel did not like to lose her time. Her plan of battle once formed, she recruited on her way all the little pastry-cooks of the country, as well as all the tiny six-year-olds who had a sincere love for the noble callings of scullion and apprentice. There were plenty of these, as you



may suppose, in the country of the Greedy; Mother Mitchel had her pick of them.

Mother Mitchel, with the help of her crutch, and of Fanfreluche, who miaowed loud enough to be heard twenty miles off, called upon all the millers of the land, and commanded them to bring together at a certain time as many sacks of fine flour as they could grind in a week. There were only wind-mills in that country; you may easily believe how they all began to go. B-r-r-r-r! what a noise they made! The clatter was so great that all the birds flew away to other climes, and even the clouds fled from the sky.

At the call of Mother Mitchel, all the farmers' wives were set to work; they rushed to the hen-coops to collect the seven thousand fresh eggs that Mother Mitchel wanted for her great edifice. Deep was the emotion of the fowls. The hens were inconsolable, and the unhappy creatures mourned upon the palings for the loss of all their hopes.

The milkmaids were busy from morning till night in milking the cows. Mother Mitchel must have twenty thousand pails of milk. All the little calves were put on half-rations. This great work was nothing to them, and they complained pitifully to their mothers. Many of the cows protested with energy against this unreasonable tax, which made their young families so uncomfortable. There were pails upset, and even some milkmaids went head over heels. But these little accidents did not chill the enthusiasm of the laborers.

And now Mother Mitchel called for a thousand pounds of the best butter. All the churns for twenty miles around began to work in the most lively manner. Their dashers dashed without ceasing, keeping perfect time. The butter was tasted, rolled into pats, wrapped up, and put into baskets. Such energy had never been known before.

Mother Mitchel passed for a sorceress. It was all because of her cat Fanfreluche, with whom she had mysterious doings and pantomimes, and with whom she talked in her inspired moments, as if he were a real person. Certainly, since the famous "Puss in Boots," there had never been an animal so extraordinary; and credulous folks suspected him of being a magician. Some curious people had the courage to ask Fanfreluche if this were true; but he had replied by bristling, and showing his teeth and claws so fiercely, that the conversation had ended there. Sorceress or not, Mother Mitchel was always obeyed. No one else was ever served so punctually.

On the appointed day, all the millers arrived with their asses trotting in single file, each laden with a great sack of flour. Mother Mitchel, after having examined the quality of the flour, had every sack accurately weighed. This was head work and hard

work, and took time; but Mother Mitchel was untiring, and her cat also, for while the operation lasted he sat on the roof, watching. It is only just to say that the millers of the Greedy Kingdom brought flour, not only faultless, but of full weight. They knew that Mother Mitchel was not joking when she said that others must be as exact with her as she was with them. Perhaps also they were a little afraid of the cat, whose great green eyes were always shining upon them like two round lamps, and never lost sight of them for one moment.

All the farmers' wives arrived in turn, with baskets of eggs upon their heads. They did not load their donkeys with them, for fear that in jogging along they would become omelettes on the way. Mother Mitchel received them with her usual gravity. She had the patience to look through every egg to see if it were fresh.

She did not wish to run the risk of having young chickens in a tart that was destined for those who could not bear the taste of any meat, however tender and delicate. The number of eggs was complete, and again Mother Mitchel and her cat had nothing to complain of. This Greedy nation, though carried away by love of good eating, was strictly honest. It must be said, that where nations are patriotic, desire for the common good makes them unselfish. Mother Mitchel's tart was to be the glory of the country, and each one was proud to contribute to such a great work.

And now the milkmaids, with their pots and pails of milk, and the butter-makers with their baskets filled with the rich yellow pats of butter, filed in long procession to the right and left of the cabin of Mother Mitchel. There was no need for her to examine so carefully the butter and the milk. She had such a delicate nose, that if there had been a single pat of ancient butter or a pail of sour milk, she would have pounced upon it instantly. But all was perfectly fresh. In that golden age they did not understand the art, now so well known, of making milk out of flour and water. Real milk was necessary to make cheese-cakes and ice-cream and other delicious confections much adored in the Greedy Kingdom. If any one had made such a despicable discovery, he would have been chased from the country as a public nuisance.

Then came the grocers, with their aprons of coffee bags, and with the jolly, mischievous faces the rogues always have. Each one clasped to his heart a sugar-loaf nearly as large as himself, whose summit, without its paper cap, looked like new-fallen snow upon a pyramid. Mother Mitchel, with her crutch for a baton, saw them all placed in her store-rooms upon shelves put up for the purpose. She had to be very strict, for some of the little

fellows could hardly part from their merchandise, and many were indiscreet with their tongues behind their great mountains of sugar. If they had been let alone, they would never have stopped till the sugar was all gone. But they had not thought of the implacable eye of old Fanfreluche, who, posted upon a water-spout, took note of all their misdeeds.

corners, took pains to find this out. Between ourselves, Mother Mitchel made believe not to see them, and took the precaution of holding Fanfreluche in her arms so that he could not spring upon them. The fruits were all put into bins, each kind by itself. And now the preparations were finished. There was no time to lose before setting to work.

The spot which Mother Mitchel had chosen for her great edifice, was a pretty hill on which a plateau formed a splendid site. This hill commanded the capital city, built upon the slope of another hill close by. After having beaten down the earth till it was as smooth as a floor, they spread over it loads of bread-crumbs, brought from the baker's, and leveled it with rake and spade, as we do gravel in our garden walks. Little birds, as greedy as themselves, came in flocks to the feast, but they might eat as they liked, it would never be missed, so thick was the carpet. It was a great chance for the bold little things.

All the ingredients for the tart were now ready. Upon order of Mother Mitchel they began to peel the apples and pears and to take out the pips. The weather was so pleasant that the girls sat out-of-doors, upon the ground, in long rows. The sun looked down upon them with a merry face. Each of the little workers had a big earthen pan, and peeled incessantly the apples which the boys brought them. When the pans were full, they were carried away and others were brought. They had also to carry away the peels, or the girls would have been buried in them. Never was there such a peeling before.



BRINGING THE MILK AND THE BUTTER.

From another quarter came a whole army of country people, rolling wheelbarrows and carrying huge baskets, all filled with cherries, plums, peaches, apples, and pears. All these fruits were so fresh, in such perfect condition, with their fair shining skins, that they looked like wax or painted marble, but their delicious perfume proved that they were real. Some little people, hidden in the

Not far away, the children were stoning the plums, cherries and peaches. This work being the easiest, was given to the youngest and most inexperienced hands, which were all first carefully washed, for Mother Mitchel, though not very particular about her own toilet, was very neat in her cooking. The school-house, long unused (for in the country of the Greedy they had forgotten every-



BREAKING AND GRATING THE SUGAR.

thing), was arranged for this second class of workers, and the cat was their inspector. He walked round and round, growling if he saw the fruit popping into any of the little mouths. If they had dared, how they would have pelted him with

plum-stones! But no one risked it. Fanfreluche was not to be trifled with.

In those days, powdered sugar had not been invented, and to grate it all was no small affair. It was the work that the grocers used to dislike most;



KNEADING THE BREAD.

both lungs and arms were soon tired. But Mother Mitchel was there to sustain them with her unequalled energy. She chose the laborers from the most robust of the boys. With mallet and knife she broke the cones into round pieces, and they

grated them till they were too small to hold. The bits were put into baskets to be pounded. One would never have expected to find all the thousand pounds of sugar again. But a new miracle was wrought by Mother Mitchel. It was all there!

It was then the turn of the ambitious scullions to enter the lists, and break the seven thousand eggs for Mother Mitchel. It was not hard to break them—any fool could do that; but to separate adroitly the yolks and the whites demands some talent, and, above all, great care. We dare not say that there were no accidents here, no eggs too well scrambled, no baskets upset. But the experience of Mother Mitchel had counted upon such things, and it may truly be said that there never were so many eggs broken at once, or ever could be again. To make an omelette of them would have taken a saucepan as large as a skating pond, and the fattest cook that ever lived could not hold the handle of such a saucepan.

But this was not all. Now that the yolks and whites were once divided, they must each be beaten separately in wooden bowls, to give them the necessary lightness. The egg-beaters were marshaled into two brigades, the yellow and the white. Every one preferred the white, for it was much more amusing to make those snowy masses that rose up so high, than to beat the yolks, which knew no better than to mix together like so much sauce. Mother Mitchel, with her usual wisdom, had avoided this difficulty by casting lots. Thus, those who were not on the white side had no reason to complain of oppression. And truly, when all was done, the whites and the yellows were equally tired. All had cramps in their hands.

Now began the real labor of Mother Mitchel. Till now, she had been the commander-in-chief—the head only; now, she put her own finger in the pie. First, she had to make sweetmeats and jam, out of all the immense quantity of fruit she had stored. For this, as she could only do one kind at a time, she had ten kettles, each as big as a dinner-table. During forty-eight hours the cooking went on; a dozen scullions blew the fire and put on the fuel. Mother Mitchel,

with a spoon that four modern cooks could hardly lift, never ceased stirring and trying the boiling fruit. Three expert tasters, chosen from the most dainty, had orders to report progress every half hour.

It is unnecessary to state that all the sweetmeats were perfectly successful, or that they were of



MOTHER MITCHEL TASTES THE SWEETMEATS.

exquisite consistency, color, and perfume. With Mother Mitchel there was no such word as *fail*. When each kind of sweetmeat was finished, she skimmed it, and put it away to cool in enormous bowls before potting. She did not use for this the usual little glass or earthen jars, but great stone ones, like those in the "Forty Thieves." Not only did these take less time to fill, but they were safe

from the children. The scum and the scrapings were something, to be sure. But there was little Toto, who thought this was not enough. He would have jumped into one of the bowls, if they had not held him.

Mother Mitchel, who thought of everything, had ordered two hundred great kneading-troughs, wishing that all the utensils of this great work should be perfectly new. These two hundred troughs, like her other materials, were all delivered punctually and in good order. The pastry-cooks rolled up their sleeves, and began to knead the dough, with cries of "Hi! hi!" that could be heard for miles. It was odd to see this army of bakers in serried ranks, all making the same gestures at once, like well-disciplined soldiers, stooping and rising together in time, so that a foreign ambassador wrote to his court, that he wished his people could load and fire as well as these could knead. Such praise, a people never forgets.

When each troughful of paste was approved, it was molded with care into the form of bricks, and with the aid of the engineer-in-chief, a young genius who had gained the first prize in the school of architecture, the majestic edifice was begun. Mother Mitchel herself drew the plan; in following her directions, the young engineer showed himself modest beyond all praise. He had the good sense to understand that the architecture of tarts and pies had rules of its own, and that therefore the experience of Mother Mitchel was worth all the scientific theories in the world.

The inside of the monument was divided into as many compartments as there were kinds of fruits. The walls were no less than four feet thick. When they were finished, twenty-four ladders were set up, and twenty-four experienced cooks ascended them. These first-class artists were each of them armed with an enormous cooking-spoon. Behind them,

on the lower rounds of the ladders, followed the kitchen-boys, carrying on their heads pots and pans, filled to the brim with jam and sweetmeats, each sort ready to be poured into its destined compartment. This colossal labor was accomplished in one day, and with wonderful exactness.

When the sweetmeats were used to the last drop, when the great spoons had done all their work, the twenty-four cooks descended to earth again. The intrepid Mother Mitchel, who had never quitted the spot, now ascended, followed by the noble Fanfre-luche, and dipped her finger into each of the compartments, to assure herself that everything was right. This part of her duty was not disagreeable, and many of the scullions would have liked to perform it. But they might have lingered too long over the enchanting task. As for Mother Mitchel, she had been too well used to sweets to be excited now. She only wished to do her duty and to insure success.

All went on well. Mother Mitchel had given her approbation. Nothing was needed now, but to crown the sublime and delicious edifice, by placing upon it the crust, that is, the roof or dome. This delicate operation was confided to the engineer-in-chief, who now showed his superior genius. The dome, made beforehand of a single piece, was raised in the air by means of twelve balloons, whose force of ascension had been carefully calculated. First it was directed, by ropes, exactly over the top of the Tart; then at the word of command it gently descended upon the right spot. It was not a quarter of an inch out of place. This was a great triumph for Mother Mitchel and her able assistant.

But all was not over. How should this colossal Tart be cooked? That was the question that agitated all the people of the Greedy country, who came in crowds—lords and commons—to gaze at the wonderful spectacle.

*(To be continued.)*

## A REMINISCENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

THERE was an interesting though unimportant scene in the life of Abraham Lincoln, of which I was an eye-witness. It was on the occasion of the visit of about twenty Indian chiefs to the Executive Mansion, delegated by their respective tribes to treat personally with the Great Father in the adjustment of their affairs. They were habited in their attire of feathers and paint, and each one was impressed with the greatness of the occasion, the most eventful, probably, of their lives. Their interpreter placed them in the form of a crescent in the spacious East room, on the floor, as they would have been ill at ease on chairs. Thus they sat on the carpet in decorous silence and waited the arrival of the Chief Magistrate.

A number of people had been invited to be present at the interview, among whom were officers civil and military and foreign diplomats, accompanied by their wives in fashionable toilet. Several of the latter, whose feet had not long left the asphalt of the Boulevards of Paris, looked on the copper-colored men—two or three using eye-glasses—with peculiar interest; the objects of it, however, sat under the close observation with calm dignity, as calm as if they had been in the habit of sitting amidst the gaudy splendors of an East room, and of being looked upon, every day, by distinguished men and handsome women; the absence of any manifestation of surprise being a characteristic of Indian nature.

At length Abraham Lincoln came into the room and stood before the dusky crescent, while a group of well-known men gathered behind him, to hear what was about to take place, space being made by ushers about the chiefs, the President and the immediate group behind him. The interpreter occupied a place near Lincoln, to turn the aboriginal language into English as it fell from the lip. The ceremony began by a personal presentation of each chief to the Great Father, each one going up to the powerful white chief and shaking hands—not extending the hand after the Caucasian manner, but holding it high and dropping it softly down into the Presidential palm. The names were furnished as they came forward by the interpreter—White Bear, Big Wolf, Red Fox, and so on.

The face of Lincoln was plainly seen by most of the people present, for it was higher than that of any other. When he came into the room, it was, as usual, pale, and tinged with the sadness which was its principal characteristic in repose. He folded his

hands before him, and stood rather awkwardly as he waited for the interview to begin. After making his compliments and shaking hands, each Indian returned to his seat on the carpet in the crescent of his brethren. When all had performed the ceremony, each one in turn made his speech to the President, standing up for the purpose, and sitting down when done, in parliamentary fashion, probably through instructions from the interpreter. The first one who essayed to talk grew nervous, and in a hurried way asked for a chair in the spirit of a wrecked mariner who seeks for a plank. When it was furnished him, he took his seat and resumed the entangled thread of his discourse. As this trifling incident took place, a smile passed over the faces of the spectators, and was reflected in that of Lincoln. This smile, indeed, deepened into an audible laugh in the rear; but when the ear of the President caught it, his face immediately straightened into seriousness and sympathy with the disconcerted Indian. He did not at once begin, and the interpreter said:

"Mr. President, White Bear asks for time to collect his thoughts."

The President bowed, and another smile went round at the plight of the perturbed Indian, but did not appear in the face of Lincoln.

Soon, White Bear rose to his feet, went at it again, and after a fashion got through with what he wanted to say, at which there was a murmur of applause.

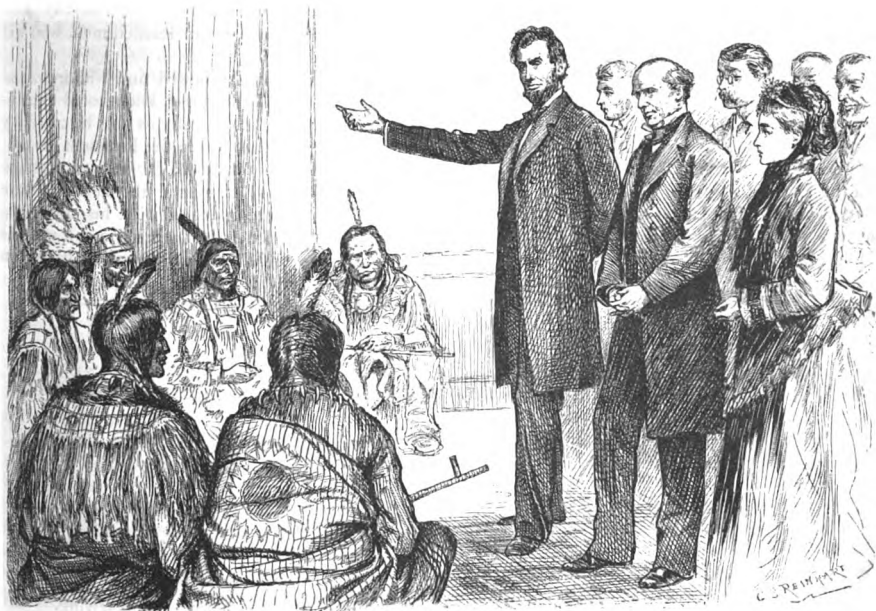
The burden of their speeches was the same. They had all come such a long distance, and so quickly, that they felt as if they were birds. To see the Great Father had been the wish of their lives. They were poor, and required help. They had always respected their treaties, and were the friends of the white man. They wanted to be prosperous and rich like their white brother. Big Wolf, particularly, enlarged on this theme. He said that he would like to have horses and carriages, sausages such as he ate in the hotel in Washington, and a fine wigwam—"like this," added he, as he designated the highly ornamented apartment in which he stood. At this, the President could not restrain the desire to share in the general smile.

Red Fox was the attorney and orator of the delegation. He dwelt on the gratification he experienced at seeing the Great Father. It was the proudest and most important event of his existence. Had he been familiar with the Neapolitan proverb.

"See Naples and then die," he would doubtless have paraphrased it to suit the occasion. There was, however, a cloud in the otherwise clear sky of his enjoyment. He had an apprehension that when he returned to his people in the Far West, they might not believe that he had seen the Great Father and talked to him face to face as it was his great privilege to do then and there. Hence he would like to return to his people laden down with presents,—“shining all over like a looking-glass,”—to prove to them the friendly relations which existed between himself and the Great Father.

as the interpreter turned his words into the tongue of the red men. Their curiosity was fully aroused. Even the spectators looked inquiringly at Lincoln, to know how he was going to provide horses and carriages for those who thus bluntly asked for them.

"You all have land," said Lincoln. "We will furnish you with agricultural implements, with which you will turn up the soil, by hand if you have not the means to buy an ox, but I think with the aid which you receive from the Government, you might at least purchase one ox to do the plowing for several. You will plant corn, wheat,



MR. LINCOLN TELLS THE INDIANS HOW TO GET HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

There was no resisting this, and there was some good-humored laughing, but the faces of all the Indians remained serious and reserved.

"Mr. President," said the interpreter, "the chiefs would be glad to hear you talk."

To which Lincoln intimated that he would endeavor to do so.

"My red brethren," said Lincoln, "are anxious to be prosperous and have horses and carriages like the pale faces. I propose to tell them how they may get them."

At this the dusky men were all attention, and manifested their satisfaction by the usual Indian guttural sounds.

"The plan is a simple one," said the President,

and potatoes, and with the money for which you will sell these you will be able each to buy an ox for himself at the end of the first year. At the end of the second year, you will each be able to buy perhaps two oxen and some sheep and pigs. At the end of the third, you will probably be in a condition to buy a horse, and in the course of a few years you will thus be the possessor of horses and carriages like ourselves."

This plan for becoming proprietor of horses and carriages was not relished, for it meant work, and the faces of the Indians bore a disappointed expression as the President unfolded it.

"I do not know any other way to get these things," added Lincoln. "It is the plan we have



pursued—at least those of us who have them. You cannot pick them off the trees, and they do not fall from the clouds.”

Had it not been for the respect which they owed to the speaker as the Great Father, it was plain that they would have exclaimed against his words with the untutored energy of their Indian nature. As he was well acquainted with that nature, having served as captain in the Tippecanoe war and spent his early life on the frontier, a suspicion entered my mind that he was blending with the advice a little chaffing. To change the subject and restore them to good humor, he requested one of the attendants to roll up a large globe of the world which stood in a corner on a three-legged support on wheels. The President placed his hand on the globe and turned it round, saying:

“We pale faces believe that the world is round, like this.”

At this point Lincoln caught the inquiring eyes of the Indians fastened like a note of interrogation on the legs of the globe.

“Without the legs,” continued Lincoln, in answer to the mute interrogation, with a twinkle in his eye. “We pale faces can get into a big canoe, shoved by steam,—here, for instance, at

Washington, or Baltimore near by,—go round the world, and come back to the place from which we started.”

With due respect to the Great Father, they evidently thought, to give it a mild term, that he was given to exaggeration. He started off again, to tell about the North Pole, the torrid zone, the length and breadth of the United States, and how long it would take a man to walk from one end of it to the other, in which he got somewhat entangled; then seeing a well-known man of science on his right, Lincoln placed his hand on his shoulder, gently urged him forward to a position in front of the Indians, to whom he said:

“But here is one of our learned men, who will tell you all about it.”

Saying this, Lincoln bowed and withdrew, and the *savant*, taken by surprise, endeavored to extricate himself from the difficulty as best he could, by continuing the theme where the President left off.

One somber event followed the Indian reception. Big Wolf, who had expressed the desire to have sausages like white men, satisfied his appetite in the hotel on this food without stint, and it was this product of our civilization which was his bane. In a word, sausage killed him.

## GRANNY'S STORY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Yes, lads, I'm a poor old body;  
My wits are not over clear;  
I can't remember the day o' the week,  
And scarcely the time o' year.  
But one thing is down in my mem'ry  
So deep, it is sure to stay;  
It was long ago, but it all comes back  
As if it had happened to-day.

Here, stand by the window, laddies.  
Do you see, away to the right,  
A long black line on the water,  
Topped with a crest of white?  
That is the reef Defiance,  
Where the good ship Gaspereau  
Beat out her life in the breakers,  
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 't was a raw Thanksgiving,  
The sleet drove sharp as knives,  
And most of us here at the harbor  
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.  
But I had my goodman beside me,  
And everything tidy and bright,  
When, all of a sudden, a signal  
Shot up through the murky night,

And a single gun in the darkness  
Boomed over and over again,  
As if it bore in its awful tone  
The shrieks of women and men.  
And down to the rocks we crowded,  
Facing the icy rain,  
Praying the Lord to be their aid,  
Since human help was vain.

Then my goodman stooped and kissed me,  
 And said, "It is but to die:  
 Who goes with me to the rescue?"  
 And six noble lads cried "I!"  
 And crouching there in the tempest,  
 Hiding our faces away,  
 We heard them row into the blackness,  
 And what could we do but pray?

So long, when at last we heard them  
 Cheering faint, off the shore,  
 I thought I had died and gone to heaven,  
 And all my trouble was o'er.  
 And the white-faced women and children  
 Seemed like ghosts in my sight,  
 As the boats, weighed down to the water,  
 Came tossing into the light.

Eh, that was a heartsome Thanksgiving,  
 With sobbing and laughter and prayers:  
 Our lads with their brown, dripping faces,  
 And not a face missing from theirs.  
 For you never can know how much dearer  
 The one you love dearest can be,  
 Till you've had him come back to you safely  
 From out of the jaws of the sea.

And little we cared that the breakers  
 Were tearing the ship in their hold.  
 There are things, if you weigh them fairly,  
 Will balance a mint of gold.  
 And even the bearded captain  
 Said, "Now let the good ship go,  
 Since never a soul that sailed with me  
 Goes down in the Gaspereau."

## A LITTLE BOSTON GIRL OF 1776.

BY MRS. E. G. CARTER.

If you had been in Boston one hundred years ago, you might have seen, one pleasant April morning, a clumsy, yellow-bodied, four-wheeled chaise lumbering and clattering over the cobble-stone pavements of Orange Street. On the front seat sat a small black driver, grinning, squirming and ejaculating in a marvelous manner. On the back seat was a prim lady, with a pursed-up mouth and very elevated eyebrows. So expressive of indignation was her face, that the gray hair drawn sharply up over the cushion topping her forehead, seemed about to lift itself up and float off on the sweet spring air.

Beside the displeased-looking lady was a restless little sprite in scarlet cloak and hood, whose small head wagged from side to side in wondering scrutiny of the streets and houses which her little bright eyes had not looked on for nearly a year.

After the battle of Lexington, Boston was in a state of siege, and a great many of the inhabitants on the patriot side early availed themselves of the permission to leave the town with their effects. The British occupied the beleaguered town for eleven months, and when they could hold it no longer, hurriedly departed on the morning of the 17th of March. The exiled families were now returning to their deserted homes and hearths.

The yellow post-chaise had picked its way cautiously into Boston over the Neck, Sam looking out sharply for the iron crow's-feet, with which the British had strewn the road. This peril passed, Sam was ordered to make a detour before he drew up at the door in Marlborough Street, that the ladies might have a glimpse of their beloved Common.

"Hi! yi! zi!" grunted Sam, as his rolling eyes surveyed the devastation made by the troops. "Fences down, big trees down, yarth all cut up and cris-crossed like mince-meat! I'd like to get hold o' dose Britishhoors!"

In default of a "Britishhoor," Sam swelled himself up and laid the whip on to the luckless horse, so that the poor beast started off at a break-neck pace through Paddock's Mall and down a cross-way into Marlborough Street. He stopped short at last before a gambrel-roofed house that stood at the end of a little court-yard, fancifully paved with beach stones, and lined on either side by a row of poplars.

Little Abigail quickly scrambled out of the chaise after her mother, nearly smothering with hugs and kisses the portly black woman in a plaid turban, who stood on the broad door-step to greet them.

"Welcome home, missuses! Praise be to Providence, our walls, and roof, and chimneys is a



stannin' pooty much as we'se lef' 'em. But every other thing 'bout de house looks 'z if de caterpillar and de locus' and all de res' of de plagues of Egypt had lit on 'em, and crawled over 'em toof and nail. But, howsomever, small marcies is matter of thanksgiving in dese times of war and tribulation."

We will leave Mrs. Ward and black Phillis to make the tour of the ill-used house, which during their absence had been occupied by British officers, while little Abigail darts off to look for her London doll, Gloriana, hidden for many months in a small secret closet in the wall.

Abigail's stout high-heeled shoes clattered up over the oaken stairs from landing to landing, and the little girl made heedless haste from room to room, skurrying at last into a queer three-corned chamber, where she scrambled up into a tall chair and felt, with nervous eagerness, along the dingy paneled wall. She touched the spring she sought, and a small door flew open, revealing a deep, low, triangular closet, in the midst of which sat majestically the London doll, Gloriana, presiding over a few moldy fragments of tarts and cakes.

"Oh, my Gloriana!" cried little Abigail, in a frenzy of delight. "There you are just exactly as lovely, and live, and precious as I left you last spring."

Abigail seized the precious Gloriana and hugged her to her heart, whereupon a fine sprinkling of shreds of golden hair, and bits of silken over-dress and petticoat, powdered little Abigail's scarlet cloak. Alas, the little mice had not only been busy with Gloriana's tarts and cakes, but had unblushingly nibbled the doll's wig and garments.

"Never mind your clothes, Glory dear, I can make you new ones," chirped Abigail, cheerfully, shaking the shreds from her cloak. "If the mice had gnawed your lovely nose, *that* would have been a great mischief; but you are beautifuller than ever. Oh, how I used to cry, some nights, out in Milton, when I heard the cannon boom-booming! I was so afraid a ball might go right through your precious, precious head. How scared and mis'ble I was, too, when I locked you up here in such a hurry. Don't you remember how old Phillis stuck her head in the room and says, 'Toss that poppet into the panel closet, and put your clothes into the brass-bound trunk? We're off for Milton in an hour, on the *last* pass to be had for love or money.' Can't you hear her queer black pronouncements this very minute, Gloriana, telling me 'not to waste one vallerble second, if I did n't want the British bayonets poking into my back?' Ha! ha! Come, let's go down-stairs and look at things."

Down the crooked, winding back-stairs hurried Abigail and the liberated Gloriana.

A bright fire of strange-shaped sticks blazed on

the kitchen hearth, where stout oaken logs were wont to be piled.

"How queer!" piped Abigail, surveying the fire. "Queer, missis? Sartin. Mos' like 't is the blessed Wes' Church steeple itself," sighed Phillis, blowing dolefully with the bellows. "I heard tell they cut it down for fire-wood. Poor folks' houses, too, chopped down by the dozen to keep the wretched Tory pots a-b'ilin'. Dat 'ar warmin'-pan, look a' dat!" Phillis threw down the bellows and seized the tongs, heaping coals on the bake-kettle cover as if it were a red-coat's head. "All jags and smooches! It's my 'pinion the Britishers fit with it 'stead of bayonets. So as dat 'ar used to shine. Look at dat dresser, too. Plates and mugs mus' a been jes' flung roun' in high scrimmage from mornin' till night. Never a one set 'spect'bly up on end since I lef' dis yer kitchen, I know. If you'd a seen the time I had scouring-up here and settlin' things, you'd said I'd shore been down with de small-pox, or some killin' ail, long afore dis."

"Mamma!" piped Abigail from the dining-room, about which she was now fluttering with Gloriana. "Just see how the dining-table looks—and the curtains! Oh, mamma!"

"Dey cut up raw meat on dat 'hogany table; yes, missis, so Governor Hancock's man Tom told me," burst in Sam, gazing on the table with eyes of horror,—the table which, with the assistance of many cuffs and fillips from Phillis, he had been used to keep as bright and spotless as a mirror. "An' de curtains! *He* says they blowed out in de rain and de sun from mornin' till night. Oh, my!"

Sam, gaping and gazing at the battered household goods, his hands in his pockets and his woolly head thrown back, looked a very statue of dismay.

Now came in, quite breathless, Benjamin, Abigail's brother; his cocked hat under his arm, and his long-skirted coat unbuttoned.

"I've been everywhere, Abigail! Up Sentry Hill, down to the Mill Pond, all through King Street, and back again to the Jail; on to the Common and into the 'Old South.' You ought to see the Old South! Pews all torn out, and —"

"Pews torn out!" gasped Abigail, all a-tremble at the thought of sacrilegious hands having been laid on the church.

"Torn out, and a riding-school fixed up at one end! I tell you what, Abigail Ward, you never saw such a sight. Come right along with me. It beats seeing Percy galloping up and down Long-Acre on his white horse, getting his fine Fusiliers under way for Lexington, that day old Carter dismissed us, and said: 'School's out, boys. War has begun!' Wasn't that a lively day."

Abigail, Gloriana and Benjamin were soon hurrying along to the Old South, which was quite near

by. Abigail only peeped into the desecrated meeting-house, though Benjamin was eloquent in urging the grand view from the gallery, which he assured her had been fitted up in fine style for spectators; and refreshments too, of prime quality, had been sold up there!

Abigail stopped her ears and hurried out in horror. Seeing her face of distress, a bold-faced boy sidled up to her and announced, glibly:

"Deacon Hubbard's pew, silk curtains and all, was carted down behind our wood-shed and made into a pig-pen. Want to see it?"

"You're a naughty Tory boy!" flashed out Abigail; and gathering up her little quilted homespun skirt, she pattered off over the flag-stones, followed by her laughing brother.

"Let's go and look at the Province House. Our flag is hoisted there. Thirteen stripes! It looks gay, I can tell you."

"Let's," said Abigail, stamping her foot as if the hated British colors were under her heel.

So, with their heads in the air and their admiring eyes on the flag, they sauntered over the Province House lawn, and then climbed the twenty steps that led to the grand entrance. These steps they

remembered gay with gayly dressed gentlemen and officers coming and going from the governor, who lived there in great state. But the governor had vanished, and not a red-coat did they see. They were all gone together.

"Hoorah! Good-by to the lobster-coats!" shouted Benjamin, swinging his cocked hat.

"Hoorah!" shrilled little Abigail, swinging Gloriana till fragments of her wig and petticoat powdered the stones.

Just at this patriotic explosion, the Old South struck twelve, and with a parting glance at the bronze Indian above the cupola, gazing down at them with his glittering glass eyes, the children hastened home to dinner.

"Where, have you been, Abigail?" said the prim lady, who was crossing the hall as the small people closed the door behind them.

Abigail explained. Then, for going out without permission, she was obliged to thrust Gloriana back into the panel closet with the moldy fragments of last year's feast; then to come down and sit in her straight-backed chair, and stitch diligently on her sampler one hour by the tall clock in the hall.

## THE BEES THAT WENT TO THE SKY.

BY JOEL STACY.



BUZZY BUZZ, Wuzzy Fuzz, Dippetty Flop.  
All flew up to the cherry-tree top.  
"Pooh!" said Buzzy Buzz, "*this* is n't high!  
Let's keep on till we get to the sky."

Upward they went, and they never would stop—  
Buzzy Buzz, Wuzzy Fuzz, Dippetty Flop;  
"Ah, how jolly!" they started to say—  
When ev'ry one of them fainted away!

The next they knew they were down on the  
ground,  
Three dizzy bumble-bees, frightened but sound;

Never a mortal had heard them drop—  
Buzzy Buzz, Wuzzy Fuzz, Dippetty Flop.

Humbled and tumbled, and dusty and lamed,  
Would n't you think they'd have been quite  
ashamed?

But "No, sir," they buzzed, "it was n't a fall;  
We only came down from the sky, that is all."

And now, whenever you see three bees  
Buzzing and pitching about by your knees,  
You'll know, by their never once venturing high,  
They're the very same bees that flew up to the sky!





LEAP-YEAR.

## ALL ABOUT LEAD-PENCILS.

BY JAMES W. PRESTON.

THE lead-pencil, as we have it, was unknown to the ancients, and even to the moderns before the reign of "Good Queen Bess," as the English love to call their Queen Elizabeth. Just think how inconvenient it must have been to those old Greek and Latin authors, and to the writers and scholars of Europe from the earliest times down to within about three hundred years, to have no lead-pencils with which to write or to rule their paper—or whatever they wrote upon. They often used a piece of sheet lead, cut as any boy could cut it, into a flat disk, with the edge sharpened all around so as to make a fine line, but of course this was not to write

with, but only to rule lines to write on. And then again, what did artists and designers use to draw and sketch with? Almost all of them used the old-fashioned pen (made of the goose or crow quill) and ink. Some artists, indeed, made use of a kind of pencil formed of a mixture of common lead and tin, and as this composition was comparatively hard and faint in color, the paper was prepared for the purpose of drawing by giving it a coating of chalk. Others, too, made some very fine drawings with chalk of various colors. But the article chiefly in use was the "gray goose quill."

With what delight, then, must the world of artists

and writers of all kinds have hailed the invention of the black-lead pencil, as we have it to-day! I said *black-lead*, but although the metallic part of this little implement is universally called black-lead, there is not a particle of *lead* in it. This black, smooth, soft and glossy substance is properly called *plumbago*, and is a compound of carbon and iron, or, as the chemists term it, a *carburet of iron*.

There are several varieties of plumbago found in the rocks in different parts of the world, some of which are good for one use, and others for other uses, and it happens that one of these varieties is fine-grained, soft, nearly free from grit, and well adapted for writing with, and this kind has received the name of *graphite*, from Greek words which signify *writing stone*.

Some of my readers doubtless remember that in the time of Queen Elizabeth of England, was born the greatest of English poets, William Shakspeare. He came into the world in the year 1564, about six years after Elizabeth came to the throne, and it was in that same year that there was discovered in the county of Cumberland, in the north-west corner of England, a mine of the best and purest *graphite* that had ever been seen. I have put these dates together so that you will be apt to remember them all, when either of them is mentioned. This substance was so solid and firm and strong, and free from grit or sandy particles, that it could be sawed into sheets, and these could be sawed again into little narrow strips without breaking. These little strips of graphite being soft, and smooth, and black, were inclosed in round pieces of some soft wood, grooved out to receive and hold them; and that was the modern lead-pencil to all intents and purposes.

This mine at Borrowdale, in Cumberland, at once became very celebrated, and of course very valuable. Pencils made of Cumberland graphite were to be found all over Europe, and were highly prized everywhere. The manufacture of lead-pencils became a very important branch of business, and in order to keep it wholly within the borders of their own country, the English government passed laws prohibiting the export of graphite to foreign lands. Its value was such, that the average price in London was about ten dollars (\$10) a pound, and the very finest quality sometimes reached forty dollars (\$40) a pound. They took such good care of it that only a certain quantity, enough to supply the requirements of the pencil-makers, was doled out, on the first Monday in every month; and moreover, the government was obliged to keep a military force at the mines, to protect it from bands of marauders and robbers, who attempted to get possession of it.

England thus supplied the world with lead-pen-

cils for nearly three hundred years. It is true that pencils were made of an impure graphite in some other parts of Europe; but they were a very inferior article compared with the English, and artists and all others who required good lead-pencils were obliged to look to England for them.

But there is an end to almost all good things, and so it proved at last with the graphite mine of Cumberland. Its exhaustion was only a question of time, and that time has now passed. It was clearly foreseen that some means must be devised for making the impure kinds of graphite available for the needs of the world, or the world must be content to give up the use of black-lead pencils. All sorts of experiments were tried with the graphite to purify and soften it, and at the same time to give it firmness and cohesion, so that it would not break nor crumble when sharpened and in use. They ground up the plumbago to a fine powder, washed it in repeated waters, so as to separate the sand or grit from it, and afterward subjected it to a great pressure to make it compact and firm. But this did not succeed. They then mixed the powdered plumbago with different materials, such as glue, isinglass, gum arabic, etc., to give it the necessary strength; but this did not answer at all. Then they added to the powdered material about one-third its weight of pulverized sulphur, and this was a partial success, but the marks made with this mixture were faint, and did not satisfy the need, and this was, on the whole, a failure.

But at last, as usual, patience, perseverance, ingenuity and experience solved the problem. Pencils are now made better adapted for all uses, blacker or fainter, harder or softer, than ever could be made of the best Cumberland lead by the old method. The mode of treating the plumbago by which this result is obtained is a French invention. It consists simply in mixing the powdered and purified plumbago with powdered clay, in a certain manner and certain proportions, moistening and drying and pressing and baking the mass, varying the treatment according to the different grades of pencils required. What is meant by *grade* in this connection, will be readily understood if you examine a case of A. W. Faber's finest and best polygrade lead-pencils. You will find upon them certain letters, which indicate the degree of hardness or softness, and the shade whether darker or lighter. For example, BBBBBB means that the pencil bearing that mark is *extra soft and very black*; BBB, *very soft and very black*; BB, *very soft and black*; B, *soft and black*; HB, *less soft and black*; F, *middling*; H, *hard*; HH, *harder*; HHH, *HHHH, very hard*; HHHHHH, *extra hard*.

These different grades are very convenient, and indeed are required by artists; but by the old

method of making the Cumberland lead-pencils, these nice shadings of softness and blackness could not have been obtained. So that human ingenuity and care may make an inferior article answer a better purpose than the purest natural product, unaided by human skill.

There is a very grand manufacturing establishment in Germany, where the best lead-pencils are made; an establishment which a century ago consisted of only one little cottage house by the riverside, but now comprises large shops and tasteful dwelling-houses, a garden and grove, a gymnasium, a fine library, and a beautiful Gothic church, all provided and supported by the proprietors, for the

use and benefit of the workmen and their families, whose fathers and grandfathers have worked on the same spot and for the same family for a hundred years or more.

If I had space, I might also tell you how a most valuable mine of graphite, as good as that of Cumberland, has been discovered in Siberia, from which that great manufactory is supplied with graphite. I could also tell you how the cedar-wood of which the pencils are made is taken from a cedar swamp on the western side of Florida, so that this cedar is transported to the heart of Europe, and there united with graphite from the mountains of Siberia, to be used as lead-pencils by Americans.

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## THE OWL THAT STARED.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

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WHEN young Trotty Derridown went to the country to spend Thanksgiving at her grandmother's last year, she happened to get into the great old-fashioned garret. She was so impatient for dinner on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, that she wandered hither and thither inside and outside of the house (which was very empty and still, because almost every one had gone to church), trying to see or smell something which would be at least half as pleasant as turkey and plum-pudding are to eyes and nose; to say nothing of being allowed a mouthful of either on one's fork. And so, after opening a great many doors, and going into a great many places where she was not expected to go, she at last opened a door at the foot of such a dark staircase that she thought the world had suddenly turned upside down, and that this must be a fairy road leading up into the earth!

Trotty stood in the half-opened door-way quite a long time, unable to decide whether she had the courage to enter a fairy kingdom after all, though she had often determined to do so if she got a chance. Then it came into her head that perhaps dinner would be served earlier in Fairyland than at home, which overcame her fears, and the garret-door closed after her little pink skirt as it whisked out of the sunlight. When Trot reached the head of the stairs she knew she was not in Fairyland, because of a dim light from two windows, which showed her all sorts of odds and ends of furniture

and bunches of herbs hanging to the many beams that spread beneath the roof like huge roots. But it would do just as well as Fairyland for the present, she thought, and help her to get used to queer things. Very likely there were elves in the dark crannies on every side; and the idea made her almost wish herself in the sunny entry again.

"*There's something queer-ar!*" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of a great black velvet bonnet a hundred years old, that looked a good deal like a basket. But it had two long strings dangling down, so she knew what it was in a minute. Of course she scrambled into a cradle standing under the wonderful bonnet, and snuffed out her pretty face with it, as one does a candle, in a trice. Then she made a big bow of the strings under her chin, which took her a long time, as any little girl of five might know it would. She looked very much like an hour-glass now, for she was as broad at top as at bottom, with a little waist in the middle. However, she could not see herself, and had reason to suppose nobody else knew whether she was looking her best or not, since she could not have felt further off from grandmother and all the family if she had stepped over to Japan.

"What can *you* be?" thought the pink skirt and black bonnet, walking up to a spinning-wheel higher than two Trottics. When she saw it was a wheel she thought it ought to go round, no matter how big it was (and it seemed to her as big as the

duck-pond), so she put a finger on one of the spokes and gave a push with all her might. What a rattle it made! Something flew up and something flapped down, and the wheel seemed delighted to have a little exercise after twenty years of snoozing, and kept going round, rattling and banging for some time.

"Ho-hoo-oo!" heard Trotty all at once from somebody behind. She was sure it was a crowd of Brownies or some such fry, for the sound was soft and strange. She threw her head back very far, in order to get a good view from under the wide-

took Dinah into her arms and petted her, as she petted all her dolls. Dinah was on the broad grin, in or out of trouble. She had red flannel lips and white cotton teeth and a black cashmere face. Her dress was red, with a white pinafore, so that she was very cheering to look at; and she had a sweet disposition, as one could see directly, for she held her head on either this side or that, being cloth, and never was stiff-necked like the Israelites. The only stiff thing about her was her hair, and that grandmother had knitted, and ironed, and raveled



TROTTY AND DINAH.

spreading bonnet, and gazed around. Then she sat down on the floor and looked under the bureaus and chairs and sofas. Yes, there was a Brownie, sure enough, hanging by the foot out of the lower drawer of one of the bureaus. It looked uncomfortable, and Trotty thought it very stupid in a creature that was first cousin to the Fairies to allow itself to be in that position. The next moment she saw it was nothing more nor less than a good old negro dolly, with lovely frizzly hair standing up all over its head, as if it were a black thistle.

"Come to me, dear," whispered Trotty, sitting along the floor till she arrived at the bureau. "Has the naughty drawer hurt dolly's foot?" and she

out, so it was not Dinah's fault if it never lay flat afterward.

"You *pressus* doll!" cooed Trotty, after looking at her treasure for a long time; and she was amazed to think she could ever have lived without her.

"Ho-hoo-oo!" sounded somewhere again.

Trotty was not much frightened this time, because she had Dinah for company. She threw her head back once more, de-ter-mined to find out who spoke. Mercy on us! She caught sight of two great yellow eyes in a corner.

"Pussy?" said she, questioningly. But when Trotty in the big black bonnet, and Dinah in the red dress and white pinafore, came close to the



corner, behold, there were wings under the eyes, and only two feet under the wings.

"You're an owl," said Trotty.

And it was an owl; and he looked cross as if he were biting his own nose, although he was only curling his beak up under his chin, apparently not meaning to speak between now and next Thanksgiving. Trotty was soon tired of having the owl look at her so hard, with his ears standing up straight, as though he heard some one saying unkind things of him behind his back, so she remarked:

"Please shut your eyes a minute. You have no business to keep them open in the day-time, anyway."

"Always listen to what Trotty Derridown says, and give her *plenty* of plum-pudding," answered the owl unexpectedly, holding up the tip of a wing as one does a forefinger. But he did not shut his eyes. Owls are of a philosophic turn; and philosophers are always giving away wisdom (as Trotty's grandmother does the pears in autumn, lest they rot on the grass), because they have more than they can keep. But it is quite another matter for them to find time to act upon their own advice, or to eat their own wisdom, because they are so busy growing it and sending it to their neighbors. Now the owl in the corner looked stuffed to choking with *something*.

"Are you stuffed with wisdom?" asked his young visitor, who had heard about owls and philosophers from her brother Hal.

The owl lifted one of his claws and laid it on the side of his beak. "Goodness!" said he, "was there ever such a clever little girl?"

Since the question was put to her, Trotty thought she might as well answer good-naturedly, so she said she supposed there never had been.

At this the owl shrugged his shoulders even higher than before, and Trotty was afraid she had not answered to his taste after all.

"What do you play?" asked the little girl of the bird, when they had both been silent awhile.

The owl ruffled himself up the wrong way, and looked like a feather pillow turned inside out, for about five minutes, till Trotty's legs ached with waiting.

"I am the Bird of the Philosophers. I play ball with them. We throw questions and answers at each other. Ho-hoo-oo!"

"I could do that. Play ball, I mean," said Trotty.

"Oh, no," said the owl, haughtily. "First, all the philosophers sit round in a circle, each with a long white beard on and plenty of questions in his pocket. I stand in the middle with all the answers under one claw."

"What do you do next?" asked Trot, her eyes

nearly as round as the owl's now. He sighed before answering.

"I try to hit the right question, as it flies over my head, with the right answer, and this must be done before any of the old gentlemen can get hold of it. They wear long beards in hopes that some of the questions may get entangled in them. My eyesight has to be good, and that is the reason my gaze seems, to some people, rather intense."

"Would not you rather play with me than with those old *Sossophers*?" demanded Trotty.

The Philosophers' Bird smiled, but held its wing to its cheek and said, "Hush-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!"

She was quite startled by the noise he made when he said "Hush," so she took several steps backward and leaned up against something. It was hard and warm, and she soon discovered it was the chimney.

"That's where your dinner is being cooked," suggested some one; she was not sure whether it was the owl or Dinah.

"However, I must be going," she said. "But I should like to send a message to those old gentlemen. Will you take it, owl?"

The owl put his beak a great way under his chin again, and turned his ears forward as if he were listening attentively.

"Why, you see," continued Trotty, looking earnestly into the bird's yellow eyes, and speaking round her thumb, which she had put between her lips, "I guess they'd better play *snow*-balls in winter, and go a-chestnutting in *autun*, and sea-bathing in summer, and —"

The owl broke into a real laugh at this; but suddenly checked himself, drew himself up indignantly, and looking over Trotty's head, exclaimed:

"All my old philosophers go sea-bathing, forsooth!"

Just then she heard a deep-toned bell ringing good-naturedly down-stairs, and soon some one came calling through the entry—

"Trot! Trot! where have you gone? Dinner is ready."

How Trot ran! Dinah got a flap on every corner they passed; but then she was always contented with whatever happened, and appeared in the entry with as smiling a face as her new mamma.

There was Trotty's mamma, too, laughing at her black basket of a bonnet. All at once her brother Hal stood by her side, and she half believed she had seen him come out of the garret door.

"Well, Miss Derridown," gasped he, quite out of breath, "how do you like the Philosophers' Bird?" and he doubled himself up and went tumbling down-stairs. When he was a great way off, Trotty heard such a shout of merriment! She does not understand what it all means even yet.

## LISTENING.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.



I HAVE heard—I don't know whether  
Wide awake or fast asleep—  
That the stars once sang together  
To some shepherds tending sheep.

So, at night, when they are glistening,  
Just before I close my eyes,  
I look up, and keep a-listening  
For the music from the skies.

And the stars shine out so brightly,  
That I cannot think but they,  
While I listen to them nightly,  
Will repeat the heavenly lay.

## A QUEEN, AND NOT A QUEEN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A LONG time,—more than seven hundred years ago, and three centuries at least before Columbus discovered America,—there was born in England a little girl to whom they gave the name of Matilda. This little girl belonged to a very high family indeed, as you will think when I tell you who her relations were. For grandpapa, she had William, the great Duke of Normandy, called "The Conqueror," because he invaded England and conquered it. Her father was the king, Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, because he was so good a scholar, though I rather fancy our high-school boys could beat his learning without trouble. Matilda's mother, known to history as "Maud the Good," was descended from Harold, the last of the Saxon kings. Maud the Good was not a very happy Maud. When she was a young girl, they put her into a convent, and there she hoped to spend her life, tending flowers, and telling her beads with the

gentle nuns. But one day, came to the convent King Henry, to order her to put aside her veil and become his wife,—an order not easy to disobey, because in those days kings were very powerful. People hoped that by thus uniting the royal race of the Saxons with the conquering Norman race, an end would be put to the many feuds and quarrels which made the kingdom restless and unhappy. So Maud, with a sigh, left the peaceful retreat, and married King Henry. She had a little son and a little daughter, the Princess Matilda; but she was not happy, and died young, feeling, the old chronicles tell us, that her sacrifice had been in vain, and England was no better off than if she had stayed in the convent.

For in those days England was a sad place enough; even a poet would never have dared to call it "merry" then. Everywhere was confusion of rulers and of languages. The tongue we call



English was not yet in being, and people spoke Celtic, Cymric, Gaelic, Saxon, or French,—according to the race they belonged to, and the part of the country in which they lived. All the materials for the England of to-day were there, but they were in separate parcels, so to speak, and only time could mix and blend them. The Saxons fought the Normans; the Normans robbed, imprisoned, and tortured everybody they could lay hold of who had property of any kind. Everywhere—no matter which party governed—the poor were ill-treated and pillaged. Multitudes fled across the sea to other lands, and “so general was the discouragement of the people, that whenever two or three horsemen only were seen approaching a village or open burgh, all the inhabitants fled to conceal themselves. So extreme were their sufferings, that their complaints amounted to impiety; for, seeing all these crimes and atrocities going on without check or visible rebuke, men said openly that Christ and His saints had fallen asleep.” It is hard, indeed, to realize that the rich, powerful England of to-day can ever have been so miserable.

When little Matilda was five years old, she was married to the Emperor of Germany. A fleet of vessels sailed with the baby bride to her new home, and there was a splendid show in London in honor of her departure. But the people, who had to pay for the show, did not enjoy it much; and, later, when Matilda was a woman grown, they remembered against her the heavy taxes of that wedding-time.

Not long after, a sad thing happened. Matilda's brother, a young man of eighteen, went over to Normandy with his father, and, coming back in a vessel named the “White Ship” was drowned with all his companions, only one surviving to tell the tale. None of the courtiers dared to carry the news to the king. So they sent in a little boy, almost a baby, who, when he saw the king, knelt at his feet, and began to cry. The king asked the child what was the matter, and the little fellow sobbed out that the “White Ship” was sunk and the prince drowned. It is said that King Henry never was seen to smile after that day. Mrs. Hemans wrote some pretty verses on the subject, which some of you have perhaps seen :

“He sat where mirth and jest went round;

He bade the minstrel sing.

He saw the tourney's victor crowned

Amid the gallant ring.

A murmur of the restless deep

Mingled with every strain,

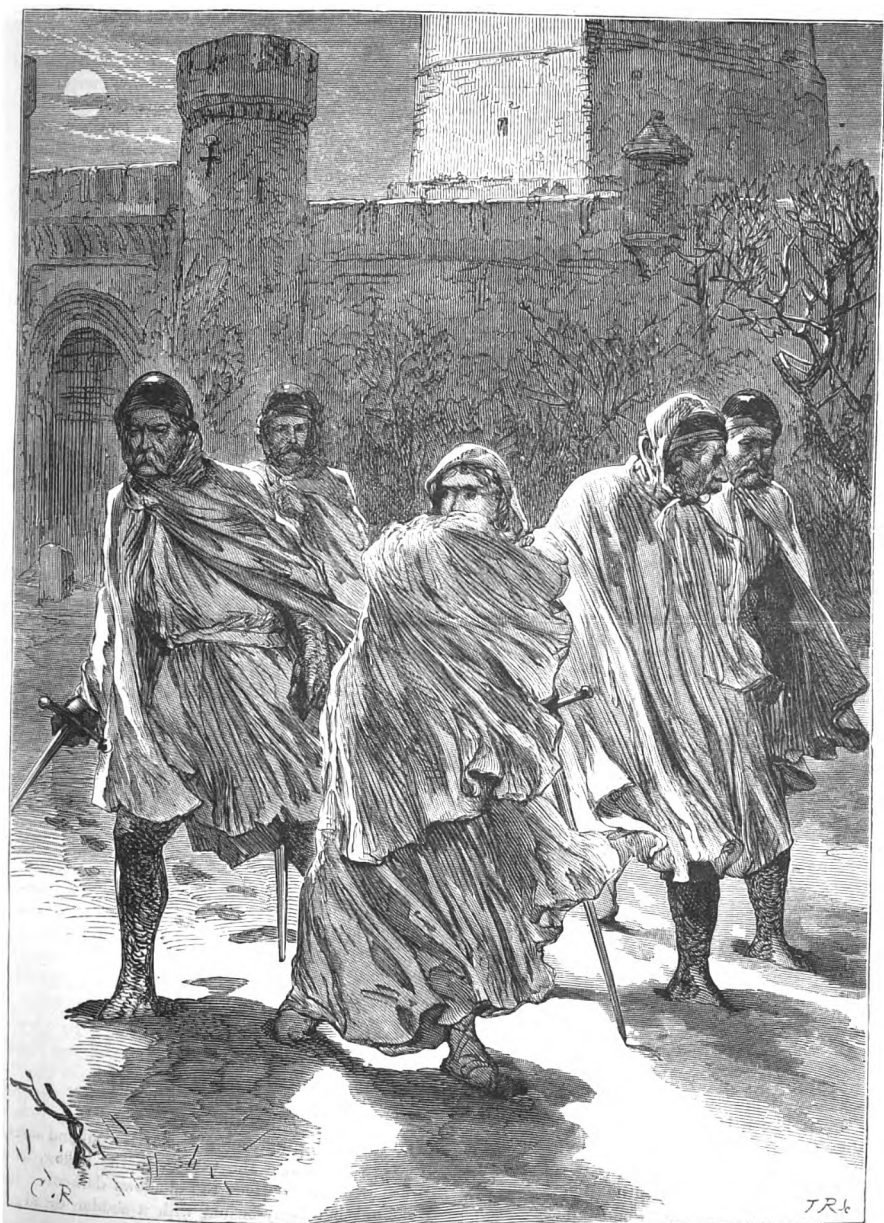
A voice of winds that would not sleep,

He never smiled again.”

The little Empress Matilda was now the only child left to the king, and his heart was set in bequeathing to her the crown of England. Before

his death, in 1128, he called the nobles of the kingdom together, and made them swear allegiance to her as queen. The emperor, Matilda's husband, had died before this, and Matilda was married again to the French Earl of Anjou. After her father's death she came to England and was crowned at Winchester. Daughter thus of one king, mother, as she afterward became, of another, empress by marriage, and Sovereign of England in her own right, you will wonder that I have called Matilda “no queen.” I will tell you why I did so. It was because all her life long she never learned to reign over herself, which for man or woman is the highest and most necessary form of government. Solomon says: “He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city;” and Solomon, as you know, was a king, and understood what becomes crowned people as well as those who are not crowned.

All her life long,—whether as princess, empress, or queen,—Matilda showed herself vain, passionate, vindictive, hasty, arrogant, and inconsiderate of other people. She had none of the womanly tact which often subdues prejudice and conquers influence. She was brave in time of danger, strong of body, firm-willed, and fearless; but these are rather a man's qualities than a woman's. Patience and sweetness she had none. Her haughty manners and cruel speeches offended friends as well as foes. Those who at first were ready to give all for her service, became afterward her bitterest enemies. She exasperated the common people by imposing heavy taxes and making oppressive laws, just when she should have conciliated and soothed them. England had never been ruled by a woman before. Both the nobles and the people disliked the idea of a queen, and Matilda did nothing to make her sex popular. She was ungenerous also. Her cousin, and rival, Stephen, who afterward became king in her stead, once surprised and captured her in Arundel Castle, and instead of detaining, courteously let her go, and even furnished her with an escort to her friends. Later, she in her turn captured Stephen; but, far from remembering his kind treatment and reciprocating it, she loaded him with chains and threw him into the dungeon of Bristol Castle. His wife, a princess of great beauty and excellence, came to beg his release, and Matilda received her in the rudest manner, heaped insulting words upon her, and finally dismissed her harshly, while the poor princess wept and pleaded in vain. A little longer, and it was again Stephen's turn. He made his escape from Bristol, gained one battle after another, and pursued Matilda so hotly, that more than once she slipped through his fingers almost as by a miracle. These escapes of Queen Matilda are celebrated in history. Whole volumes



QUEEN MATILDA'S FLIGHT FROM OXFORD.

of romances might be written about them, so strange and picturesque and astonishing are they.

Once, when the citizens of London rose suddenly against her, she got off by jumping on her horse and galloping out of the city only five minutes before the gates of her palace were battered down. Another time she fled from Gloucester in the same way, the Earl of Gloucester and a few gallant knights remaining behind to keep the pursuers at bay. Again it is said she feigned death, and was carried in a hearse with a long train of mourners all the way from Gloucester to Devizes. But, most romantic of all, and most adventurous, was her escape from Oxford, as shown in the illustration to this article.

Oxford boasted a strong castle in those days. Into this the empress-queen had thrown herself, and for three months had defended it bravely. Then provisions gave out, and no hope was left but flight. But how to fly? Stephen's army lay on every side like cats round a mouse-hole. Every avenue of escape was guarded, and sleepless eyes watched day and night that no one should pass in or out of the fortress.

It was in this extremity that an unexpected ally came to the rescue of Queen Matilda. This ally was no other than that doer of good turns, Jack Frost. One December night he went silently down, laid a cold hard floor across the River Thames, wrapped all the world in fleecy snow, and then, flying to the castle windows, tapped with his crackling icy knuckles, whistled, sang, and made many sorts of odd noises, as much as to say, "All is ready, come out and take a walk." Matilda heard, and a bright plan popped into her daring head. She called four trusty knights, bade them wrap themselves in white, put on herself a white dress and cloak, covered her black hair with a white hood,

and, like spirits, all five set forth on foot. Their steps made no sound as they crept along, and their white figures cast hardly a shadow on the whiter snow.

Through the besieging camp they crept, and across the frozen river. No sentinel spied them; not even a dog barked. If any lonely peasant waked up and caught a glimpse of the dim shapes gliding by, he probably took them for ghosts, and hid his head under the bedclothes again as fast as possible. So, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, but always unpursued and in safety, the fugitives sped on, and reached Wallingford, where Matilda's army lay, and were secure.

For a few years longer the struggle lasted; then, all hope over, Matilda fled across the channel to Normandy. Her brief queenship was ended, and she never came back to reign in England, though in later years her son Henry II. became one of its greatest monarchs. We don't know much about Matilda's old age, but I cannot fancy that it was a pleasant one. I imagine that she must have been a disagreeable old lady, querulous, and exacting. The girl makes the woman, you know; youth lays the foundation for after years, and what we sow we reap. Matilda sowed pride, anger, selfishness, and hard words, and her crop came up duly as crops will. She could rule neither herself nor others, and it is not wonderful that England refused to be ruled by her. I wont draw any moral from her story, for I know you will skip it, as I always did with morals when I was a little girl. Besides, you are bright enough to see the meanings of things, and make out their lessons without help, and do not need me to say in so many words that—

"Trust me dears, good-humor will prevail  
When airs and flights, and screams and scoldings fail."

## BENITA.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

WHEN the summer morning in the sky

Opens like a blossom, pink and pearly,  
With the bee, and with the butterfly,

And with the bonny birds that sing so early,  
Little blue-eyed, yellow-haired Benita

Trips along the shady woodland ways:

Kiss the little maiden kindly, if you meet her—

She deserves your kisses and your praise.

'T is a lonely path the little willing feet

In the early morning have to follow,

To the spring that bubbles, clearly cold and sweet,

Down amongst the mosses in the hollow.

Still behind the trees the shadows darken,

Chill her baby-bosom with a sudden dread;

Timidly she looks about to hearken,

Fancying she hears a wild beast's tread!

Where its silver web the spider weaves,  
 Silver drops like fairy jewels twinkle;  
 Pushing back the tangle of the leaves,  
 Face and hands get many a showery sprinkle.  
 But she does not stop, the little kind Benita,  
 For her coatsies draggled and her dripping shoe;  
 Only trips along with steps the fleetier,  
 Smiling at the pretty sparkles of the dew.

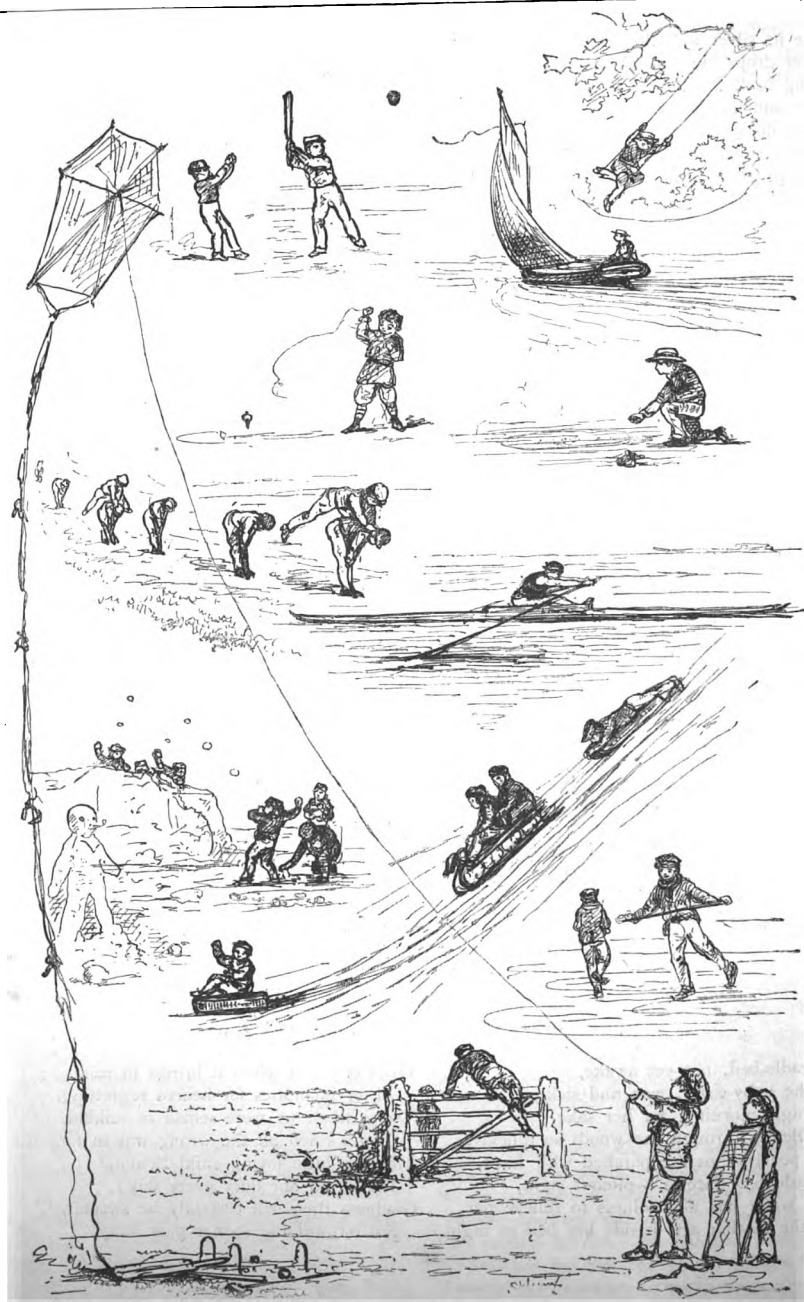
Cool and sweet it bubbles in the spring—  
 Oh, be sure the loving little sister  
 Hurries back, the healing draught to bring,  
 Long before the baby can have missed her.  
 By and by will come a mournful morrow  
 When she need not rise before the sun;  
 Then it will be comfort in her sorrow  
 That she never left this task undone.



"TIMIDLY SHE LOOKS ABOUT TO HEARKEN."

In its cradle-bed, not yet awake,  
 Lies the baby-sister, wan and sickly;  
 Every single morning, for her sake,  
 Goes Benita through the woods so quickly.  
 For the peevish lips are parched with fever,  
 The little pale face is a piteous sight,  
 And the water has no coolness to relieve her  
 That the mother sets beside her bed at night.

Grief is sorest when it brings to mind  
 Bitter memories for heart's regretting,  
 Times when we were selfish or unkind,  
 Times when all the wrong was in forgetting.  
 Like the little loving child Benita,  
 Let us do our duty every day;  
 Gladness then will certainly be sweeter,  
 Sorrow will the sooner pass away.



GOOD TIMES.

## STORY OF A "TOLERBUL" BAD BOY.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

MARLBOROUGH COLEMAN sat tying his shoes. They were heavy brogans, and the strings were strips of leather, greased and waxed. It was well they had strength, or they could not have borne the twitching and jerking they received at the hands of the impatient, angry lad. His face was flushed and scowling. This was a pity, for the face was a handsome one when the humor was good.

While he was yet about his shoes, his little sister Sukey entered the room with eager haste, her blue checked apron gathered in her hand. She wanted to show him some beauties of chestnuts her black friend Barbary Allen had given her.

"Oh, Marley! I do see —"

Marley interrupted her savagely:

"Don't come oh Marleying me! I'm mad!"

"Oh, Marley! what're you —"

"I told you not to 'oh Marley' me. Come here botherin' me, when I'm already bothered to death!"

"Aunt Silvy!" Sukey called to the negro woman who was beating a pile of dried beans on a sheet spread in the passage. "Aunt Silvy, come in to Marley; he wants somebody; he's bothered."

"It's so blamed mean," the boy said.

"Hesh, Mahs'r Mauley! Yer mus' n't sw'ar. T aint right, kase it's wicked." And, with this philosophical remark, Aunt Silvy seated herself on the second step of the stairs, leading from the room to the attic chamber above.

"I don't care what I do," Marley answered.

"It's enough to make an angel swear, or commit murder, or cut his own throat. Pa'll disgrace me forever. But I wont! I wont! I wont!"

"Law, Mahs'r Mauley! what ails yer, honey? Looks like yer wants ter chaw up dis whole plantation. Neber seed nobody so mad sence I was bawn. What is it yer wont, yer wont, yer wont?"

"I wont tote a bag of corn to mill on ole black Betts,—lean, lank, gaunt, mangy old mule."

"I would n't nuther ef I was you, honey; show's yer bawn I would n't. Sakes alive! what would ole mistiss do ef she was ter look down from de New Jeerusalem an' see her gran'son totin' ter mill, straddle a sack uv cawn, like a missibul nigger? She'd feel mighty cheap; neber could holer her head up agin 'fore Sain' Paul an' Sain' Maffer, an' Pilgum Progress, an' her udder soshates up dar. 'Sides dat, yer 'd dusgrace you' granpaw, too. Law! we all neber had no sich puffaumanes at you' granpaw Thompson's. Takes a Coleman to do sich things. A genulmon ridin' a meal-bag to

mill! I'd a heap ruther do it myse'f den hab ole mistisse's granchile do it."

At the picture of Aunt Silvy's portly figure seated on a sack of corn on a trotting mule, Sukey laughed and ran away to tell mamma.

Aunt Silvy had belonged to the wealthy Thompson family, and when Elizabeth Thompson married Mr. Coleman, Marlborough's father, against her father's wishes, he had given her the slave Silvy, and forbidden her his house. Mr. Coleman was a vulgar man, with little means, whom Aunt Silvy held in supreme disdain. The Coleman children she tolerated because of the Thompson blood in their veins.

"But I reckon you' paw," Aunt Silvy continued, "can't spaw none de han's from de cotton-pickin' to tote dat cawn ter mill. We all wont git de cotton pick 'fore Christmus, ef we don't hurry; an' ef we all don't git it picked, we poor black folks can't hab no Christmus. Mahs'r al'ays makes us pick cotton all Christmus-day ef 't aint all in de gin-house 'fore dat. Neber had no sich puffaumanes. es dese at you' granpaw Thompson's. But, law! de Thompsons is a deffrunt breed uv white folks from de Colemanances—show's yer bawn dey is."

"I've heard you say that a million times," Marley said, petulantly.

"Kase it's de troof," retorted Silvy. "I neber knowed no cotton-pickin' gwyne on at ole Mahs'r Thompson's Christmus-day. But law! de Thompson cotton uster be all pick by Christmus, an' ginned, an' baled, an' sold, an' de money ready fer de Christmus-gif's. De Thompson black folks wus smaut. Dey wus a deffrunt breed uv black folks. Dese Coleman niggers aint wuf shucks; but de Thompson cotton wus easier ter pick den de Coleman cotton; come outen de bolls heap easier; it wus a deffrunt breed uv cotton den dis missibul Coleman stuff. Ole mahs'r's plantation was a heap richer 'n dis yere Coleman faum; it wus a deffrunt breed uv sile. Law, a heap uv things wus deffrunt; de hosses, an' bacon, an' hom'ny, an' de cawn bread."

"Well, I want some clean socks an' a clean shirt. If I hang myself before I get to mill, I want to be found with some clean clothes on."

Marlborough said this in a light, laughing tone, which pleased Aunt Silvy, as indicating an improved humor; but she little dreamed of the plan the boy was meditating.

"Well, lem me see now. Whar did I put you'r



tuther shirt an' socks de las' time I wash um? I mos' fawgits what I done wid um. Reckon I puts um in one dese yere sideboard drawers."

Aunt Silvy crossed the room, and, with her strong hand, stirred up the contents of said drawers, much after the fashion in which she beat up her batter-head.

"Aint yere," she announced at the conclusion of her search. "Reckons I hung um on dem dar nails hine de door," and she entered upon a remarkable rooting among the coats, and pants, and hats, and aprons, and towels, and baskets, and sun-bonnets, and petticoats, which thronged the said nails; but among the throng, Marley's shirt and socks were not.

"Whar did I put dem cloze uv yourn? Can't fine um high an' low. I jis warren dat dar goodfer-nuffin, regen'rate, yaller-eyed Jim hes wore dem dar cloze off, er-totin' dem cotton bales ter Memphis."

This was Aunt Silvy's next conjecture in solution of the problem.

Jim was her son, some seventeen years old. He had gone to the Memphis market with six bales of cotton. Memphis was seventy miles distant, and a cotton bale weighs usually three hundred pounds. But do not infer from Aunt Silvy's remark about his toting cotton bales to Memphis that Jim was anything of a Hercules. The word "tote" with Aunt Silvy was a somewhat indefinite term, as you might have surmised at learning that Jim had the assistance of a wagon and six mules in getting those six bales of cotton to the Memphis market.

"Don't reckon," continued Aunt Silvy, "he wore um off nuther; b'lieve I put um on dis yere mandul-piece."

Candlestick, snuffers, baskets, knitting-work, sewing, dress-patterns, hanks of yarn, hymn-book, Bible, etc., etc., were moved off the chimney-shelf to a chair, and left there, by the way, for ten days afterward.

"I reckons dat regen'rate Jim is got um on arter all," said Aunt Silvy, when this last search had proved fruitless.

Marley all this time had been looking from the window in a meditative way, seemingly unconscious of Aunt Silvy's movements. Now he said:

"Jim could n't get into my shirt an' socks. Hurry an' find them. If I've got to tote that corn to mill, I want to go an' be done with it. It'll take me all day to do the job. Bring along the socks and shirt. Hurry!"

"Law, Mahs'r Mauley, yer's so unpatient! Ye don't gim me no time ter 'member whar dem cloze is. I mos' 'membered jis now, but yer dun gone made me fawgit. B'lieve in my soul I laid um in de big chis, top uv de goober-peas. No, I don't

reckon I did nuther; reckons I put um in de little red chis. I mos' al'ays does put um in dar. Wait tell I looks. Law! now I 'members all 'bout it. What a ole black goose I is! I put dem cloze in de pawler on de sofy; oughter looked dar in de fuss place, kase I mos' al'ays put um on de sofy. Yer see, I knowed nobody would n't come to see us, 'kase it's so cole; 'sides, nobody neber comes scacely."

"No wonder they don't," Marley said. "Pa disgraces us all; makes me pick cotton, and go to mill. All the neighbors think themselves above us. There aint a girl in the neighborhood that wants me for a sweetheart, an' they aint a boy that wants Sukey. Now, Jas' Sunday, at church, 'fore the meetin' begun, you know, I rolled a May-apple 'cross the floor to Mandy Bradshaw,—the prettiest kind of one. She looked at it a minute, then set up straight as a crock with her chin in the air, an' looked like she would n't tech that mandrake-apple with a forty-foot pole. Then, pretty soon, Willie Harnston he rolled her one, an' mine was a heap better, an' she pitched after it like she was goin' to break her neck. An' she smelt it, and rolled it in her hands, an' patted it, an' kissed it, an' tied it up in her handkerchief, an' loafed roun' with it all sorts of ways, all through meetin'. An' I'm better lookin' than Bill Harnston the best day he ever saw. Folks think we aint any first family."

"I'll let um know better!" Silvy said, panting, and the perspiration starting. "De Thompsons is de bery fustis fam'ly. Neber was no sich puffick lady in dese pauts ez you' gran'ma Thompson, an' you' maw is a tolerbul puffick lady yit, dough her's been gwyne ter wrack an' ruin eber sence her married inter dis Coleman fam'ly. I tole Miss Lizbeth so, but her jis would morry you' paw, an' dat's jis what's de matter. Laws! I wus so shame uv her, 'cause we wus boff young ladies togedder, I aint neber helt my head up ez high sence."

"Well, you hold it tolerbul high yet. You walk into church like you owned the meetin'-house an' all the congregation and the circuit-rider to boot."

"Law, honey, you oughter seed ole mistiss, you' granmaw Thompson, walk inter church! My stars!"

"Well, go 'long, Aunt Silvy. I've heard enough about my grandma," Marley said. "I'll never get dressed."

"Law, honey, aint I gwyne? I's been gwyne ter go dis eber so long, but yer kep talkin'. 'Taint manners to go while company's talkin'. I reckons yer better go on ter mill peaceable, 'cause it's right ter do you' duty. But when yer gits back, come roun' ter Aunt Silvy's cabin; may be she'll hab sumpin good for yer."

"Of course you will; you've always got some

thing good," Marley said as he shut the door on her retreating figure.

A half-hour later, Marlborough, seated on a sack of corn, was mounted on black Betts, jogging along the mill road, with a manner apparently docile. But ceaselessly his heart was saying, "I wont! I wont! I wont do nigger's work!"

You understand how it was. Marlborough lived in a section where labor was held to be disreputable. It was not, then, the fatigue, or any other physical discomfort that formed the basis of his objection to the mill-going. There was not the bodily hardship connected with it that pertained to a 'possum-hunt, or a 'coon-hunt by moonlight, or to a half-day's fishing, or to a dozen things in which Marley found exceeding enjoyment. He was fearing what people would think and say. And his father was not superior to a like feeling. He would have been glad to have it thought at the neighboring plantations that his son did not work. There was a perpetual conflict between this false pride and his avarice—his desire to overtake his neighbors in the road to riches. He was a small planter and a vulgar man; nay, worse than vulgar. Think of a father sending his son to the cotton-field, and ordering him to hide behind his hamper pick-basket, or among the thick cotton-stalks, if any neighbor or stranger should chance to pass!

On this occasion, when he was sending Marlborough to mill, it was with instructions to avoid the big road, and keep to an obscure way where there would be less risk of encountering members of rich planters' families.

Marlborough was now traveling this obscure way, keeping his eye strained ahead and his hearing strained back, that no one might come upon him unawares. It was a lonely road, little traveled, worn by the heavy rains, unrepaired, and impassable to wheels. He felt tolerably secure against encountering any one. But he was determined that at the sight of a human being, he'd leave the road and take to the woods; run away, perhaps, and never come back; he'd go away up North, where people could work without being disgraced.

He had been on the road some twenty minutes only, when he heard hoofs behind him. Pulling his hat quickly over his eyes to guard against being recognized, he turned his head over his shoulder, and himself on the bag, and discovered General Bradshaw and his daughter Mandy, the young lady who had disdained the mandrake-apple rolled across the church floor to her. Marlborough did not think twice. With both heels he thumped black Betts' sides, and dashed into the woods.

Burning with the revived memory of the slight Mandy Bradshaw had put upon him, Marlborough pressed on and on, heedless of the briars and tan-

gles that pierced and tore him. He got on rapidly, for it was all familiar ground, making toward the creek. Bravely old Betts beat through the thick growth of cane and green-briar, of willow and of holly gleaming with its scarlet berries. At length Marlborough descried the broad creek. He plunged into it, and turned the mule's head down-stream, for the creek must run toward the river, and by the river he must escape; for at this time he had made up his mind to run away for good. The day was now so advanced that he knew he could not go to mill and back; for all this time he had been going away from the mill. He knew, too, if he should return home without the meal, his father would cowhide him. Altogether, it was a very bad affair.

As far as possible Marlborough kept to the shallow waters, but they nevertheless often rose about the mule's flanks, obliging the boy to climb to the corn-sack, and cling with hands and knees, squirrel-like. Again, the faithful animal became entangled in submerged brush, and floundered in a fearful way. On one such occasion, the sack went to the bottom of the stream.

In time, he came to the trunk of a tree, completely spanning the creek. After some moments of consideration, he concluded that this was an advisable point for loosing his mule, for he had decided that it would but serve to draw attention to him. He accordingly rode to the farther bank and dismounted on a log, leaving the mule in the water. Then he gave the creature the rein, and stood watching his last friend turn the back on him. It needed but a moment for the loosed animal to make the other shore. Like a deer she climbed the bank, shook her wet flanks, and then started for the home which the boy was deserting. Tears came into Marlborough's eyes. He thought of little Sukey, and his mother, who had ever tried to stand between him and his father's hardness; of Aunt Silvy, who always had "sumpin good" for him stored away at her cabin. Now he was alone in the wide world.

He stooped over the creek for a drink, dipping the water with his hand. That he might leave no tracks, he caught a piece of wood which had drifted against the trunk, fallen across the stream, threw it out on the bank, and walked to its end. Then he leaped up, and, clasping an overhanging branch, swung himself into a tree. This was one of a thicket. He passed from one tree-top to another, leaping and swinging like a squirrel. Reaching a place where the leaves lay thick on the ground, and where there was no mire to retain his footprints, he slid to the ground, and pursued his way, following the creek. Now and then he climbed a tree for some late grapes the foxes had spared,

or for the scattered persimmons, shriveled with frost, but very sweet. About noon he came upon a hazel-patch, where he secured quite a harvest of nuts. On these he made his dinner, cracking them between his strong teeth as he walked on and on through thickets and brambles. The day was warm and bright, although it was late in the year; but in the dismal shades of this bottom, the air had a mean, snaky chill that crept up and down his back, and made him ask what he could do when night should come.

The afternoon wore away as he was still following

down her beams through the stripped boughs of the wood. Tired as he was, he determined to pursue his journey. On he walked, stopping occasionally for a rest. There were frequent startling noises that made his heart beat fast; but he encountered nothing alarming until about midnight, as he judged the hour by the moon. He was emerging from a thicket, whose passage had engaged all his energies, and was about to sink down for a moment's rest, when he caught through the trees a sight that startled him as the foot-print startled Robinson Crusoe. It was the glimmer of a light. A light in those



MARLEY AND OLD BETTS IN THE CREEK.

the stream that was to lead him to the great river and to freedom. The black night closed around him, and he was alone in the strange, gloomy forest. He was too weary to feel alarm; the chill air made him tremble; he lay down on the damp ground, his back to a huge cypress-trunk, and his thought with his warm bed in the attic at home. In spite of the cold and strangeness, he fell into an uneasy sleep, which was haunted by boisterous interviews with his father. He woke shortly with a cry that sent a night-bird fluttering through the branches. He was numb and stiff, and very wretched. The moon had risen, and was sifting

dreary woods! It meant that some human being was near. Much as he dreaded the lonely shades, and the cold, and the strange noises, he dreaded yet more the sight of man. Alas for him who must hide from the face of his fellows! Perhaps this light meant that he was in the very clutches of pursuers whom his father had sent out for his capture; or it might be that he had come upon the haunt of a runaway negro. He determined to ascertain, if possible, what his danger was. Cautiously he advanced in a circuit on the light, keeping it between him and the creek, that he might have an open chance for flight, should it become necessary.

He was not long in attaining a point from which his eye commanded a view of the light, and of a limited open space about it. There, clearly defined, was the figure of a man—a negro man—poking and mending the fire. Marley saw him laying something on the coals, and soon there were borne to the hungry boy the savory odors of broiled bacon. How his mouth watered! How he longed to put his shivering back to the glowing fire! How comfortable things did look there! How he did envy that poor fugitive negro! How would it do, he asked mentally, to reveal himself to the black, and make common cause with him against man and bloodhounds?

But he did not yet feel reduced to extremity. With many a lingering look at the cheerful light, he passed on, and soon it was lost to his vision. The moon was his friend during the night, not setting till the dawn of day. By this time Marlborough was foot-sore and faint, almost dead, as he verily believed; but he staggered on till the sun came up strong and bright. Then he gathered some armfuls of the dryest leaves to be found, and made a bed, which seemed very soft to his weary limbs. He might have slept in his comfortable nest all day had not the pangs of hunger waked him. Nuts, persimmons, and grapes, these were the only edibles the stripped woods afforded him, and these were scant and difficult to find. To-day was hog-killing time at home. Thoughts of spare-ribs, and sausages, and pigs' feet, and livers, and kidneys, and pigs' tails, haunted him. Even the disreputable chitterlings in which the poorly-fed negroes indulged appeared to his thought as tempting dainties; and the crisp "cracklings,"—he felt as if he could eat a big kettleful of them. A dozen of them would have bought his birthright, or his anything else. He made a mental inventory of Aunt Silvy's good things,—hominy, sweet-potato biscuit, pumpkin bread, corn-dodgers. Back and forth they all passed through his thought, tantalizing the famished stomach till it felt desperate. He kept himself on the keen watch for any chance food. He saw a squirrel run out from a hollow trunk. Perhaps that was Bunny's storehouse. He hastened eagerly to investigate. Alas for your industry and providence, poor squirrel! The boy's hungry eyes have discovered your hoarded wealth.

A 'possum waddled on its short legs up a winter huckleberry-tree, whose bright little berries sparkled in the sunshine like points of jet. It ran out on a low side branch in pursuit of some stray berries; but the limb bent beneath its fat proportions, and it lay quite still, hugging the swaying branch. Seizing a long stick, Marlborough administered some sturdy blows which brought the 'possum to

the ground with a heavy thud, where it lay curled up with eyes shut, playing dead, as 'possums will. A few more good strokes, and the poor 'possum's play became reality. Marlborough slung it across his shoulder; he scarcely knew why, for he could hardly hope for a chance of cooking it. He trudged on as rapidly as possible. In the afternoon, clouds began to gather, and the air grew cold and searching. It became very dark; the vision could not penetrate one inch ahead. For a few moments, the boy groped his way with outstretched hands. Encountering a tree, at length, he seated himself at its base, and fell into an uncomfortable doze. When he woke, it was to find that the clouds were broken, and the light of the risen moon was struggling through the rifts. Inspired by this, he resumed his journey. A few hours more of travel brought him to a coal-kiln.

The coal-kiln constitutes one of the chief mines from which the slave derives his pocket-money. The green wood is cut and laid in ranks, covered with earth, then fired, and allowed to burn slowly. This makes charcoal, which is sold to the black-smiths.

At the kiln, Marlborough warmed his chilled limbs. Then he determined upon a midnight feast of barbecued 'possum. With his pocket-knife he dressed the game, or undressed it, as Aunt Silvy always insisted the process should be characterized. Then he dug a hole in the ground, floored it with coals, and suspended the animal over the glowing surface. In due time the cooking was accomplished, and Marlborough ate and ate until he was tired of 'possum. Yet he tied in his handkerchief the remnants of his feast, hung it on his arm, and renewed his journey, it being by this time morning. He still followed the creek, seeing no one but a negro man at a distance, busily engaged in fishing. In about twenty minutes he reached a rail fence inclosing a cotton-field. As he was deliberating his farther course, Marley heard footsteps, and, by the path that followed the fence, he saw a negro man approaching. There was no chance to escape observation, so Marlborough put on a bold face, and advanced to meet the negro, who was evidently the man he had seen fishing.

"Good-day, mahs'r," said the man, lifting his cap.

"Howdy, uncle!" returned Marley. "I believe I'm turned round, so I don't know my way to the road. How far is it to the road?"

"Which road you arter, massa? De Turnpike or de Buzzard-Roos' Road?"

"Which is the best?" asked Marley, feeling his way.

"Boff roads is tolerbul missible, specially dat Buzzard-Roos' Road, all cut up wid cotton-wagins;

but I reckons, arter all, de Buzzard-Roos' Road is pefferbulest. I went de Turnpike de las' time I tuck a load er cotton, an' it look like sometimes when a wagin got stuck in one dem mud-holes dat it gwyne ter take a string uv mules a mile long to fotch her, an' den dey would n't fotch her."

"How long does it take you to make the trip with a cotton load?" Marley asked.

He was satisfied that he was now at no great

fer a quarter of a mile; may be a little fudder,—'bout a mile an' half, I reckons. Den yer takes crosst de field; den yer sees a big pussimmons-tree dat aint got no pussimmons on ter it, dough dar's a squerl nes' in it. Go a little way to'a'ds dat tree; den keeps on a little fudder, and dar yer fines a paff; yer don't take dat paff; yer keeps on ag'in tolerbul fer; den yer turns to de lef', an' dar yer fines anudder paff. Dat las' paff yer takes, an' yer



"I'S BIN HARD AT WORK FISHIN'."

distance from the city, and he expected by the answer to this question he would be able to judge how distant he was.

"Well, I reckons it's 'bout fifteen miles, an' I mos' ginirly totes eight bales an' —"

Marley interrupted him, not noticing that his question was yet

unanswered, since he had obtained the information he desired.

"Can you tell me how to get to the road?"

"To be sartain I kin. Yer jis follows dis fence

sticks to it tell yer comes ter a big black-jack tree; den yer lebes de paff an' goes a straight line to'a'ds sunset, an' dar yer fotches de Buzzard-Roos' Road, an' it's a heap easier ter fine den de Turnpike."

"Can't you go with me a piece?" Marley asked, completely bewildered.

"Law, massa, I heap ruther go dan not; but I's de busiest nigger yer eber did see sence yer wus bawn. I's bin hard at work fishin', and now I's got ter go an' kinul up my coal-kill. Mus' get dat charcoal ter town 'fore Christmas; den I's got ter tote all de mules on dis plantation ter water; 'sides dat, I got ter git married to-night, an' I got ter make up a fun'ral discou'se 'fore Sunday. My las' wife's been dead gwyne on six weeks, an' her fun'ral aint neber been preach' yet."

"Well, give me the directions again."

When the negro had complied with this request, Marley's bewilderment was complete.

He, however, after a tedious walk, reached the Buzzard-Roost Road, as a friendly sign-board announced. He experienced some quaking as he came upon the busy ground. Before and behind,

as far as the eye could reach, were two lines of wagons to the right and to the left. One line loaded with cotton was moving toward the market, the other wagons were homeward bound with groceries for the plantations. He was apprehensive that among those hundreds of negro teamsters, there might be some neighbor's slave to whom his face was familiar; and his apprehensions were well founded. At the neighborhood church, the planters' families, including the slaves, were wont to assemble. As the whites were so greatly in the minority, almost every one was known to hundreds of negroes whom he did not recognize.

Marley was debating the advisableness of taking to the woods again, when the thought flashed through him that Jim himself.—Aunt Silvy's Jim,—with wagon and mules, was somewhere on this very road. His father always sent the cotton by the Buzzard-Roost Road, though five miles farther than by the Turnpike, to save tollage. Marley kept along the road, calculating the probabilities of meeting his father's team, with a fascinated desire to get sight of it without being himself seen.

Before long, he became interested in watching the efforts of a group of negroes to extricate a stalled wagon from a mud-hole. Mules from other wagons had been hitched to this unfortunate one until there were ten. Three negro teamsters, with long, heavy whips, cracking and lashing, were haranguing the ten brutes with such a volley of gees, haws, whoas, get-ups, etc., as would have bewildered the very clearest head under those long ears. Three other negroes, with fence-rails as levers, were prying at the front wheels of the wagon, which were almost lost in the mire.

"Now, all togedder, boys!" cried one of these negroes. "Heave to! Hurray! Her budged jis now. Whip up dem mules dar, an' we'll fotch her."

The mules strained and plunged, but yet the wagon stuck.

"You all stop dat dar larrypin dem dar mules," bawled an outsider. "Don't yer see he's a-comin', an' fotchin ole Boss? Jis put dat mule in de lead, an' he'll tote you all outen dat dar heap sooner'n yer kin say Jack Roberson."

Marley's heart leaped to his mouth. Boss! That was the name of a Coleman mule! He had named it himself, because it would work only in the lead, and there like a hero.

"Tote 'long dat mule, Jim," called the negro.

Jim! Marley stood for a moment, too confounded to think out a course of action. A kind of fascination kept him there, straining his eyes for a sight of Jim. There, sure enough, he was, the identical Jim with "yaller eyes."

A sight of the familiar face acted on Marley like

a shake to a night-walker; it brought back his senses. He dived behind a neighboring wagon, for the whole line of teams was waiting on the stalled vehicle. But he was too late; he was sure of it; he had seen the "yaller eyes" looking straight into his face.

The negro, remembering that things were unpleasant for Marlborough at home, immediately conjectured that the young master had run away, as he had often threatened. He gave old Boss up to his task of totin' the stalled wagon out of the mire, and went over to where a pair of legs under the wagon-body betrayed Marley's whereabouts.

The boy heard a footstep beside him, turned, and with a great heart-throb saw Jim's face close beside his own. Would Jim tie him up and carry him back home? Would he tell everybody that was Mahs'r Marley, and that he was a runaway? Or would Jim befriend him and help him forward?

"What yere doin' yere, Mahs'r Marley?" Jim asked in a low, confidential tone. "Is yer bruck traces?"

"Yes," said Marley; and then he told Jim all about it.

"Yer looks a heap older dan when I lef' home," Jim said. "Come 'long to de wagon an' git sumpin ter eat."

Marlborough was much comforted in having a friend with whom to talk over his troubles, and to advise with.

"I don't see what yer gwyne ter do 'less yer hab some money," said Jim.

"If I only did have some!" Marley replied. Then he looked at Jim steadfastly, as though taking his measure. It was true—the boy had grown old. Three days before, he could n't have spoken this:

"Say, Jim, suppose you go 'long with me. I'll sell the mules an' wagon, an' we'll get on a boat, an' go 'way off, up North somewhere. Then we'll both be free. I'm a slave at home as much as you are."

"I'll tell yer what, Mahs'r Marley. I made up my min' long time 'go, 'bout runnin' 'way, an' gwyne up Norf. I aint neber gwyne ter do it, kase for why, a nigger don't hab no standin' up dar, an' no 'ciety. Dey aint no niggers scacely, an' de white folks don't soshate wid um, an' it's mighty lonesome. Den, in de nex' place, it's so cole up dar. Now dar's Patrick's Sam, he runn'd 'way an' went to Canady. Den he come back ter somewhars, an' got cotched, an' was fotchted back to his master. Yer jis oughter hear dat nigger talk. He says it's jis es cole dar foug July es it is yere Christmas. Goodness gracious an' gracious goodness! I don't wishes ter go ter no sech place. 'Sides dat, he could n't git nuff ter eat. He did n't hab no





puffession, 'cept ter raise cotton, an' of course he could n't make no money, 'cause dar aint no cotton up dar; de white folks work dar, an' don't lebe nuffin at all fer de niggers ter do. 'Sides dat, ag'in, I's 'gaged ter git married. Lucindy could n't spaw me. An' I don't want ter lebe mammy, an' Mistiss nuther, an' Miss Sukey, an' my udder soshates. 'Sides all dat, Mahs'r trus' de mules an' wagin ter Jim, an' Jim's gwyne ter tote um back ter him, show's yer bawn."

"That's right, Jim," Marley said, cordially; "but I don't know how I'll make my way without money."

Jim ran his hand in his pocket and drew out a greasy little bag of buckskin, tied with a leather string.

"I puzents yer wid dis," he said grandly, and he poured into Marley's hand a silver quarter, three dimes, and two five-cent pieces."

Marley did n't refuse it. He said, "Thanky, Jim! You'll get this back sometime. I'm goin' to be a rich man one of these days; then I'll buy you an' set you free."

"I reckons I might take up a susscription fer yer when I gits home, 'mung our black folks. Dey all likes yer. Yer could wait roun' till I gits back. Moster's gwyne to sen' me straight back wid anudder load er cotton. Yer jis wait yere, an' see ef I don't bring yer sumpin."

They talked this plan over for some time, and Marley finally agreed to wait, if he found no good chances offered for getting away to the North. Jim was to caution the black people to secrecy. Marley knew he could depend upon them in any plan against Mr. Coleman. The cotton-shed of James Savage, Mr. Coleman's commission merchant, was decided upon as the place of meeting. Then the two separated, Jim to return home, Marley to go forward to the city.

I do not intend to tell how he passed the time after reaching Memphis, waiting for Jim's re-appearance; how he had to economize, that his purse might not get emptied; how every effort to get work on the up-river boats failed.

After five or six days, he might have been seen

hanging about James Savage's commission house, or shed. This was crowded with cotton bales, piled to the very roof. On some of these he read, with a strange sensation, his father's name.

Almost his last penny was spent when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, he saw far up the street a team that had a familiar look. As it drew nearer, his hopes were realized; it was his father's, and there was Jim. Marley's spirits went up like a balloon; he hastened to meet his ally.

"I's got sumpin fer yer," were Jim's first words. "Mammy sent yer heap er things;" and bundle after bundle was delivered into Marlborough's eager hands. He climbed on to a home cotton bale, and opened them.

They contained, in the main, articles of his clothing. One bundle, however, showed a collection of edibles—beaten biscuit, a huge yam potato, and a half yard of sausage. While asking questions about home, he made a substantial meal, and then he crowded between the bales, and changed his clothes, when he felt more respectable, especially as he put into his pocket the money which Jim had raised for him among the black people.

"They all feels mighty bad 'bout yer," Jim said, "speshly Mistiss an' Miss Sukey, an' Mammy. Mammy says it's gwyne ter kill you' maw. Her looks mighty downhearted, an' you' paw does too. Never seed Mahs'r look so put out sence I wus bawn; an' Miss Sukey, her cries all ze time 'bout yer. But I muss go 'long now; got ter git eight miles to'a'ds home ter night. Reckon Mistiss'll be more sati'fied when I tells her I seed yer."

"Yes, I reckon so. Tell mother, howdy, an' Sukey too. An' tell Aunt Silvy, howdy, an' all the black folks; an' father, if you've got a notion to. I don't reckon I'll ever see any of them any more."

Marley was crying.

"Law, Mahs'r Mawley! ef I wus yer, I'd stop dis foolin', an' go back home fas' ez ole Boss could tote me. I wouldn't go up Norf no more 'n nuffin. You' maw's cryin' arter yer, an' Miss Sukey, an' Mahs'r'll be better ter yer, show's yer bawn."

What do you guess? Did Marley go back?



## SEA-FOAM.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

FOAM of the sea! Foam of the sea!  
 Stay!—we are weary of calling to thee;  
 Weary of hearing the ceaseless beat  
 Of thy silver-sandaled, unresting feet,  
 Hither and thither, and o'er and o'er,  
 Along the level of white sea-floor,  
 For evermore!  
 Thy gauzy garments have swept so near  
 Our outstretched hand, but to disappear  
 And slide away  
 In a silver spray,  
 While laughter ripples along the shore,  
 And the 'broidered silver is changed to gray.  
 Sea-foam, rest!  
 Safe in this circling arm of rock,  
 Away from the breakers' shout and shock,  
 Rest, O rest!  
 And tell us the story unconfessed  
 Through all the ages to mortal ear,  
 Locked from poet, and safe from seer  
 In the ocean's breast.  
 Tell us thy charmed history;  
 Unravel the silver thread  
 Of the glittering tissue of mystery  
 Veiling forever thy head.  
 Why art thou wooing forever  
 The golden smiles of the sun,—  
 Wooing and winning, yet never  
 Staying thyself to be won?  
 Low is the light in the west,—  
 Sea-foam, rest!



## A PARABLE.

By H. H.

ONCE there was born a man with a great genius for painting and sculpture. It was not in this world that he was born, but in a world very much like this in some respects, and very different in others. The world in which this great genius was born was governed by a beneficent and wise ruler, who had such wisdom and such power that he decided before each being was born for what purpose he would be best fitted in life; he then put him in the place best suited to the work he was to do; and he gave into his hands a set of instruments to do the work with.

There was one peculiarity about these instruments; they could never be replaced. On this point this great and wise ruler was inexorable. He said to every being who was born into his realm:

"Here is your set of instruments to work with. If you take good care of them, they will last a lifetime. If you let them get rusty or broken, you can perhaps have them brightened up a little or mended, but they will never be as good as new, and you can never have another set. Now you see how important it is that you keep them always in good order."

This man of whom I speak had a complete set of all the tools necessary for a sculptor's work, and also a complete set of painter's brushes and colors. He was a wonderful man, for he could make very beautiful statues, and he could also paint very beautiful pictures. He became famous while he was very young, and everybody wanted something that he had carved or painted.

Now, I do not know whether it was that he did not believe what the good ruler told him about his set of instruments, or whether he did not care to keep on working any longer, but this is what happened. He grew very careless about his brushes, and let his tools lie out overnight when it was damp. He left some of his brushes full of paint for weeks, and the paint dried in, so that when at last he tried to wash it out, out came the bristles by dozens, and the brushes were entirely ruined. The dampness of the night air rusted the edges of some of his very finest tools, and the things which he had to use to clean off the rust were so powerful that they ate into the fine metal of the tools, and left the edges so uneven that they would no longer make fine strokes.

However, he kept on painting, and making statues, and doing the best he could with the few and imperfect tools he had left. But people began

to say, "What is the matter with this man's pictures? and what is the matter with his statues? He does not do half as good work as he used to."

Then he was very angry, and said the people were only envious and malicious; that he was the same he always had been, and his pictures and statues were as good as ever. But he could not make anybody else think so. They all knew better.

One day the ruler sent for him and said to him:

"Now you have reached the prime of your life. It is time that you should do some really great work. I want a grand statue made for the gateway of one of my cities. Here is the design; take it home and study it, and see if you can undertake to execute it."

As soon as the poor sculptor studied the design, his heart sank within him. There were several parts of it which required the finest workmanship of one of his most delicate instruments. That instrument was entirely ruined by rust. The edge was all eaten away into notches. In vain he tried all possible devices to bring it again to a fine sharp edge. Nothing could be done with it. The most experienced workmen shook their heads as soon as they saw it, and said:

"No, no, sir; it is too late. If you had brought it to us at first, we might possibly have made it sharp enough for you to use a little while with great care; but it is past help now."

Then he ran frantically around the country, trying to borrow a similar instrument from some one. But one of the most remarkable peculiarities about these sets of instruments given by the ruler of this world I am speaking of, was that they were of no use at all in the hands of anybody except the one to whom the ruler had given them. Several of the sculptor's friends were so sorry for him that they offered him their instruments in place of his own; but he tried in vain to use them. They were not fitted to his hand; he could not make the kind of stroke he wanted to make with them. So he went sadly back to the ruler, and said:

"Oh, Sir, I am most unhappy. I cannot execute this beautiful design for your statue."

"But why cannot you execute it?" said the ruler.

"Alas, Sir!" replied the unfortunate man, "by some sad accident one of my finest tools was so rusted that it cannot be restored. Without that tool, it is impossible to make this statue."

Then the ruler looked very severely at him, and said:

"Oh, sculptor, accidents very seldom happen to the wise and careful. But you are also a painter, I believe. Perhaps you can paint the picture I wish to have painted immediately, for my new palace. Here is the drawing of it. Go home and study this. This also will be an opportunity worthy of your genius."

The poor fellow was not much comforted by this, for he remembered that he had not even looked at his brushes for a long time. However, he took the sketch, thanked the ruler, and withdrew.

It proved to be the same with the sketch for the picture as it had been with the design for the statue. It required the finest workmanship in parts of it; and the brushes which were needed for this had been long ago destroyed. Only their handles remained. How did the painter regret his folly as he picked up the old defaced handles from the floor, and looked at them hopelessly!

Again he went to the ruler, and with still greater embarrassment than before, acknowledged that he was unable to paint the picture because he had not the proper brushes.

This time, the ruler looked at him with terrible severity, and spoke in a voice of the sternest displeasure:

"What, then, do you expect to do, sir, for the rest of your life, if your instruments are in such a condition?"

"Alas! Sire, I do not know," replied the poor man, covered with confusion.

"You deserve to starve," said the ruler; and ordered the servants to show him out of the palace.

After this, matters went from bad to worse with the painter. Every few days some one of his instruments broke under his hand. They had been so poorly taken care of, that they did not last half as long as they were meant to. His work grew poorer and poorer, until he fell so low that he was forced to eke out a miserable living by painting the walls of the commonest houses, and making the coarsest kind of water-jars out of clay. Finally his last instrument failed him. He had nothing left to work with; and as he had for many years done only very coarse and cheap work, and had not been able to lay up any money, he was driven to beg his food from door to door, and finally died of hunger.

This is the end of the parable. Next comes the moral. Now please don't skip all the rest because it is called moral. It will not be very long. I wish I had called my story a conundrum instead of a parable, and then the moral would have been the answer. How that would have puzzled you all,—a conundrum so many pages long! And I wonder how many of you would have guessed the true

answer. How many of you would have thought enough about your own bodies to have seen that they were only sets of instruments given to you to work with? The parable is a truer one than you think at first; but the longer you think the more you will see how true it is. Are we not each of us born into the world provided with one body, and only one, which must last us as long as we live in this world? Is it not by means of this body that we all learn and accomplish everything? Is it not a most wonderful and beautiful set of instruments? Can we ever replace any one of them? Can we ever have any one of them made as good as new, after it has once been seriously out of order? In one respect the parable is not a true one; for the parable tells the story of a man whose set of instruments was adapted to only two uses,—to sculpture and to painting. But it would not be easy to count up all the things which human beings can do by help of the wonderful bodies in which they live. Think for a moment of all the things you do in any one day; all the breathing, eating, drinking, and running; of all the thinking, speaking, feeling, learning you do in any one day. Now, if any one of the instruments is seriously out of order you cannot do one of these things so well as you know how to do it. When any one of the instruments is very seriously out of order, there is always pain. If the pain is severe, you can't think of anything else while it lasts. All your other instruments are of no use to you, just because of the pain in that one which is out of order. If the pain and the disordered condition last a great while, the instrument is so injured that it is never again so strong as it was in the beginning. All the doctors in the world cannot make it so. Then you begin to be what people call an invalid; that is, a person who does not have the full use of any one part of his body; who is never exactly comfortable himself, and who is likely to make everybody about him more or less uncomfortable.

I do not know anything in this world half so strange as the way in which people neglect their bodies; that is, their set of instruments, their one set of instruments, which they can never replace, and can do very little toward mending. When it is too late, when the instruments are hopelessly out of order, then they do not neglect them any longer; then they run about frantically as the poor sculptor did, trying to find some one to help him; and this is one of the saddest sights in the world, a man or a woman running from one climate to another climate, and from one doctor to another doctor, trying to cure or to patch up a body that is out of order.

Now perhaps you will say, this is a dismal and unnecessary sermon to preach to young people; they have their fathers and mothers to take care of



them; they don't take care of themselves. Very true; but fathers and mothers cannot be always with their children; fathers and mothers cannot always make their children remember and obey their directions; more than all, it is very hard to make children realize that it is of any great importance that they should keep all the laws of health. I know when I was a little girl, when people said to me, "You must not do thus and thus, for if you do, you will take cold," I used to think, "Who cares for a little cold, supposing I do catch one?" And when I was shut up in the house for several days with a bad sore throat, and suffered horrible pain, I never reproached myself. I thought that sore throats must come now and then, whether or no, and that I must take my turn. But now I have learned that if no law of health were ever broken, we need never have a day's illness, might grow old in entire freedom from suffering, and gradually fall asleep at last, instead of dying terrible deaths from disease; and I am all the while wishing that I had known it when I was young. If I had known it, I'll tell you what I should have done. I would have just tried the experiment at any rate, of never doing a single thing which could by any possibility get any one of the instruments of my body out of order. I wish I could see some boy or girl try it yet; never to sit up late at night; never to have a close, bad air in the room; never to sit with wet feet; never to wet them, if it were possible to help it; never to go out in cold weather without being properly wrapped up; never to go out of a hot room into a cold out-door air without throwing some extra wrap on; never to eat or drink an unwholesome thing; never to touch tea, or coffee, or candy, or pie-crust; never to let a day pass without at least two good hours of exercise in the open air; never to read a word by twilight, nor in the cars; never to let the sun be shut out of rooms. This is a pretty long list of "nevers," but "never" is the only word that conquers. "Once in a while" is the very watch-word of temptation and defeat. I do believe that the "once-in-a-while" things have ruined more bodies, and more souls too, than all the other things put together. Moreover, the "never" way

is easy, and the "once-in-a-while" way is hard. After you have once made up your mind "never" to do a certain thing, that is the end of it, if you are a sensible person. But if you only say, "This is a bad habit," or "This is a dangerous indulgence; I will be a little on my guard and not do it too often," you have put yourself in the most uncomfortable of all positions; the temptation will knock at your door twenty times a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battle over and over again as long as you live. This is especially true in regard to the matter of which I have been speaking to you, the care of the body. When you have once laid down to yourself the laws you mean to keep, the things you will always do, and the things you will "never" do, then your life arranges itself in a system at once, and you are not interrupted and hindered as the undecided people are, by wondering what is best, or safe, or wholesome, or too unwholesome at different times.

Don't think it would be a sort of slavery to give up so much for sake of keeping your body in order. It is the only real freedom, though at first it does not look so much like freedom as the other way. It is the sort of freedom of which some poet sang once. I never knew who he was. I heard the lines only once, and have forgotten all except the last three, but I think of those every day. He was speaking of the true freedom which there is in keeping the laws of nature, and he said it was like the freedom of the true poet, who

"Always sings  
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
And finds in them not bonds, but wings."

I think the difference between a person who has kept all the laws of health, and thereby has a good strong sound body that can carry him wherever he wants to go, and do whatever he wants to do, and a person who has let his body get all out of order, so that he has to lie in bed half his time and suffer, is quite as great a difference as there is between a creature with wings and a creature without wings. Don't you?

And this is the end of the moral.



## FAR AWAY.



ONE night, in the bright, warm summer,  
 Mother went—oh so far away!  
 So very far! Yet quite near her,  
 In my pretty bed I lay.

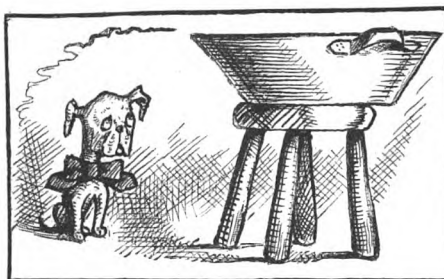
She stood and looked from the window,  
 In the moonlight cool and clear;  
 I called her as she stood there,  
 But mother did not hear.

At last she turned, and, smiling,  
 Said, "You awake, little Jack?"  
 But I only could sob and kiss her—  
 So glad that mother was back!

She did not hear when I called her—  
 She was gone so very far!  
 I lay and wished I was only  
 The moonlight, or a star;

Then she might soon have known it—  
 How lonely I was for her.  
 But I waited, and waited, and waited,  
 And mother did not stir.

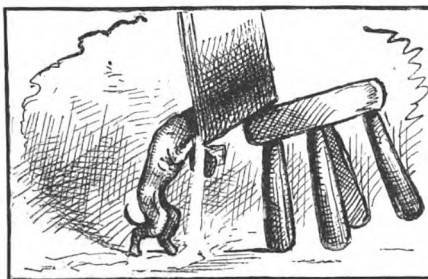
## CARLO AND THE MILK-PAN.



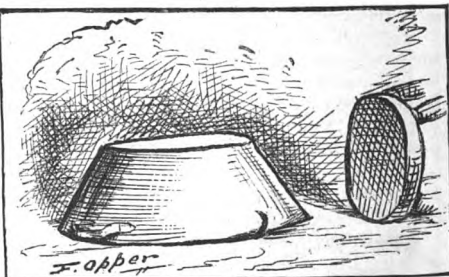
"CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT THAT PAN CONTAINS MILK?"



"IT DOES! IT DOES!"



"MY! THIS IS JUST GLORIOUS!"



## BORROWING A GRANDMOTHER.

BY HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

"WE sha' n't have much of a Fanksdivin 'is year," said Sophie to her doll. "You know, Hitty, how we all went to dranma's last year, and now she's dead and buried up in 'e dround, and we sha' n't see her any more, ever and ever, amen!"

Hitty looked up into the little mother's face, with eyes open very wide, but she did not answer a word. Perhaps she was too sorry to talk, and perhaps she was n't a talking doll; at any rate, she kept still.

"Last year," resumed Sophie, "we wode 'way out into 'e country, froo big woods wivout any leaves 'cept pine-leaves, and along by a deep wiver, and 'en we came to dranma's house, and Uncle Ned came out to 'e date and carried me in on his

s'oulder, and dranma took off my fings and dave me some brown bread and cheese 'at she made all herself; but I did n't see her, 'cause folks make cheese in 'e summer, and 'at was Fanksdivin time. I went out to see Uncle Ned milk 'e cow, and had some dood warm milk to drink, and mamma put on my nightie and put me to bed in such a funny bed, not a bit like ours at home 'at you can roll over and over in and not muss 'em up a bit; but it was a feaver bed.—live geese feavers, dranma said,—and I fought 'ey would cover me all up, I sank down in so. In 'e morning, Uncle Ned built a fire in 'e dreat bid oven; and when it dot all burned down to coals, dranma poked 'em wiv a dreat long shovel, so heavy I could n't lift it; and by and by

she shoveled and scraped 'em all out into 'e fire-place; and 'en she put in 'e chicken-pie to bake, and a big turkey wiv stuffing, and a pudding wiv lots o' waisins in it, and shut 'e door. 'En everybody 'cept mamma and me went off to church, and after 'at we had dinner.

"You 'd ought to been 'ere, Hitty, to see it; but you was n't made den, so course you could n't. There was all 'at was in 'e oven, and bread and cheese, and cake and cranberry-sauce, and apple-pie and mince-pie, and punkin-pie and custard—no, 'ere was n't any custard, for 'e cat dot at it, and in 'e evening we had walnuts —"

Just here, little "Lady Talkative," as papa often called her, was interrupted by the voice of her mother from the kitchen, where she and Aunt Ruth staid most of the time lately, getting ready for Sophie's uncles and aunts and cousins, who were invited for Thanksgiving.

In spite of the motherly feelings supposed to be strong in the breasts of little girls, poor Hitty landed, head first, in the plaything box, as Sophie sprang up to answer her mother's summons.

"Sophie, I want you to go over to Mrs. Green's and borrow a nutmeg for me. Go quickly as you can. I don't believe in borrowing," she added to Aunt Ruth, "but two of mine proved poor ones, and the cake cannot wait."

By this time, Sophie's sack was on and her bonnet tied. She was an active little creature, very bright for a child of her age, and it was her delight to be of use in domestic affairs.

"Now, what is your errand, Sophie?"

"Please, Mrs. Dreen," began the child, in accordance with previous instructions, "my mamma would be much 'bliged if you will lend her a nutmeg."

"That will do. Now run."

The little feet trotted as fast as they could across the two yards and in at the side gate of Mrs. Green's; but the busy brain went so much faster than the flying feet, that the child blundered in her errand.

"Please, Mrs. Dreen, my mamma wants to bo'ow a dranma for Fanksdivin."

Mrs. Green's eyes opened so wide, Sophie thought she looked like Hitty, and wondered if they were "lations."

"What did your mother send for?"

"A dran— No, 'at's what I want mine own self. Oh dear! I ferdot what she does want, and she's in an awful hurry."

"What is she doing?"

"Making cake, and it can't wait, she said so. I know what it is, but I can't fink."

"Was it fresh eggs?"

"No, ma'am."

"Some kind of spice?"

"No, ma'am."

"What is it like?"

"Like a walnut, and you drate it wiv a drater."

"Oh, a nutmeg!"

"A nutmeg—at's it ezactly. Funny I could n't wemember"—and the blue eyes brightened behind the gathering tears like the sunlit sky through a rift in a rain-cloud.

Three minutes later, Sophie picked up her long-suffering doll, and entertained her with an account of the affair sufficiently minute to satisfy a New York reporter, ending by asking Hitty's opinion.

"Oh, Hitty, was n't it funny to tell Mrs. Dreen mamma wanted to bo'ow a dranma? I dest wish I could, don't you? I want one, more 'n anything. Don't you s'pose I could? I'll ask Uncle Ned. He knows 'most everyfing."

Uncle Ned was in his room writing when he heard little hurrying footsteps on the stair, followed by three little raps at the door. He pushed back the inkstand, stuck his pen up over his ear, and called out:

"Come in, Pussy. Push hard; the door is not fastened."

"I'm sorry to 'sturb you, Uncle Ned," began the small lady, while she climbed up into his lap and threw Hitty on the table, "but you must excuse me, 'cause I dot a very 'portant twestion."

"Let us have it, little one."

"Can anybody bo'ow a dranma?"

"Borrow a grandma! That's a new idea!"

"You should n't ought to laugh at me, Uncle

Ned, for I want one weal bad for Fanksdivin."

The tears came into Uncle Ned's eyes, for he was the youngest son of the grandmother Sophie mourned, and the pain of loss had not had time to soften. He held her quite still for a little, and then said, softly:

"A sad Thanksgiving we shall have this year, my pet, and the only way to make it a little less sorrowful will be to try and make others happy. That



"IT'S 'DICULOUS TO SEE 'EM TOGETHER" (SEE NEXT PAGE).

was always grandma's way. I rather like your idea after all. Your own dear grandmother is beyond the tokens of love and gratitude we fain would set before her, and why should we not make

some other child's grandmother happy to-morrow? Whose shall it be?"

"Let me see. Fanny Turner's onc. Her dranma lives in a splendid drate house, and she's dot lots o' money and servants and everyfing she wants. I dess we don't want her. Mrs. Allen—at 'at's two; but she's dot lots o' dranchildren wivout us. Oh my! you could n't count 'em. If 'ey should all come at once, 'ey'd fill her little teenty tawnty house wunning over full. Not any woom for we folks, 'nless 't was in 'e door-yard."

Sophie stopped and thought a moment.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed at last, the funny gravity of the small features chased away by a sudden smile which lit up all the dimples. "Mamie Hall! she's dest 'e one. She lives all alone wiv her dranma down by 'e bridge. 'Ey're dweadful poor, and Mrs. Hall works for 'e rich folks and leaves Mamie all alone a'most every day; but she's dood, and Mamie's dood too, and her house is big enough, only I dess we better carry something to eat, for may be she has n't dot much baked."

"Always looking out for your stomach," laughed Uncle Ned. "We will go and ask mamma about it."

On the afternoon of that same day, Mamie Hall sat by the window, wishing some one would come, for she was very lonesome. Her grandmother went early to help a neighbor, and charged her not to leave the house till her return, as she expected some persons to pay her some money, and they might call when no one was in, and the money was needed at once. She got along very well till her knitting-work was done and her story-book read through, and then she sat by the window and watched the people passing. Hark! Somebody surely rapped. Mamie answered the summons, and was delighted to see her little friend Sophie, who said she could stay till night, and then Uncle Ned would come for her again.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mamie. "Come right in and take off your things."

Uncle Ned stepped inside to charge the children to be careful about the fire—a charge which Mamie rather resented, being eight years old and accustomed to responsibility.

"I brought my doll," said Sophie, proceeding to take off her things too.

"That's right. I'll get Lady Jane, and we will have a first-rate time playing keep house. What is your child's name?"

"Sophronia Mehitable Feodosia Caroline," said Sophie, slowly, and speaking every syllable with precision.

"What a long name!" laughed Mamie. "Do you have to call her all that every time you speak to her?"

"Oh, no! I call her Hitty for short, and if she's

cross I call her Hit. Her first name is for me, and 'e next for Aunt Mehitable, and Feodosia was my dranma's name, and Caroline, my cousin, dave her to me."

"I am afraid she wont want to play with a rag-doll," sighed the small hostess as she drew Lady Jane from the rude cradle where she usually slept, her little mother being too busy generally to attend to her.

"Oh, no!" cried Sophie. "I teach Hitty 'at when she's dood she's no better 'an a wag-doll 'at behaves herself, and when she's naughty she's worse, 'cause she's had better 'vantages."

"But she's all dressed up in silk and jewelry, and Lady Jane has only a calico slip and a white apron," said Mamie, just to see what her mite of a visitor would answer.

"'At don't make 'e leastest diffunce in 'e world. All Hit's fine fings were dived to her. She is n't pwoud a bit. If she was I'd spank her. I s'ould n't for anyfing like her to be like Biddy Marty's doll that lives in the brick grocery—so awful big and pwoud. It's 'dicolous to see 'em together. Your child's zactly the right size. And, dear me, how clean she does keep herself! I dess she don't play in 'e dirt like my Hit."

"Oh, she is older, and has learned better. But what ails your daughter's nose? The skin seems to be off."

"'At's where she bumped it 'is morning. She fell wight into my playing box." And then, instead of telling how she threw her there herself, the small fibber remarked: "She is dest beginning to do alone, and she dets lots o' bumps."

Hitty took all the implied blame very coolly, for she neither blushed nor winked.

"What made you think to come and see me, little Sophie? I have been wishing you would ever since the good times we had the day my grandma worked for your mamma."

"I fought of, it long ado, and teased and teased, but mamma would n't let me, till she had intwired about you to see if you was dood. I knew it all 'e time, but she said she must ask some one who had known you longer. She lets me play wiv anybody 'at's dood," added Sophie, with startling frankness, "no matter if 'ey live in little bits o' houses, and have to wear calico dresses to church. But I came now to bo'ow somefin. You 'll lend it to me, wont you now?"

"Yes, indeed, anything I *can* lend. But what can I possibly have that you have not?" glancing inquiringly at her small stock of playthings.

Sophie leaned forward with her fat forefinger lifted in a ludicrously solemn gesture.

"Mamie, you've dot a dranma, and mine is all dead and buried up in 'e dround."

"Yes, I have got a grandma, and the best one in the world too, but what has she to do with it? You surely cannot want to borrow her!" and Mamie laughed at the very thought.

"Yes, I do," persisted Sophie, with the utmost gravity. "You can't have Fanksdivin wivout a dranma, more 'n you can Christmas wivout Santa Claus. You need n't fink I'm dreedy. I'll lend you all my 'lations to pay,—papa and mamma, and Aunt Wuth and Uncle Ned, and all 'e cousins 'at are coming. And here's a letter," she continued,

"What is it?" asked Mamie.

"An invitation for us to spend Thanksgiving with Sophie and her friends. She feels so badly about her grandmother, she wants to borrow me! Will you lend me, Mamie, just for that one day?"

"No, indeed," replied Mamie, decidedly. "I should look well lending all the relative I have in the world to a girl who has got a houseful of cousins," and she threw her arms about the old lady.

"She can be yours dest the same, Mamie,"



MAMIE DECLINES TO LEND HER GRANDMOTHER.

tugging at a tiny pocket until she produced a little three-cornered note directed to Mrs. Hall.

"I don't really know what to make of it," said Mamie, "but when grandma reads the note, she will find out, I guess."

So she crowded the corner of it carefully under the edge of the clock for safe keeping, and the playing went on. With riding out and visiting, caring for Lady Jane's fever and Hitty's wounded nose, as well as eating apples and doughnuts, the afternoon flew swiftly by. They were surprised when Mrs. Hall came in. Mamie instantly gave her the note, which she read with a smile and a tremor of lip.

pleaded Sophie. "Do, Mamie, let me call her so for just one day."

"Oh, you may call her so always, if that is all; but I must keep her too. I'll not *lend* her at all, but I'll *give* you half of her to keep for your very own."

"Oh, will you? will you?" cried Sophie, dancing with delight, never noticing that she held Hitty by one foot, to the imminent danger of the rest of her china body.

"You'd better keep the whole of me, and give her, at the same time, the whole," said grandma. "I shall love you none the less for taking this dear little Sophie right into my heart of hearts."



And so it was. The morrow was a very happy day. Sophie introduced Mamie as her new sister, and she was heartily welcomed by all the cousins, big and little. After dinner, the "new grandma," as all called her, told them wonderful stories about the times when she was young, and Sophie would not part with her till she promised to spend the Christmas holidays with them.

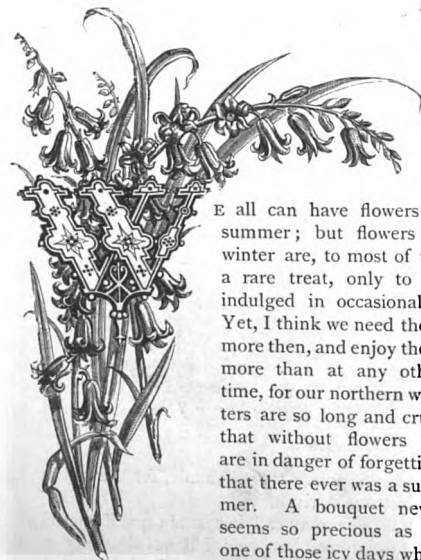
But before the Christmas holidays the "new

grandma" died. It was sudden. She was sick only a week. Sophie's friends cared for her tenderly; and just before the end, her father took the last care from the dying woman's heart by promising to care for Mamie as if she were his own.

So Mamie and Sophie are adopted sisters now, and though they are grown-up ladies, they never forget how the good God provided for the fatherless through Sophie's childish whim.

## FLOWERS IN WINTER, AND HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THEM.

BY S. C.



Everyone can have flowers in summer; but flowers in winter are, to most of us, a rare treat, only to be indulged in occasionally. Yet, I think we need them more then, and enjoy them more than at any other time, for our northern winters are so long and cruel that without flowers we are in danger of forgetting that there ever was a summer. A bouquet never seems so precious as on one of those icy days when the world is so hopelessly

frozen that it seems as if it never could bear another green thing. We touch the roses and the pinks with tender fingers and a feeling which we do not have for garden flowers, prosperous creatures, who take care of themselves and require none of our love and pity. These few sweet winter blooms are the survivors of a great massacre. Even now their lives are in danger, for if the window were to be opened ever so little, winter would slip treacherously

through and kill them as he did their mates. So we pet and cherish the beautiful things, doing all we can to make them happy, and they reward us in their own pretty way by living twice as long as cut flowers in summer ever do.

There are various recipes for keeping bouquets fresh. Some people stick them in moist sand; some salt the water in the vases, and others warm it; others, again, use a few drops of ammonia. My rule is, to *cool the flowers* thoroughly at night. When the long day of furnace-heat has made the roses droop and their stems limp and lifeless, I clip them a little, and set them to float in a marble basin full of very cold water. In the morning they come out made over into crisp beauty, as fresh and blooming as if just gathered. All flowers, however, will not stand this water-cure. Heliotrope blackens and falls to pieces under it; azaleas drop from their stems, and mignonette soaks away its fragrance. For these I use dry, cold air. I wrap them in cotton wool, and set them on a shelf in the ice-chest! I can almost hear you laugh, but really I am not joking. Flowers thus treated keep perfectly for a week with me, and often longer.

Many persons who are lucky enough to have flowers do not at all know how to arrange them so as to produce the best effect, while others seem born with a knack for doing such things in just the right way. Knack cannot be taught, but there are a few rules and principles on the subject so simple that even a child can understand and follow them, and if you ST. NICHOLAS girls will keep them in mind when you have flowers to arrange, I think



A TABLE BOUQUET.

you will find them helpful. Just as flowers are the most beautiful decoration which any house can have, so the proper management of them is one of the gracefulest of arts, and everything which makes home prettier and more attractive is worth study and pains, so I will tell you what these rules are in the hope that you will use and apply them yourselves.

1st. The *color* of the vase to be used is of importance. Gaudy reds and blues should never be chosen, for they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket, while clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems, is perhaps prettiest of all.

2d. The shape of the vase is also to be thought of. For the middle of a dinner-table, a round bowl is always appropriate, or a tall vase with a saucer-shaped base. Or, if the center of the table is otherwise occupied, a large conch shell, or shell-shaped dish, may be swung from the chandelier above, and with plenty of vines and feathering green, made to look very pretty. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley and sweet-peas, should be placed by themselves in slender tapering glasses; violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some

tiny cup, and pansies be set in groups, with no gayer flowers to contradict their soft velvet hues; and—this is a hint for summer—few things are prettier than balsam-blossoms, or double variegated hollyhocks, massed on a flat plate, with a fringe of green to hide the edge. No leaves should be interspersed with these; the plate will look like a solid mosaic of splendid color.

3d. *Stiffness* and *crowding* are the two things to be specially avoided in arranging flowers. What can be uglier than the great tasteless bunches into which the ordinary florist ties his wares, or what more extravagant? A skillful person will untie one of these, and, adding green leaves, make the same flowers into half a dozen bouquets, each more effective than the original. Flowers should be grouped as they grow, with a cloud of light foliage in and about them to set off their forms and colors. Don't forget this.

4th. It is better, as a general rule, not to put more than one or two sorts of flowers into the same vase. A great bush with roses, and camellias, and carnations, and feverfew, and geraniums growing on it all at once would be a frightful thing to behold; just so a monstrous bouquet made up of all these flowers is meaningless and ugly. \*Certain flowers, such as heliotrope, mignonette, and myrtle, mix well with everything; but usually it is better to group flowers with their kind,—roses in one glass, geraniums in another, and not try to make them agree in companies.

5th. When you do mix flowers, be careful not to put colors which clash side by side. Scarlets and



TASTE AND BEAUTY.

pinks spoil each other; so do blues and purples, and yellows and mauves. If your vase or dish is a very large one, to hold a great number of flowers,

it is a good plan to divide it into thirds or quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious within itself, and then blend the whole with lines of green and white, and soft neutral tint. Every group of mixed flowers requires one little touch of yellow to make it vivid; but this must be skillfully applied. It is good practice to experiment with this effect. For instance, arrange a group of maroon, scarlet, and white geraniums with green leaves, and add a single blossom of gold-colored calceolaria, you will

see at once that the whole bouquet seems to flash out and become more brilliant.

Lastly. Love your flowers. By some subtle sense the dear things always detect their friends, and for them they will live longer and bloom more freely than they ever will for a stranger. And I can tell you, girls, the sympathy of a flower is worth winning, as you will find out when you grow older, and realize that there are such things as dull days which need cheering and comforting.



## THE SUNDAY BABY.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

YOU wonderful little Sunday child!  
Half of your fortune scarce you know,  
Although you have blinked and winked and  
smiled  
Full seven and twenty days below.

"The bairn that is born on a Sabbath day"—  
So say the old wives over their glass—  
"Is bonny and healthy, and wise and gay!"  
What do you think of that, my lass?

Health and wisdom, and beauty and mirth!  
And (as if that were not enough for a dower),  
Because of the holy day of your birth,  
Abroad you may walk in the gloaming's hour.

When we poor bodies, with backward look,  
Shiver and quiver and quake with fear  
Of fiend and fairy, and kelpie and spook,  
Never a thought need you take, my dear—

For "Sunday's child" may go where it please,  
Sunday's child shall be free from harm!  
Right down through the mountain side it sees  
The mines unopened where jewels swarm!

O fortunate baby! Sunday lass!  
The veins of gold through the rocks you'll  
see;  
And when o'er the shining sands you pass,  
You can tell where the hidden springs may be.

And never a fiend or an airy sprite,  
May thwart or hinder you all your days.  
Whenever it chances, in mirk midnight,  
The lids of your marvelous eyes you raise.

You may see, while your heart is pure and true,  
The angels that visit this lower sphere,  
Drop down the firmament, two and two,  
Their errands of mercy to work down here.

This is the dower of a Sunday child;  
What do you think of it, little brown head,  
Winking and blinking your eyes so mild,  
Down in the depths of your snowy bed?

## PARTNERS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

TIP was the older of the two. I can't really say how old he was, and what is more, Tip himself did n't know. He wore a man's coat and a pair of very small trousers, but neither fitted him. His hat was an old felt affair that he had picked up in a back alley, and his head seemed very much as if it might have been picked up with it.

Top was the other partner. It was Top who bought the melon, because he had sold all his papers but one, and had an uncommon handful of change. The melon was cheap too, and only a trifle spoiled, so the partners sat down on a stone and ate it. Then Tip wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve and looked at Top, who had spread his last paper over his knees, and was slowly spelling out the news.

"There's a row somewheres, but I can't make out which side is lickin'; it's the Turkeys or the other fellers. What be the Turkeys, Tip?"

"Base-ball fellers, I reckon; them kind is great at a scrimmage."

"And a freshet carried off a railroad-bridge. Tarnado in Dubbs County; blowed all the oats down. Does oats grow on trees, Tip, or bushes?"

"Bushes, and kind o' limber."

"'Tarrible catastrophe.' What would a catastrophe be, Tip?"

"It's a kind o' jumpin' animal. Don't ye mind the one we seen to the circus?"

Top folded up his paper with a sigh.

The circus was the beginning of the partnership, when the two boys, curled up together in a crockery-crate, had been awakened in the dusk of a May morning by the long train of circus-wagons rumbling away into the country. Half asleep, they followed on, keeping pace with the great brown hulk that strode with swaying trunk after the wagons, and glancing half fearfully at the awkward camels that bared their great teeth viciously, as if they would not at all mind making a mouthful of the two little vagabonds. Once a driver noticed them, and cracked his long whip at them; but they only fell back a few steps.

"I say, Tip, le's go on till it stops," whispered Top; and with a nod the bargain was concluded.

It was ten o'clock before the circus stopped, and the boys, footsore and hungry, hung around the wagons, getting plentiful kicks and abuse, which was no more than they were accustomed to at home, but rewarded by a glimpse of the animals as they were fed, and making a rare breakfast on a

loaf of bread that a girl in a dirty spangled dress snatched from one of the wagons and tossed to them.

Top had risen in the world since then. He had left rag-picking and gone into the newspaper business, and even picked up a little learning at the night class in the newsboys' home. But he was loyal to his partner, and often shared his good fortune with him. He had a plan now for them both.

"I say, Tip, le's you and me go to farmin'."

Tip looked at Top, took off his hat, turned it over as if looking for an idea in it, and then put it on again, and said nothing.

"There's a chap comes down to the home told us fellers if you go out West a bit, the Guvment would let ye have a farm free, jest fer livin' on 't. Best kind o' ground, too. We could raise things to sell, besides havin' all the melons and stuff you could swaller every day."

"C'm' on," said Tip, his mouth watering at the thought. "Is it fur, out West, do ye reckon?"

"A good bit; but I've got some money, and we can walk it easy. Git yer other shirt, an' we'll start to-morrer mornin'."

That night Top drew all his money from the deposit at the newsboys' home—three dollars and sixty-five cents. The first thing he did was to buy two clay pipes and a paper of tobacco. Then he laid in a store of provisions, in the shape of a sheet of stale buns, a triangle of cheese, and a dozen herrings. Tip was on hand promptly, with his other shirt in a wad under his arm, and the two partners started "out West."

"May as well ride ten cents' worth," said Top, paying fare for the two on an omnibus that ran to the city limits.

Afterward, they walked on toward the open prairie, breakfasting as they went, and adding to their stores a turnip and a couple of tomatoes that had jolted from some laden market-wagon. Miles and miles of market-gardens, where women and children were hoeing and weeding and gathering vegetables. They stopped at one house and asked for water, and a woman in a brown stuff petticoat and white short gown offered them some milk in a big yellow bowl, and a piece of black bread. A boy was washing long yellow carrots by the pump. Tip bit one, and liked it. Tip was always hungry. Then they went on, and by and by they came to the end of the gardens. There were great stubbly

fields and a stack of yellow straw. They sat down by this stack to rest, and then Top thought of the pipes. The men whom he knew always smoked when they rested at noon, and so he and Tip tried it. They had tried it before with ends of cigars that they picked up, and once Top had bought a new cigar, a fifteen-center, and smoked it all, though it made him fearfully sick. The pipes did not seem to agree with them. Tip felt particularly uncomfortable, and wished he had not eaten that carrot. They did not make any remarks about it, but presently they put away the pipes and went to sleep in the sun. When they waked it was sunset and growing chilly.

"No use to go any furdur to-night," said Top; and they burrowed into the straw and were as snug as two field-mice.

In the morning there were only a herring and two very dry buns for breakfast; but the partners had seen much smaller rations than that in their day. They asked for water again when they came to a house, but the old lady who opened the door must have been deaf. She only shook her head and shoo-ed them away as if they had been two stray chickens. Next time they had better luck. A fat little woman with rosy red cheeks gave them a big basket to fill with chips, and when it was full she brought them each a thick slice of bread and butter and a great puffy brown doughnut. Afterward, they drank at the well out of a sweet-tasting dipper made of a cocoa-nut shell, and the woman looked up from the bread she was kneading to nod and smile as they went out of the gate. Next came a long strip of woods, without any houses, and beyond that, open prairie again.

"I think this is about fur 'nough," said Top, sitting down on a log. "I should kind o' like to have our farm nigh to the woman that give us the doughnuts. She's a good one, she is."

"Well," said Tip, "seems to be lots of land, and mighty scarce of houses. Le's take it half 'n' half, woods and perrary."

Now that the farm was located, the next thing to be done was to build a house. Never did Western emigrants find things more convenient, for near the roadside lay a pile of rails that had once been a fence about a hay-stack. These they dragged into the woods, and proceeded to build a hut against the trunk of a great tree. The result was not exactly a palace, but at least it was clean and airy, and they had slept in much worse quarters. They made a bed of green boughs and spread Tip's other shirt over it. Everything went well until Tip undertook to climb a tree after some wild grapes. A country boy would have known better than to trust the old dead limb from which they dangled; but Tip never suspected that a tree could wear out,

until he found himself crashing headlong through the branches to the ground. He lay there so quiet that poor Top might as well have had no partner at all. Top was frightened, but he did n't give it up. He shook Tip and slapped him on the back; he even lighted a pipe and blew tobacco smoke in his face, all of which remedies he had seen used with success, though not upon people who had fallen out of trees. After a while, Tip began to breathe again in a jerky fashion, and then he got strength enough to groan dismally.

"Is it yer head?" asked Top, anxiously. "Are ye all right in yer bones?"

"It's me laigs, and me spines is all smashed to flinders," moaned Tip.

Top managed to drag his unlucky partner into the hut; but the bed was anything but luxurious, and Tip was no hero to suffer in silence.

"Is it as bad as a whalin'?" asked Top, meaning to be sympathizing.

"Wuss," groaned Top; but, after all, the suggestion had some comfort in it.

"Tip," said his partner, presently, "be ye sorry ye come out West?"

"No, not if I die," moaned Tip. "I seen a feller die oncet, fallin' down a elevator."

Tip tried to get up, but fell back with fresh howls.

"Don't you give up the farm, Top; and you can have all my clothes and my other shirt."

Top would have cried if he had known how, but just then a man coming down the wood-road stopped a moment to look and listen, and then strode up to the queer little hut, saying:

"What in cre-a-tion —"

"He's hurt," said Top, briefly nodding his head at his partner.

"Hurt! I should think so! Who are you? and what are you doing here?"

"We're partners, and we've took up this farm," began Top; but the man looked at the pair of beggars and laughed in a fashion that threatened to bring the rails down over his head.

"Well, well," he said at last, wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve, "if that aint the biggest joke."

Then he sobered down a little, and felt of Tip's bones—and, in fact, Tip was not much else but bones.

"No more meat 'n a ladder! Well, well, well!" And he picked up poor Tip and marched away with him, while Top followed meekly. It seemed to him the man had on seven-league boots, he got over the ground so fast, while he could only limp after, for Top was getting sore and stiff from tramping. By and by, they turned into a green lane and came to the back-door of a house. The man laid Tip on a bench, and a shaggy dog came and sniffed at him.

"Molly Anderson!" called the man, and somebody came trotting briskly to the door, saying, "Well, John!" long before she came in sight.

It was the woman who had given them the dough-

himself on a clean bed in a great breezy garret, with the pleasant little woman darning stockings beside him. The man was there too, and he said, in a cheerful voice: "They're made of cast-steel

and whip-cords, them youngsters. He'll be right as a top in a day or two."

"The other one is Top," Tip tried to say, but his voice was so queer he did not know it, and wondered who had spoken.

In the end, the partners concluded to give up the farm; but the man who had befriended them gave them both work for a few weeks, and when one day they rode back to the city in a great loaded market-wagon, they felt far grander than the Lord Mayor for whom the bells rang "Turn again, Whittington!"

It was grander yet riding back again at night, with the new delight of returning to a home and a welcome.

"Tip," said Top, as they crept into bed, "I aint never goin' back to the city. When they wont keep us no more, and nobody wont keep us, I'm

goin' to start along the road, and keep on till I come to somewheres. Roads is better'n streets; they always goes to somewheres that they did n't start from —"

Top's voice died away, and Tip only answered with a snore. The partners were asleep.



THE PARTNERS BUILD A HOUSE

nuts. Tip cried when he saw her, though he did n't know why, for he felt wonderfully glad.

Things were mixed up after that for a good many days, and Tip had queer fancies of going on and on, trying to find the best kind of a farm to settle down upon, until at last he waked up to find

## TINSIE'S CONCLUSION.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

"DEAR me, what a wonderful hat! feathers and fine things; just a pile!"

"Yes," whispered Felice, trying not to look, yet giving a little glance, for all, at the wonderful hat on the majestic Mrs. Pendilly's head as she moved up to her pew.

"She must be *very* thankful; don't you think so, Felice?"

"Why?" whispered Felice, glancing up the aisle.

"She has such a lot to thank for," said Tinsie, looking down with a bit of a sigh at her own faded dress. "I just wish I had a hat exactly, precisely like that."

"Why, Tinsie Treppet! don't you know you would look like a fright with a hat like that!"

But she checked the smile on her lips, and the words she was just going to say, for she had not come to church to talk to Tinsie Treppet, and so she edged down closer to the pew door, and looked on the other side of the church.

"Felice," whispered Tinsie, slipping after her, "do you think I ought to thank for such mean clothes."

"Mother says it is sometimes because God loves us that He does not give us fine things, and that He is good; oh, so good! to give us any at all."

"It 'pears to me He might have given them a little better—even like Tebitha Brady's —"

"Please don't, Tinsie," whispered Felice with a worried look in her eyes; "God is so good, and He hears you every word."

"Sure and true! I never thought of it," said Tinsie, involuntarily glancing around; "but may be He did not hear because so many people are talking. But here comes the minister to begin to thank, and I don't know what to thank for, in my heart, you know, unless it's for my new shoes."

"For George's getting well," suggested Felice, not quite sure if she ought to talk for Tinsie's benefit or be silent.

"Sure and certain, I forgot that!"

"And your father's getting work."

"Yes."

"And the lady being kind to your mother, and giving her sewing, you know."

"I forgot."

"And your having something to eat every day since last Thanksgiving."

"Yes, only we had n't many pies."

"And don't you know how you were lost, and they found you, and brought you back?"

"Yes, but I thanked the *man* for that, Felice."

"Mother says God put it into the man's heart to be kind to you and to bring you back again."

"Well, I never would have thought of that! Let me see how many things that makes; and oh, if I'm to thank for all things like that, I can keep on counting a heap; there's —"

"Hush," whispered Felice softly, and drawing Tinsie down on her knees.

"There's the pumpkin pie the baker sent for dinner," continued Tinsie, unwilling to be suppressed, but the next instant folding her little brown hands tightly over her eyes, with a new resolution to be still as well as thankful.

Felice tried to follow the service and be thinking about the blessings; but in spite of herself, thoughts arising from Tinsie's question as to thanking for such shabby clothes kept ringing in her head, and every little while the feathers of Mrs. Pendilly's hat would bob up so high and so fine that it was impossible not to be attracted by them from the preacher and set to thinking about lots and lots of things which, at another time, would have been no harm at all; but just now, in the middle of the preaching, the praising and the praying, were very distracting, and out of place altogether.

"I do so much want to be good to-day," sighed Felice to herself; "I do so much want to think only about the praises and the prayers;" and tears were quivering in her eyes before she knew it. "My dress is not nice, I know, but then it will do; and my hat—oh, if mother could know the wicked thoughts I had been thinking about my hat, she would say I never, never could expect any better; and yet I am thankful, too, for what I have," and she turned aside that Tinsie, by her side, should not see the tears, and whispered a little prayer, quite apart from the prayers the minister was saying, begging to be forgiven her thoughtlessness, and helped to do better.

"I've been saying them all over," whispered Tinsie as they arose from their knees; "every single bit of a thing I could think of; but say, Felice, don't you hope you'll sometime have a hat like Mrs. Pendilly's to thank for?"

"Tinsie Treppet! I'll never, never bring you to any more Thanksgivings!"

"Why, I've been thanking every minute of the

prayer, except just when I'd peep up, you know, and then it was I got to hoping about the hat."

Felice frowned and shook her head, and gave

"See the feathers, Felice," she commenced again; "were there *ever* any such before!"

Felice looked again in spite of herself, and, as



Tinsie a very gentle nudge, by way of reminder of her duty; but Tinsie kept straight on with what she was saying, and then sat leaning back, gazing up at the windows of the beautiful church, and then again at the wonders of Mrs. Pendilly's hat.

VOL. IV.—4.

she looked. the proud, vain face of Mrs. Pendilly turned quite around within view.

"I see the whole that mother was telling me now! It is having such fine bonnets and things that give people such faces!" thought Felice, quite



startled with the thought, and, in an instant, entirely content with her own plain attire. "I remember just what mother was saying about fine things; she said they make the heart proud very often, and a proud heart always spoils the face."

So glad was Felice to find herself quite content after the struggle she had passed through in trying to be truly thankful, that she whispered her thoughts to Tinsie Treppet, and when, the next

minute, the vain, proud face under the fine fixings turned around again, Tinsie leaned eagerly forward to take in at one view the whole of the unpleasantness; then, suddenly clasping her hands over her little calico-covered heart, exclaimed just under her breath:

"Felice! Felice! I rather wear a hood or a sun-bonnet forever than to have a hat and a face precise like Mrs. Pendilly's!"

## A CENTENNIAL PEN-WIPER.

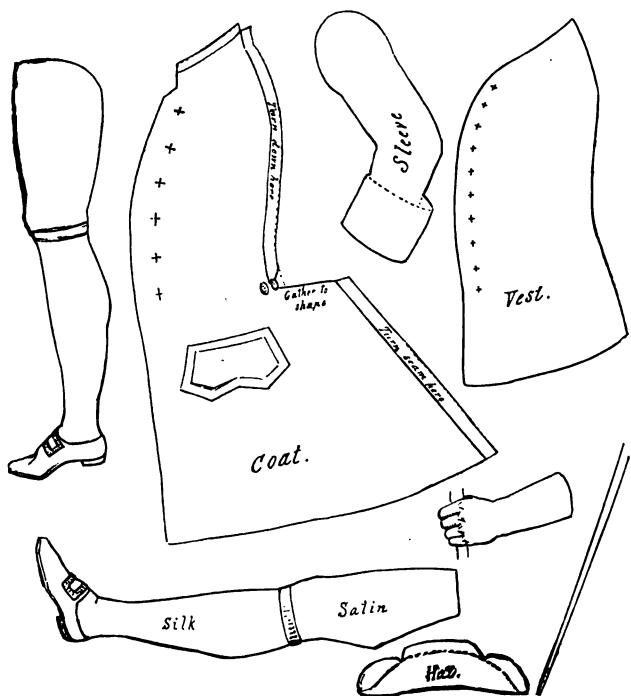
BY MRS. M. H. JAQUITH.

THIS pen-wiper is not warranted to last a hundred years, nor is it so fine that it can be used but once in a century; but it well deserves the dignified name of "A Centennial Bass-relief Portrait," even while it lies upon papa's library table in the humble capacity of a wiper of pens. And just now, while preparations for fairs and gift-making\* are the order of the hour, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be glad to learn how to make one.

The first thing required is an oval medallion of broad-cloth, large enough to hold the figure and leave a suitable margin. If it is to be a pen-wiper, the edge of the oval should be neatly pinked or notched with a scissors, and there should be several duplicate layers of soft black cloth under it, all secured together by a stitch in the center of the oval.

"To make hare soup, first catch your hare," is a safe recipe, and perhaps I should have said, first get your face, a photograph nearly or quite in profile—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, any honored representative of the olden time, or else a smoothly shaven face of the present day will answer the purpose. Cut out the

face neatly, leaving some of the card-board over the head and on the shoulders as a support, to which the hat and vest may be secured when the



proper time comes. The hair, which should be sewed on after the figure is put together, is a flow-

\*See "Letter-Box" of present number.—Ed.

ing wig of flax, or soft white wool, or cotton batting. If a queue is desired, it may be braided at the back and tied with a very narrow black ribbon.

Now come the various parts of the figure, the patterns of which can readily be obtained from the accompanying diagrams. These patterns are to be cut out of card-board and covered neatly on one side, so as to present a proper effect when the completed figure is laid upon the cloth background to which it is finally to be secured.

First comes the vest of buff satin, or merino, basted over the card-board pattern. This and the coat sleeve must be trimmed with very fine narrow white lace, as shown in the picture. The knee-breeches are of buff or satin, the hose of white silk, basted on the card-board pattern, with a garter of black or some good contrasting color to hide the joining. The black velvet shoe is cut around the ankle to the shape indicated in the diagram, pasted over the silk stocking on the card-board and trimmed when dry. Make the hat of black velvet in the same way. The dotted line of the diagram shows where a card is to be sewed on to represent the flap of the hat when turned up. After the legs are adjusted and firmly sewed to the vest, the coat is to be put on. This is of bright-colored silk velvet, maroon, brown, or green; black would do nicely if the centennial hero is intended only for a picture, provided you have a light background; for that matter, it might be, for a picture, mounted on white or pearl-colored Bristol board. The coat is not lined. Put the sleeve in place, adjust the hand, which is cut out of fine white card-board, and your figure is completed. If the face and hands have been skillfully colored, so much the better. Gilt or silver beads may be used for the buttons, knee and shoe buckles, and the star in the hat; or little metal ornaments from old fans can be employed instead of beads. A stiff broom straw will do for a cane; stain it dark, and head it with a bit of tin-foil; then cut the pasteboard piece representing the end of the sword, and cover it with foil, and hang it as shown in the picture.

When your centennial portrait is finished and laid upon its tinted card, or its pen-wiper background of cloth, you will be surprised to see how really

effective it is. Of course great care and neatness are required for getting the best results; but what



THE PORTRAIT, FINISHED.

girl is not glad to take pains in making a pretty present to hand to some loved friend or relative on Christmas morning?





## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW year begins for us this month, my chicks, and we'll greet it heartily, wishing it joy and usefulness and profit. According to the Little Schoolma'am, there are calendar years and solar years, and I don't know how many other kinds; but your ST. NICHOLAS year is a thing by itself. It begins when the forests are shaking down their red and yellow leaves and the children's hearts are beginning to stir with the coming Christmas,—in the grand old November when the winds start a wonderful serial story, "to be continued next month."

Talking of serial stories, I'm told, though I hardly can credit the wonderful news, that Mr. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge, "Young Surveyor" Trowbridge—is to give you a great long one this year, full of adventure, called

### HIS OWN MASTER.

So look out for it, my chicks. Deacon Green says the name is enough in itself—and he means to read every word of it.

Now you shall hear about

### A BALLOON INVENTOR.

NOT Montgolfier, nor any other man, invented this balloon; but a tiny insect which makes no noise in the world. A friend of mine watched her at work making a balloon, then saw her take her children and begin a journey in it. She was a mother spider, whose family name I do not know.

Apparently she had become tired of her old home and wanted to move elsewhere. So she spun a little gossamer balloon, shaped somewhat like one of the natural divisions of a walnut-shuck. As it grew in size it would have floated away without her had she not fastened it by ropes of gossamer to the branch of a tree.

By and by, when all was done, she seemed to

be saying something to the cluster of tiny baby spiders that were clinging to her, probably assuring them that there was no danger. Then she again examined her balloon, to make sure that all was right, and then broke off the gossamer rope. The little balloon gently rose before the breeze. My friend wished the skillful maker and bold navigator of the air a successful voyage, as she sailed out of sight, and he never saw her more.

### FLOATING GARDENS

IN the beautiful valley of Cashmere, among the Himalayan Mountains, lies a lovely lake called Dal. Floating about on its surface, sometimes carried by the winds from one end of the lake to the other, are numerous small islands, on which grow the fairest cucumbers and the most luscious melons known. The way in which these floating gardens are made is very curious. All about the main shores of the lake grow quantities of reeds, sedges and water-lilies. When these grow very thickly together, people cut them from the roots which hold them near the shore. The leaves of the plants are then spread out over the stems, making a sort of trestle-work to support the soil with which it is next to be covered. After this has been done, the seeds are planted and the floating garden is left to care for itself until the fruits are ready for picking.

### COSTLY CLOTHES.

THE children in my part of the world come out now and then with beautiful new dresses. I used to think such things grew in houses just as flowers grow on bushes, but I know better now, and I've been told what they cost too. Yes, and I heard the Little Schoolma'am reading out of a book, that in the time of James the First (of course you know who *he* was; I did n't once) gentlemen wore suits of clothes that cost from one hundred thousand, to four hundred thousand dollars. The best way to get a good idea of this sum is to imagine every dollar a daisy, and then scatter them, in thought, over a field. One that was mentioned was made of white velvet embroidered with diamonds; and another of purple satin, embroidered with pearls. Ladies' gowns to match these were embroidered, and cost two hundred and fifty dollars a yard. The fashionable embroidery was a border of animals, filled in with spiders, worms, rainbows, fountains, and other dainty designs. Lovely, was n't it? I fancy ladies were n't so afraid of a "horrid bug" in those days as they are now.

### EATING NAILS.

YOU don't eat nails? Well now, what do you call those round headed, little black things that you sometimes nibble so contentedly? Cloves? Clove, according to the Little Schoolma'am, came from a French word that means a nail; and they do look like a small nail, you must admit. By the way, do you know the very cloves you ate last were pretty pink flower-buds when they were picked in tropical regions, and dried in the sun? They were never allowed to blossom, poor things!

## THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As your children had a picture of "Old Abe, the Wisconsin War-Eagle," last month, it occurs to me that it would be well to show them the portrait of another regiment pet. Here he is, a superb creature, and well worthy of the kindness and favor shown him. He belonged to the Forty-second Highlanders (a British company), and he always marched in front of their band. His quick, sensitive ears generally

reared her back at him, and, seized with a strange terror, he jumped over a precipice and was killed.

Yours truly,  
SILAS GREEN.

## SNAKES WITH SPECTACLES:

PERHAPS all snakes do not wear them, but that some kinds do I can testify. You know that snakes spend their lives crawling about among brush-wood and thorns, and it is essential that their eyes should be protected in some way.

So kind nature has given them strong spectacles made of horn, as clear and transparent as the best of eye-glasses. I have myself seen a pair.

You must know that at certain periods a snake casts off the skin which has served him for a coat until he has outgrown it, and makes his appearance in a brand-new suit. This morning I had a good chance to examine the cast-off coat of a snake which was left very near me, and attached to it I saw a pair of the spectacles such as I have described. So I suppose his snakeship has a new pair with every new coat.

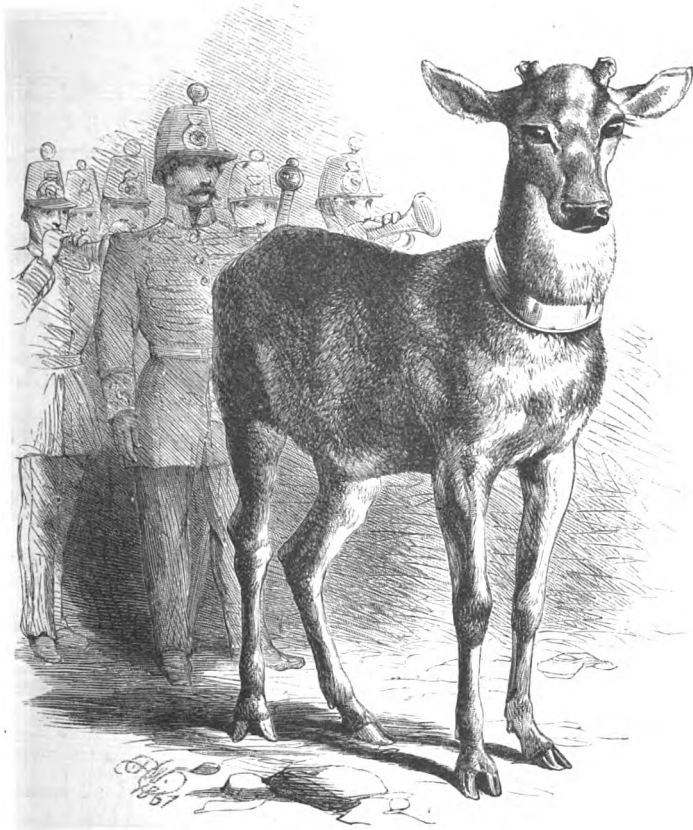
Can you tell me anything more about these spectacles?

## TIP TOP SHOES.

COPPER toes? Oh, no! These are new affairs. The shoes I allude to are very old-fashioned—time of Queen Bess (how long ago was that?). They were a sort of clog or slipper, worn under the common

shoe to set ladies up in the world. They were half a yard high sometimes, and were made of wood, painted and gilded. In Venice, where everybody wore them, the greatest lady wore the highest chopine, as these tip-top shoes are called.

How awkward they must have looked, walking about on such clumsy things. I am glad the Little Schoolma'am does n't wear them, if only for the daisies' sake.



THE PET OF THE REGIMENT ON THE MARCH.

would twitch at the slightest sound, and yet he could bear unmoved the din of his dear regiment's drums and trumpets. Indeed, so proud was he of this band, that he would become very angry if, during a parade, a stranger attempted to pass between it and the main body of the regiment. He was a brave, daring fellow in some respects, and yet, strange to say, he at last was driven to his death by fright. One day, an angry cat suddenly

## DICKON HAS A BOAT.

Words by "ALBA."

Music by F. Boett.

♩ *Allegro Moderato.*

1. Dick-on has a boat That will sail, that will sail; A - Dick-on has a boat, yo, yo,  
 2. way o'er the seas We will glide, we will glide; A - way o'er the seas, yo, yo,

*mf*

ho! yo, ho! And light-ly she will float In the gale, the gale; Light-ly she will  
 ho! yo, ho! Borne swift-ly by the breeze And the tide, the tide; Borne swift-ly by the

*cres.*

*f rall.* float, yo, ho! yo, ho! yo, ho! Her sides they are made of the good pine-wood, Her  
 breeze, yo, ho! yo, ho! yo, ho! She curt-sies and dips as she dain-ti-ly skims, The  
 Her helm it is true to the steers-man's hand, And the

*f col canto.* *of* *a tempo. mf*

sails of white lin-en fine; She broad-ens at the beam as a good ship  
 wave like a belle at a ball; She's full of ca-pri-ces, and fan-cies and  
 foam ris-es white in her track, As she bounds to dis-cov-er some gold-en

*D. S. ♩ al Fine.*  
 should, And the nar-rows at the prow to a line. A - way, &c.  
 whims And sau-ci-est flirt of them all. A - way, &c.  
 land, And bring all its bright treas-ures back. Dick-on, &c.

into a package of  
 the poet of one learn  
 and one glass of  
 said the gelatine in



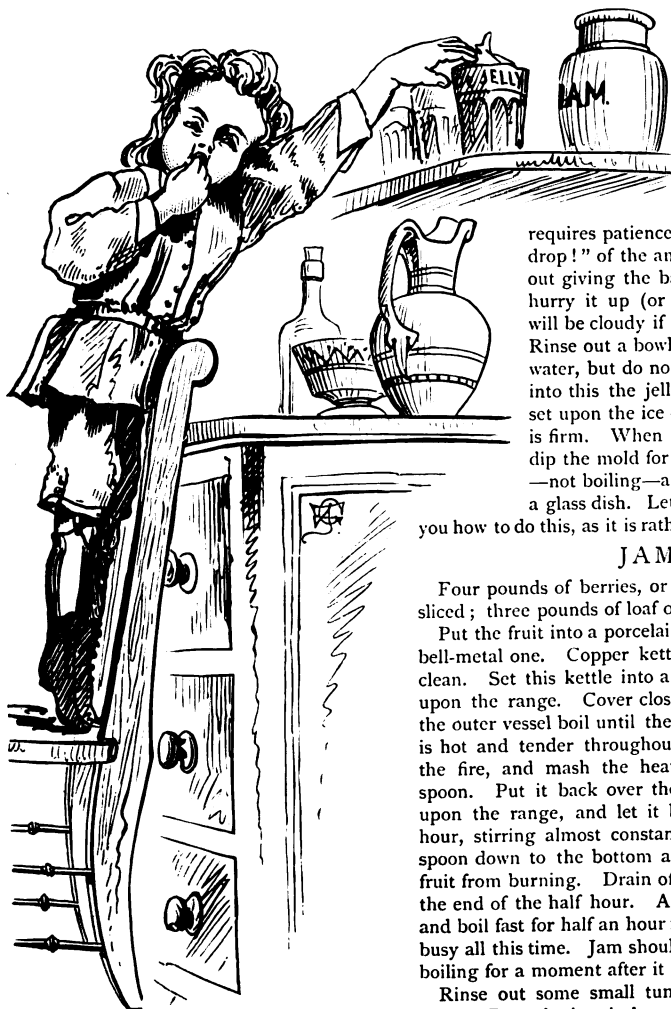
Cut tissue  
 full of brand

## WINE OR CIDER JELLY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

HALF a package of Coxe's Sparkling Gelatine, one cup of loaf sugar, one cup of cold water, juice and grated peel of one lemon, a pinch of nutmeg, and the same of ground cinnamon, two cups of *boiling* water, and one glass of clear wine or cider.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for two hours. Put it into a bowl with the sugar, lemon-juice and



peel, nutmeg and cinnamon. Pour the boiling water over these, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add the wine or cider, and strain through a thick flannel bag, without shaking or squeezing it, into a pitcher. It

requires patience to see the slow "drop! drop!" of the amber-colored liquid without giving the bag just a tiny squeeze to hurry it up (or down). But your jelly will be cloudy if you wring out the dregs. Rinse out a bowl or jelly-mold with cold water, but do not wipe the inside. Pour into this the jelly from the pitcher, and set upon the ice or in a cold place until it is firm. When you wish to turn it out, dip the mold for one instant in hot water—not boiling—and turn upside down into a glass dish. Let mamma or auntie show

you how to do this, as it is rather a delicate bit of work.

## JAM.

Four pounds of berries, or ripe peaches, pared and sliced; three pounds of loaf or granulated sugar.

Put the fruit into a porcelain kettle, or a *very* bright bell-metal one. Copper kettles are poisonous, if not clean. Set this kettle into a pot or pan of hot water upon the range. Cover closely, and let the water in the outer vessel boil until the fruit in the inner kettle is hot and tender throughout. Lift the kettle from the fire, and mash the heated fruit with a wooden spoon. Put it back over the fire, this time directly upon the range, and let it boil steadily for half an hour, stirring almost constantly. Put your wooden spoon down to the bottom at each stir, to keep the fruit from burning. Drain off a quart of the juice at the end of the half hour. Add the sugar to the fruit and boil fast for half an hour more. Keep your spoon busy all this time. Jam should not be allowed to stop boiling for a moment after it begins to bubble up.

Rinse out some small tumblers or cups with hot water. Pour the jam in hot, but let it cool before you

cover it. Cut tissue paper to fit the inside of each cup; press it down smoothly upon the jam; pour a tea-spoonful of brandy upon this; then paste thick white paper over the top of the cup.

## A TRUE STORY, IN WHICH MRS. HOUND TALKS ABOUT HER PUPPIES.

How old did you say? Three weeks. Yes, the lit-tle dar-lings are three weeks old this ver-y day; and, though I do say it, they are the fin-est chil-dren of their age I ev-er saw. Why, do you know they re-fuse to stand up like com-mon dogs! Won-der-ful, is n't it? The way in which their soft lit-tle legs bend and dou-ble up un-der them is the most as-ton-ish-ing thing you ever saw! And on the end of ev-er-y leg is—oh! *such* a per-fect lit-tle paw, as soft as vel-vet—just look! At first they would not o-pen their eyes. Dear lit-tle things! Was not that won-der-ful? Then in a few days they o-pened them. Was not *that* won-der-ful? They go to sleep and they wake up just like oth-er dogs. Does not that beat all? And if you put your ear close to their soft fur, you can hear them breathe. Yes, breathe! And they are MY PUP-PIES!

I am not proud, but I do say they are five love-ly pup-pies. I am ver-y care-ful of them, too; but I will let all you good lit-tle girls and boys look at them, if you will be ver-y gen-tle. Don't make a noise and wake up Snow-ball—he is the sleep-y one. Black-ball, here, is wide a-wake. You may touch his nose soft-ly, if you wish. You will find it quite nice and cool. I am so glad they are well and strong! They take af-ter me. Now, my dear friends, if you will please go a-way, I shall be o-blived to you. My lit-tle ones need rest and qui-et at first, or they will be spoiled. Any-thing but nerv-ous, fret-ful pup-pies for me!

LITTLE Joe Clacket, he made such a racket  
While shelling some corn at the barn,  
The Hebiddy crew, the chickens they flew,  
All coming to eat up Joe's corn.

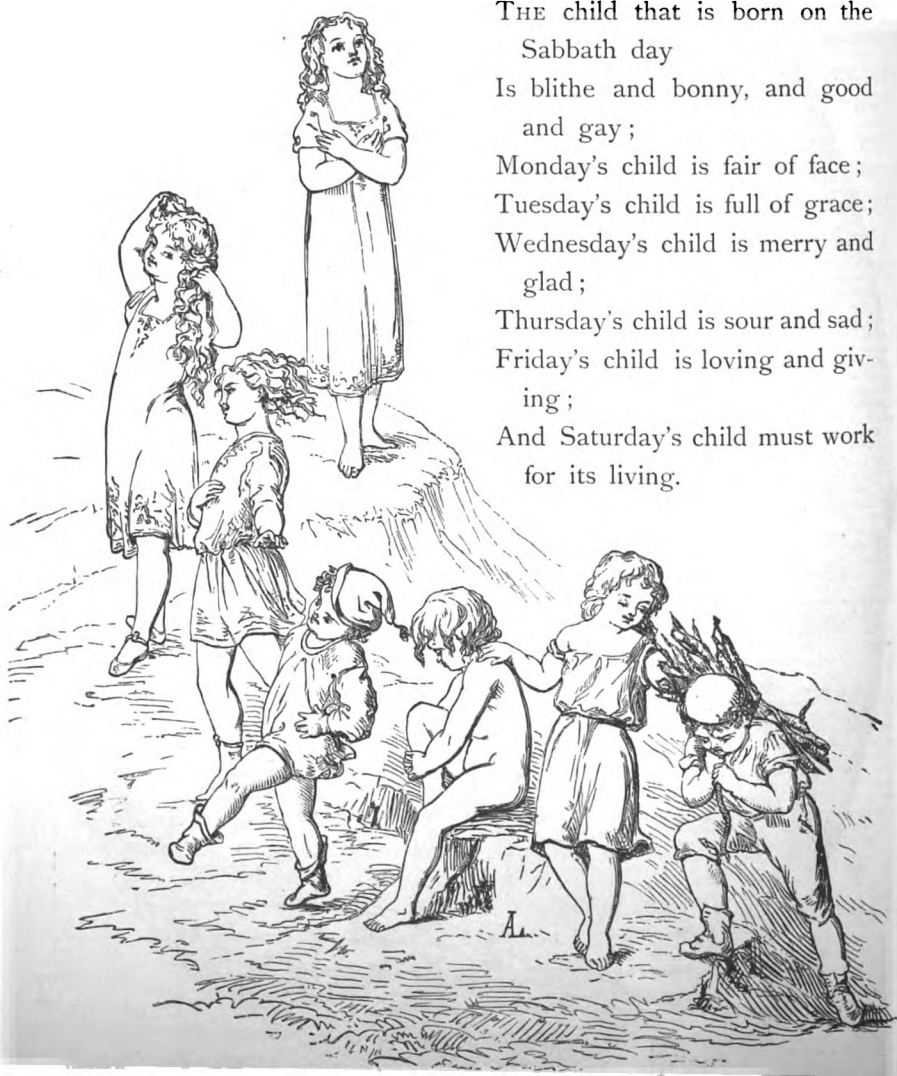
While Joe was shelling his corn in the barn,  
His mother was spinning some double-twist yarn.  
She made such a buzzing and whizzety whuzzing,  
She could not hear Joe at his corn in the barn;  
He made such a racket and clicketty clacket,  
He did not hear her at her double-twist yarn.



THE WONDERFUL PUPPIES.



## CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.



THE child that is born on the  
Sabbath day  
Is blithe and bonny, and good  
and gay ;  
Monday's child is fair of face ;  
Tuesday's child is full of grace ;  
Wednesday's child is merry and  
glad ;  
Thursday's child is sour and sad ;  
Friday's child is loving and giving ;  
And Saturday's child must work  
for its living.

[See "Letter-Box."] ]

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## LETTER FROM WINKIE WEST.

Moreland, Oct. 12, 1875.

CHIPPY, old boy, it seems to me that I never had such fun in all my life as I had last summer. It was at a place called Woodbury. You won't find it on any map, I guess; but that is the real name. When school was out in June, we staid about home for a week or two, and then a letter came from Uncle Jacob and Aunt Hannah, asking us if we didn't want to come and stay the rest of the summer on the farm. We got the letter about dinner-time; but I was n't hungry after that. Mother wouldn't let me go and tell Walt about it until after dinner. We didn't have anything extra; but it did take them the longest time to get through.

Well, you can bet that Walt was glad when I told him, and we began to get ready at once. Walt's old rifle had to be got down and cleaned; then we had to lay in some powder and shot. I had to get me a new pocket-knife, and then there was a lot of other things we got ready, which I have forgotten now.

It took us two days and one night to get there. We were both of us pretty tired and both of us pretty dirty at the end of that second day. Tom was at the depot with the horses when we reached Woodbury, and after a drive of a mile we stopped at the front door.

There, on the steps, stood Uncle Jacob, and Aunt Hannah, and Aunt Mary, and Cousin Libby, and Sarah, and Hannah; and I had to kiss all of 'em. Mother said we must when we came away from home. I guess it wasn't very nice for them, with our faces covered with dust and cinders.

I don't think this house is a hundred years old; but it ought to be, it's such a good one. It is n't painted, and it was n't built all at once. When Uncle Jacob came here to live, they built the low part. There's where the dining-room is now. It's a splendid room, I can tell you. You'd think so if you could have some of the good things to eat we have in there three times a day. What would you say, Chippy, if you could pass your saucer the third time for apple-sauce, and have it heated the last time, without having them tell you not to ask for any more?

There are two lounges, one in the dining-room and one in the hall—and it's a splendid long wide hall, with a door at each end. Did you ever see a door that opened half at a time—the upper half and then the lower? That's the way they are here. Well, after breakfast, and dinner, and supper, Walt and I lie down on the lounge. I spoke first for the one in the hall; so that is mine. The pillow is a great deal softer. I don't know why we lie down always then. Tom says it's because we have been working hard; but that's some of his fun, because we don't work at all. All we do is to have fun.

There's a boy here that we call Smutty. Walt named him. He'll do anything you tell him if it is for fun. He would go in swimming a hundred times a day, if Walt and I would go in with him, but he don't like to bring in wood.

Nobody has to churn out here. It's the dog. There's a big wheel hitched to another wheel, and then there's a crank; so when the dog walks, the dasher goes just as it does when anybody churns up and down. I can see him churn every day. I'm glad I aint Uncle Jacob's dog.

There is a big brook runs down through the valley, and Tom and Uncle Jacob have fixed a place so all the water runs through a box with holes in it. That's for catching eels. You ought to have seen what a whopper we caught the other morning! I had two big pieces at breakfast; and it was good, I can tell you. I like eels.

Walt and I made a water-wheel, and you should see how it goes! The water comes rushing down through the holes into a trough we made for it, and when it leaves the trough it gives one good jump for our wheel. Doesn't it whirl though! After we finished that, we got a little trip-hammer to work; and, quite a little ways off, you can hear it—tap-rap-rap!

The day we finished the trip-hammer, we had a good time. It was about ten o'clock, and we got hungry. Walt said he was hungry first, and that made me feel so, and I said I was. Then Walt said: "Let's tell Smutty to tell Aunt Hannah we want something to eat." Then I said, "Let's." So Walt hollered to Smutty, and Smutty said he'd go if we'd give him some, and we said we would. Well, what do you think? Aunt Hannah sent us two slices of bread *apiece*, buttered thick with butter, and lots and lots of apple-sauce on it. I felt sorry that we promised to give a part to Smutty when I saw how good it was. We got hungry now every day at ten o'clock, and we don't always have bread and butter either. Oh, you'd like to be here—such times!

I've kept the best till the last. We go bare-footed when we want to, and we don't have to wear any collar or neck-tie.

I don't write any more now, because it is dinner-time, and Walt and I don't like to trouble Aunt Hannah by being late.

Your affectionate school-mate,

WINKIE WEST.

P. S.—We have clam fritters for dinner, and Walt likes them like everything. So do I.

## NOTHING TO DO

A ROBIN swayed to and fro  
On the old green apple-tree;  
He caroled a lovely song,  
And this song he caroled to me:

"Oh, maiden fair,  
I'm glad I aint you;  
I am glad, I am glad,  
For you've nothing to do.

"The leaves they do grow,  
And the grass grows too,  
And the apple-tree blooms,  
But you've nothing to do.

"The goslings all swim  
In the lake so blue,  
And the hen lays eggs,  
But you've nothing to do.

"The little birds chirp,  
And the dove says 'coo';  
The chanticleer crows,  
But you've nothing to do.

"The smoke curls up  
From the chimney's flue,  
And floats to the sky,  
But you've nothing to do.

"To the green of the grass  
The flow'r lends its hue,  
And blooms in the sun,  
But you've nothing to do.

"The clouds roll on  
In the distant view,  
And form the cool rain,  
But you've nothing to do.

"But now to my nest  
I may now pursue,  
And leave you alone  
With nothing to do."

Then he spread his wings,  
And away he flew,  
Singing and caroling,  
"Nothing to do!"

I rose from the grass,  
And the long hours did rue  
Which I'd spent lying there  
With nothing to do.

On my chair were the socks,  
Full of holes it is true;  
But I said to myself,  
"Here is something to do!" CROCUS.

## MY SQUIRREL.

MOST children like pets. I do, I know. I have had kittens, and birds, and puppies, but I have liked none so well as my beautiful little gray squirrel. I reared him from a baby on milk from a bottle. Our house is in the country, with woods all around, and our bed-room is very large, and on the first floor. My dear father is very infirm, and rarely ever leaves the house, and the window-sashes are always kept down. In this room Bunny has passed his first year of life; he has his cage and bed, but he has never been confined, and his whole time, when not asleep, is spent in mischief and romping. In the morning he is up first, and wakes me by rubbing his nose in my face and purring like a cat, evidently saying, "Get up, lazy bones!" He then examines every chair, table, wardrobe and box; whatever he takes a fancy to he carries to certain hiding-places for future use; my mother's work-basket is always inspected, and her thimbles and spools of thread are carefully hidden away. We know his places of deposit, and whenever anything is missing we say at once, "Bunny has hidden it." When he is ready for a romp he jumps on my shoulder or head, and nips my ear gently with his teeth; then he scampers off, and we play hide-and-seek for



an hour; and the cunning and sense he shows in this play father says is greater than that of most children. He is the most playful and active animal I ever saw,—far ahead of a kitten. If father is asleep on his lounge, Bunny teases him until he sometimes gets a flogging; he pulls father's hair, bites his ears, pulls the newspaper from his face, nips his fingers, and I and mother look on and laugh. In warm weather he slips between the sheets of my bed and coils up exactly in the middle of the bed. He knows a stranger as soon as he comes in, and will snarl and quarrel and scold like an old woman if strange children come in. If I leave the room he runs to the windows to watch me through the glass. He will put up with the roughest treatment from me without minding it, but a stranger must take care of those needle-like teeth; he can jump ten feet from one table to another. He is fed on nuts, bread, fruit, or almost anything that we eat; is constantly hiding away things to eat. When any of us have to write, we are obliged to shut him up; he snatches the pen from the hand, scratches at the paper, upsets the ink, and for mischief he never had his equal. I could write all day, and then not tell all about him. To see him take a nut, run and jump on top of mother's head, sit there and eat it, and then hide the shell in the folds of her hair, is real funny; he has found out that the door is opened by turning the knob, and he often tries to turn it himself; he

keeps me laughing half my time; but when he takes my poor dollies by the head and drags them over the floor, then he makes me mad. I am keeping him to take to New York next summer to a little boy-cousin of mine.

A. C. W.

## THE YOUTH AND THE NORTH WIND.

ONCE on a time—'t was long ago—  
There lived a worthy dame,  
Who sent her son to fetch some flour,  
For she was old and lame.

But while he loitered on the road,  
The north wind chanced to stray  
Across the careless youngster's path,  
And stole the flour away.

"Alas! what shall we do for bread?"

Exclaimed the weeping lad;

"The flour is gone! the flour is gone!

And it was all we had!" MINNIE NICHOLS.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

We give this month, on pp. 50-51, directions for making a "Centennial" fancy article for a Christmas gift. Our readers will find a few other timely hints in the present "Letter-Box;" and, for further information on the subject of home-made holiday gifts, we refer them to "One Hundred Christmas Presents, and How to Make Them," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me why two small c's are placed at the foot of the eagle on half and quarter dollars? Sometimes there is an s instead of the c's, and on coins of dates previous to 1875 I have never noticed anything. On some dimes I have seen two c's, but I don't remember ever having noticed an s on a dime. If some one will tell me what this means, I shall be much obliged.—Yours truly,

JESSIE J. CASSIDY.

The two small letters c c, and the single letter s, sometimes seen on our silver money, mean Carson City and San Francisco, and are put on the coins to show that they were struck at the mints in those cities. Coins from the mother mint at Philadelphia have nothing, and the absence of the letters shows they were made there. By means of these marks the examiners at the Assay Office are enabled to trace the coins if they find any defects in the work.

ADELE sends this pretty song which she has translated for ST. NICHOLAS from the German of Goethe:

## THE BEE AND THE BLUEBELL.

A dear little bluebell,  
On one gladsome day,  
Sprang forth from the dark earth  
In brightest array.  
There soon came and sipped,  
A little brown bee;  
They were for each other  
Created, you see.

The picture of the "Children of the Week," in our department "For Very Little Folks," was printed some years ago in *Hearth and Home*, but we reproduce it, not only because it is such a good picture, but because it is the very first drawing on wood ever made by our charming artist, Addie Leidy. The poem in this number, "The Sunday Baby," will give additional interest to the illustration.

Grand View, Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Brother Harry and I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS two years. We are all happy when it comes; it is so interesting. I want to write you a letter to thank you for making us

such a nice, sweet book every month. I am ten years old, and brother Harry is twelve. We are both studying United States history. We would so much enjoy a visit to the great Centennial at Philadelphia, but we live many hundreds of miles away in Northwestern Texas, and never saw a city, nor a railroad, nor many of the wonderful things we read of in ST. NICHOLAS. KATY GRANT.

Litchfield, Illinois.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am about to begin the study of English literature, I have written an answer to the first of the Harvard University questions published in the September SCRIBNER, getting my information from "Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature" (1847) and the "American Cyclopaedia." I would like you to say how it would be received as an answer to the question if it was given in an examination. I did not feel sure whether I should go further back than Layamon, or whether to include the Scotch writers or not.—Respectfully,

MARY L. HOOD (aged 14 years).

Question: What are the principal writings in the English language before Chaucer?

Answer: The beginning of English literature is generally accredited to the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Anglo-Saxon tongue began to be modified by the Norman-French. The oldest known book considered English is Layamon's translation of Wace's "Roman de Brut." This writer is considered the first of a series known as the "Rhyming Chroniclers." Among them, Robert of Gloucester wrote a rhyming history of England, and Robert Manning translated several French books. Besides these were metrical romances, generally reproduced from the Anglo-Norman, among which were "Sir Tristram," "Sir Guy," "The Squire of Low Degree," "The King of Tars," "Morte Arthure," etc. Among the immediate predecessors of Chaucer were Laurence Minot, a ballad writer, and Robert Langlande, the author of "Piers Plowman." Contemporary with Chaucer were Sir John Mandeville, who wrote an account of his travels; John Wickliffe, the reformer, who translated the Bible and wrote several controversial works in English; and John Gower, the author of "Confessio Amantis."

We consider your answer a very good one.

"AN OLD GRANDMOTHER."—Thanks for the leaves of the "life-plant." They are flourishing finely, and we have sent some of them to the Little Schoolina'am.

Zanesville, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you yesterday. My grandpa gave me you for a Christmas gift. Don't you think I have good grandpa? I see many letters in the "Letter-Box," but none from Zanesville. Zanesville is a smoky old town, but I like it because it is my home. We have two rivers here, the Muskingum and the Licking. I am eight years old, and never went to school until last spring. I have two pets, a dog and a squirrel. I have so much fun playing with my squirrel. He is very tame, and eats out of my hand.—Your little reader,

EFFIE W. MUNSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please let me give your young readers a hint for fancy-work for the coming holidays.

Shagreen paper, or egg-shell paper, is a new, useful, and pretty material for handkerchief-cases, card-baskets, wall-pockets, etc. It may be bought for twenty-five cents a sheet at framing establishments, where it is used in making paste-partouts. It is white on one side, and gray on the other. The gray side will be found more effective for fancy-work. The edges of this paper may readily be pinked. The parts of any fancy article can be fastened together by running ribbon through holes punched in the center of each pinked scallop. Pretty colored pictures, wreaths, leaf-sprays, etc., such as are sold in the fancy stores for children's albums, may be pasted on the surface, if desired.

ALICE DONLEVY.

Beverly, New Jersey.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A young friend, now at Princeton College, sent as a New-Year's gift your magazine to my little girls in 1875, and has continued it for this year. The pleasure he has given them in the enjoyment of its pages has led me to suggest, through your "Letter-Box," to other young men desiring to present a birthday or holiday present to a little friend, sister, brother, or cousin, that they should follow his example and send them a year's subscription to the ST. NICHOLAS. It would be, as my little girls say, "a new present every month." Its pure pages can safely be put in the hands of our children, and relieve a parent's anxiety as to what they will read in them, while we have so much to dread from many other periodicals, books, etc.

We have made use of several of your charades, pantomimes, &c., with success, in our little school entertainments, and thank you for them.—Respectfully,

MRS. FANNIE M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have tried making candy according to John F. H.'s plan. The candy turned out to be real good. Please put me down as a Bird-defender.—Yours truly,

W. WEST RANDALL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you and like you very much, and seeing that the other boys and girls write to you, I thought that I would too. Winter before last, I went to Florida for my health, and while I was there the hotel folks used to go alligator-shooting, and they brought in several pretty good-sized ones. They are nice-looking fellows, so I thought, but ugly to tackle.

Aside from this, I had a pretty good time there, and when I was coming home I brought a little gator with me; but when I got to Savannah, on my way home, he got lost in a fountain that was in front of the hotel; and a few days after, he got out and crawled into the cellar of the hotel, where the cat got him and killed him.

But after that I got another one, which I liked better, and he did not get lost or die, but has since then traveled with me wherever I went; and last winter I got a turtle to keep him company, and they get along nicely together. Besides them, I have a gray squirrel that I like very much, and now I am trying to get a young 'coon.

Hoping that you will not get tired of my long letter, I remain, yours truly,

CLARENCE H. NEW.

Yorkville, Sept., '76.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell the girls that they can make a real pretty Christmas present for their fathers, brothers or uncles, out of a child's slipper. You take a pretty little blue or red kid slipper, or bronze if you like it better, and glue a little round glass inlaid fast to the inside of the heel, so that as it stands in there it reaches the least bit beyond the top. Then in the toe you fasten in a frill of fine black netting or cloth, gathered just as full as can be. This fills the toe out nicely, while the pinked edges of the frill stick out loosely about three quarters of an inch toward the inlaid, and form a pen-wiper and ornament at the same time. I ought to have told you to put this in before the inlaid. If another girl will go along with you in buying a pair of slippers, it is better, as you may not want to make two presents so much alike.

My brother saws cocoon-nut shells in two, then cleans and smooths them inside and out, and sets them on rustic stands or legs, which he makes out of twigs and roots. He varnishes the whole, after putting a rim of acorns and leather oak-leaves around the top of the cocoon nut part; and you don't know what a pretty flower-stand it makes.

Sometimes he trims the rim with a rustic twig, and finishes with rustic handles. He lines them with red or blue velvet, if they are to be used for knick knacks or cards in them. Some boys like to make these for Christmas presents.—Yours truly,

ROSETTA F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went on the coast survey with Uncle Odin. I was thirteen years old then. We were delayed at Panama, and Uncle Odin gave me a long, bright day for hunting specimens for my cabinet. He had been there before, and so he knew what to look for. We went to an old mine that has not been worked for more than a hundred years, and found some curious specimens. Up among the hills we found garnets and a shiny black crystal that I persisted in believing was a black diamond; but down in the warm, wet valley

between the mountains, the loveliest flowers were growing, and among them one which I want to tell you about.

Uncle Odin said it was an orchid, but the pretty Spanish name for it is "*La flor del Espíritu Santa*," which, being literally interpreted, means "Flower of the Holy Spirit," though it is sometimes called the "Holy Ghost flower." It grows very much like a tuberose, with fibrous, bulbous root, from which rises a tall stem or stalk. The leaves are long and pointed, wrapping sheath-like about the stalk, and then bending away from it to show the beautiful flowers. They are just as pure white as a water-lily, cup shaped, and about as large as a tulip. Each flower grows on a short stem that droops a little from the main stalk, so one can look straight into the open cup, and there lies a pure white dove, with slightly raised wings, tinted a faint lavender or dove color, and a delicate pink beak on its pretty round head. It is about an inch long, I guess, and as exquisitely formed as though carved from the finest alabaster.

I wanted to bring a root home with me, but Uncle Odin said it would not live if disturbed in the flowering season; that late in the autumn, or early in the spring, the bulbs might be taken up and dried like tulip-bulbs, and then they would bloom again. So I told the pretty thing farewell, and left it there in the wilderness of swamp.

Well, as I said, Uncle Odin called it an orchid when I asked him what kind of a flower it was, just as though that explained the whole matter. Now, what I want to ask of Jack-in-the-Pulpit, or some of your wise people, is—What is an orchid? Do they all bloom white, and have they all doves in their dainty cups? Please tell me something about them, and much oblige your friend,

NAT. EMERSON.

The orchids are a large family of flowers, found throughout the year in almost all parts of the world. They are noted for the peculiar form which one part of the flower assumes, making it resemble some insect, reptile, or bird, as in the case given in the above letter. The orchids are very singular, beautiful, and fragrant flowers. A common specimen is the "lady's-slipper."

DOWN in the valley, so cool and green,

The lily's head is to be seen.

Beautiful lily, so fair and sweet,

White and pure, you lie at the traveler's feet.

Darlingest lily, I love you so,

I dare not to part with you, dare not to go.

Beautiful lily, so pure and white,

Lies in the valley, lies there all night.

"LITTLE MAY" (five years old).

Two lovers, with very bad colds in their heads, hid away when they heard somebody coming. When that somebody halted close by the spot, the lady called out archly the name of a famous mythological rod. What was it?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, six years old, and my name is Minnie Blaisdell. I am an only child, and have not even a cousin or uncle or aunt, for both papa and mamma never had a brother or sister, and papa's father and mother died when he was a baby, and his aunt took care of him. I wonder if there is any other reader of ST. NICHOLAS who has no cousin.

I am not very strong, and mamma says my health is delicate, so I have to stay in the house a good deal, and can't play as much as most children can; and as I have no one at home to play with, I get lonesome. I am very fond of kittens, and want one very much, but mamma won't let me have any, for she thinks it is not good for me. Do you think it would hurt me?

As I can't have a kitten, papa got me two dogs. One is a great black Newfoundland, and his name is Hero; and the other is just the littlest bit of a black doggie I ever saw. He is so small, when I go outdoors I put him in a pocket on the outside of my saccie, and you can just see his little head peeping out. He has very bright eyes, and looks very funny, for he always has his little red tongue sticking out. I call him Tom Thumb, because he is so small, and he is full of mischief. He likes to tease Hero, who does not think such a little fellow is worth minding. At meals the dogs come and sit one on each side of me, but mamma won't let me give them anything at the table. Hero never asks for it, and if Tom does, Hero takes him by the collar and walks him out of the room, and won't let him come back. But when I feed them, Hero gives Tom the best; and when any one gives him anything, he gives Tom the biggest share. He always lets Tom have the softest and warmest seat. Is n't he kind? Mamma says he teaches us a good lesson, and I try to be as kind and generous as Hero, for I surely ought to do better than a dog. Hero is very grave and dignified, and never cuts up capers as Tom does. If Tom does n't mind me, Hero gives him a good shaking or boxes his ears. Sometimes Tom hides things, and then Hero makes him bring them back. So when Tom is naughty, I tell Hero to punish him, and he does. But he is very kind to Tom, and lets him pull and bite his tail and ears, or do anything he pleases to him. When they go out with me, and Tom gets tired walking, he makes

Hero carry him on his back. Hero saved my life once, so we think he deserves his name, don't you?

Besides my dogs, papa got me the prettiest little black pony, for Dr. Lyon said I ought to ride horseback. He is very small; jet black, with a white star on his forehead and white feet, and a long flowing mane and tail; and I named him Charlie. I have a little carriage that holds two, and every pleasant day I ride out in it on horseback, with Hero to take care of me. Sometimes I take Tom in my pocket. Papa is n't afraid to let me go anywhere if Hero is with me, for he won't let anything hurt me.

Grandpa and grandma live with us, and grandma helped me write this. If you can, will you please print this, so that the others can hear about my pets. I must tell you papa says Tom will never grow any larger. He got St. Nicholas for me, and I like it ever so much.—With ever so much love to you and all your readers,

MINNIE BLAISDELL.

Brookport, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an answer to the question of H. E. B.: "When did Great Britain acknowledge the independence of the United States, or American Colonies, as it was then called?"

A final treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Paris, on the third of September, by David Hartley, Esq., on the part of the King of England, and by John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay, on the part of the United States.

The independence of the colonies was acknowledged by Sweden on the 9th of February, by Denmark on the 25th of February, by Spain on the 24th of March, and by Russia in July, all in the year 1783, before it was formally acknowledged by England.

The question of Ruel L. S. about birthdays on the 29th of February I have often thought of myself, but never have been able to find an answer to it. I should think though, that as all other birthdays are 365 days after the last one, this one would be on the 1st of March in all years but leap-year.

I have taken you (does n't it seem funny to say "you"?) for almost a year, and I mean to go right on taking you, you are so splendid. I have a little sister, six years old, who was so delighted with "Bobby and the Keyhole," that she has made me read it over and over until I know it almost by heart. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very interesting, and "Talks with Girls" just as nice as can be; only I wish you came oftener and staid longer.—Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH B. ALLEN.

Several others of the boys and girls have answered H. E. B.'s question correctly.

Rocky Brook, Rhode Island.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you not hit a ball twice in croquet, even if you have not been through your wicket, provided it is a different turn?

ROLONG REDMAINE.

In every turn, at croquet, you begin afresh, as far as the balls are concerned, and may hit a ball the second time even if you have not gone through a wicket since you hit it the first time.

South Pueblo, Colorado, le 26 Juillet.

CHER ST. NICHOLAS: Nous sommes deux petites filles, âgées à peu près six et sept ans; qui demeurent en Colorado. Nous sommes toujours si heureuses quand St. NICHOLAS arrive.

Maman nous a lu l'histoire de Piccola qui était très triste, parce qu'elle n'avait point de cadeau de Noël.

Nous avons gardés nos habits et nos bottines pour elle. Dites, s'il

vous plaît à M. Aldrich de nous donner un autre conte aussi amusant que celui de la comtesse de la Grenouillère. Si nous allions en France, un de ces jours, nous espérons voir Piccola.

Vos petites amies, GERTRUDE ET ANNE LEMBORN.

Newboys' Home, New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About six weeks ago I was up to Cooper's Institute, and happening to pick up the ST. NICHOLAS for April, I came across an article headed "The Poor Boys' Astor House," and as I am an inmate of that institution, I eagerly examined its contents, which I think was very nice; in fact, I was enraptured with all I read, especially about Gilbert Stuart.

I am a poor boy without home or friends, and had it not been for the Home, I do not know what I would do. My father died about one year ago, and my mother is in the Insane Asylum, and I have to live at the Home.

I have written several pieces of poetry, and as there is a department for amateur contributors, I take the liberty of sending you the following piece, which I leave to your approval; and if it is fit for publication, it would please me very much to see it in print.

JAMES D. BORDEN.

### LIFE.

LIFE! 't is but a little garden-flower,

Growing on a rough and rugged road,

Ready to drop off at any hour,

As if weary of its load.

First in infancy it dangles,

In the gentle summer winds;

Then in youth gets entangled,

And no rest it ever finds.

Now in manhood's happy bower,

In peace and comfort it still grows;

And at old age it lost its power,

Drove by chilly wind that blows.

See now, with death in every zephyr,

Time, its dreadful scythe in hand,

Sweeps from this wicked world forever,

To a far but better land.

Norristown, Pa., June 28, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I think it is the best magazine that has ever been published. I have just commenced "The Story of Sevenoaks," bound in a book. I am very much interested in the story of "The Boy Emigrants." My friend, J. Craig Crawford, showed me my name in the list of Bird-defenders in the July number. I was very glad that my letter had been received. I thought the "Eight Cousins" and "The Young Surveyor" were elegant. Every piece in ST. NICHOLAS interests me. A friend of mine has had the ST. NICHOLAS for 1875 beautifully bound for me, with my name at the bottom.

I was sitting in father's study, and I thought I might as well write to you. I am ten years old to-day. I was born at exactly half-past one in the morning on the 28th of June, 1866. We have only six days to wait before our country will be one hundred years old; but there is no need of me telling it, for everybody knows it. Please put this in the "Letter-Box." I shall watch to see it in print. I will now close.—Yours truly,

HYLAND C. MURPHY.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A YELLOW flower.
2. An ingredient of soap.
3. An aromatic plant.
4. A large animal.
5. A young woman.
6. A custom.
7. A black bird.
8. A silver coin.
9. A measure of length.
10. A useful metal.

The initials and finals form two of Dickens's characters.

### ANAGRAMS.

- AMERICAN cities: 1. A philanthropic city—Sob not. 2. An enterprising city—On, we kroy. 3. A river-spanning city—Crost here. 4. A noted city—In shag town. 5. A seaport city—Let's anchor. 6. A hot city—Boil me. 7. A new city—Up last.

oswy.

### EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a word meaning to unite, and leave a girl's name.
2. Syncopate a word meaning fortunate, and leave a girl's name.
3. Syncopate the name of an opera, and leave a girl's name. C. D.

### REVERSALS.

1. I do not — of wearing the prison —.
2. There is plenty of — on the —.
3. What a — of words about a —.
4. Was that the — in ancient —.
5. I sent a — which he will receive at —.
6. We must get a new — for this block at one of the Southern —.
7. Could you describe the — correctly as being covered by —.

RUTH.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

1. Behead and syncopate an article of food, and leave a color. 2. Behead and syncopate an evergreen tree, and leave a part of the body. 3. Behead and syncopate a mournful song, and leave anger. 4. Behead and syncopate a noted epic poem, and leave a boy. 5. Behead and syncopate a precious stone, and leave a fish. 6. Behead and syncopate a forest tree, and leave a malt liquor. 7. Behead and syncopate a relative, and leave a luxury in summer. 8. Behead and syncopate a tropical fruit, and leave a falsehood. 9. Behead and syncopate a part of the body, and leave an article of food. 10. Behead and syncopate a kind of grain, and leave an article of clothing.

ISOLA.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(A large and renowned city.)

My first is in plum, but not in peach;  
My second is in oak, but not in beech;  
My third is in stone, but not in rock;  
My fourth is in door, but not in lock;  
My fifth is in old, but not in new;  
My sixth is in rain, but not in dew;

G. D. D.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A NOTED ancient city. 2. A means of rising in the world. 3. A spicy plant. 4. One of a certain Eastern tribe. 5. A church benefice. 6. A small leaf. 7. A musical instrument.

Diagonals—From left to right: A degree of honor. From right to left: A badge of the honor.

J. P. B.

## CHARADE, No. 1.

My first has a large throat, and sometimes swallows,  
Though never in the winter, I believe;  
And sometimes it gets choked, and then it follows  
That only active remedies relieve.

My next you have when anything is broken,  
Nor is it often then a welcome sight;  
Though sometimes you esteem it as a token,  
And give or take it with a small delight.

My whole, when glowing from a light beneath it,  
Seems radiant with a warmth it cannot give,  
And helps to emphasize a pleasant welcome  
In homes where open-hearted people live.

J. P. B.

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. A metal. 2. A city in Europe. 3. To leave out. 4. Used in fishing.

J. W. H.

## GRAMMATICAL COMPARISONS.

1. POSITIVE, an insect; comparative, a beverage; superlative, an animal. 2. POSITIVE, an instrument used in a certain out-door exercise; comparative, a dull companion; superlative, an expression of vanity. 3. POSITIVE, payment for services; comparative, apprehension of evil or danger; superlative, a festive meal. 4. POSITIVE, a timid animal; comparative, a loud sound; superlative, cooked meat.

ISOLA.

## RIDDLE.

'T was yesterday that you made game  
Of me, you stupid bat!  
To-day somebody trod on me,  
And kicked me, and all that.  
Well, well, my troubles last not long!  
In spite of every kind of wrong,  
I'm bound to have my cheerful song.

L. W. H.

## APOCOPES.

1. APOCOPATE a knot of ribbon, and leave a fowl. 2. APOCOPATE to perplex, and leave meat. 3. APOCOPATE a toy, and leave an animal. 4. APOCOPATE a candle, and leave a plant. 5. APOCOPATE sorrowful, and leave a plant.

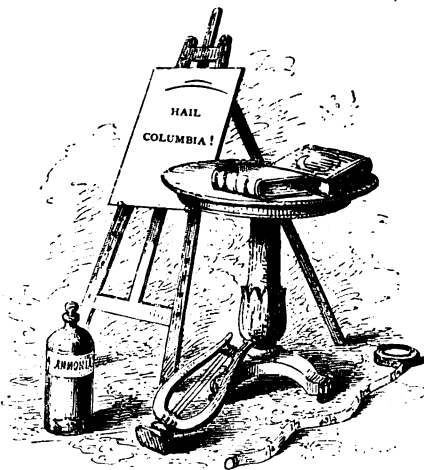
CYRIL DEANE.

## REBUS.



## PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Of the seven objects shown, arrange the names of five so that the initials and finals shall form the names of the other two.)



## EASY ENIGMA.

A 1, 2, 3 saw a 4, 5, 6 in the 7, 8, 9 yard in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.  
CYRIL DEANE.

## CHARADE, No. 2.

FIRST.

I PRY out a secret,  
Devour a book;  
I guide the hunter,  
And aid the cook.  
I'm drilled at the needle,  
And "cute" at a hook.  
In short, I'm a wonderful creation,  
Worthy your study and admiration,  
Albeit I'm naught but a perforation.

SECOND.

Faster and faster,  
The cruel master  
Waves me in air.  
Agonized crying  
Follows me, dying  
In sobs and prayer.  
Crying he heeds not,  
His hard heart bleeds not  
For such despair.

WHOLE.

Lifting so lightly,  
Drooping so slightly,  
On tender hinge.  
Dusting and sweeping  
When I'm not sleeping.  
Deepening blue tinge,  
Height'ning the sparkling,  
Soft'ning the darkling,  
Yet I'm but fringe!

L. W. H.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A negative. 3. A noted lover. 4. A number. 5. A vowel.

MEMO.

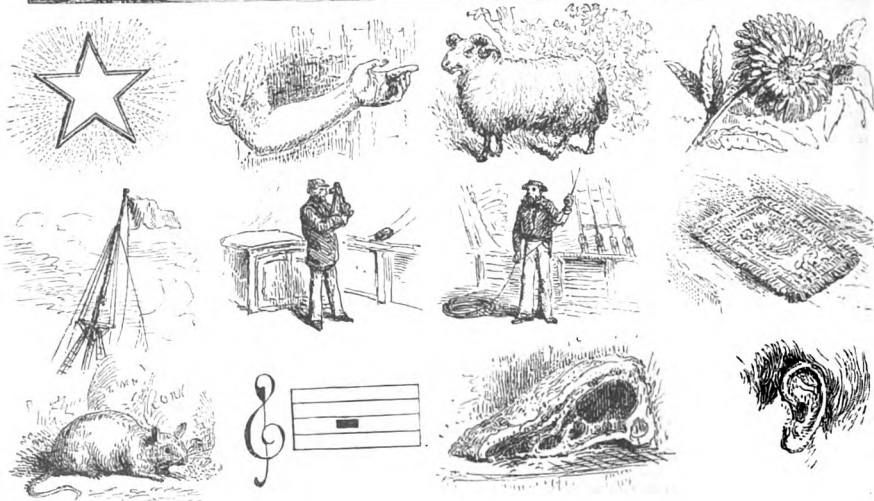
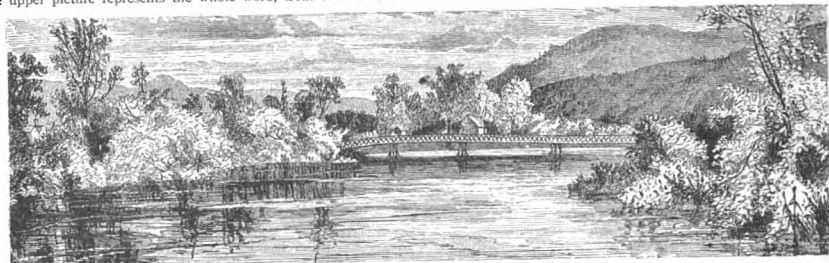
## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of seventeen letters. The 2, 13, 4, 8, 1 is a part of the body. The 4, 12, 16, 3, 17 is a sign of the zodiac. The 10, 7, 2, 13, 9 is a kind of tea. The 15, 11, 1, 5, 17 is an aquatic flowering plant. The 15, 9, 5, 6, 14 is a girl's name. The whole is a natural phenomenon.

ISOLA.

## PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The upper picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Model, ode. 2. Samples, ample.  
3. Apathy, path. 4. Slater, late. 5. Earth, art. 6. Eager, age.  
A HIDDEN TOUR.—1. Bremen. 2. Hanover. 3. Tivoli. 4. Ham.  
5. Lyons. 6. Rhine. 7. Cologne. 8. Bonn. 9. Coblenz. 10. Frank-  
fort. 11. Mannheim. 12. Bingen. 13. Baden. 14. Stuttgart. 15.  
Munich. 16. Tyrol. 17. Verona. 18. Venice. 19. Prague. 20. Dres-  
den. 21. Eisleben. 22. Wittenburg. 23. Berlin.

## CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—

S	C
A C E	E R E
S C A R E	- C R O W S
E R A	E W E
E	S

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S, Ice, Screw, Fel, W.

RIDDLE.—Looking-glass—Lo, o, O, loo, look, kin, king, in, gee,  
lass, as, ass.

CONSONANT PUZZLE.—Tennessee, Nevada, Alabama, Kansas,  
Arkansas, Alaska, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Mississippi, Vir-  
ginia.

EASY METAGRAM.—Kate, date, fate, gate, hate, late.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Elegy, leg. 2. Cmpc, rnp. 3. Jewel, ewe.  
4. Larch, arc. 5. Pasha, ash. 6. Snipe, nip. 7. Steam, tea. 8.  
Black, lac. 9. Coney, one. 10. Crate, rat.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Caprice, a price, price, rice, ice.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Saratoga, Monmouth.

S	-ache-	M
A	-rg-	O
R	-obi-	N
A	-s-	M
T	-omat-	O
O	-rmol-	U
G	-or-	T
A	-s-	H

EASY ENIGMAS.—1. Bobolink. 2. Grasshopper.

SQUARE-WORD.—

O P A L
P I N E
A N N A
L E A D

PUZZLE.—Notable, no table, not able.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Charlie.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Aloc, ale. 2. Aunt, ant. 3. Carp, cap. 4.  
Coat, cat. 5. Colt, cot. 6. Lead, lad. 7. Plea, pea. 8. Reed, red.  
9. Rose, roe. 10. Tome, toe.

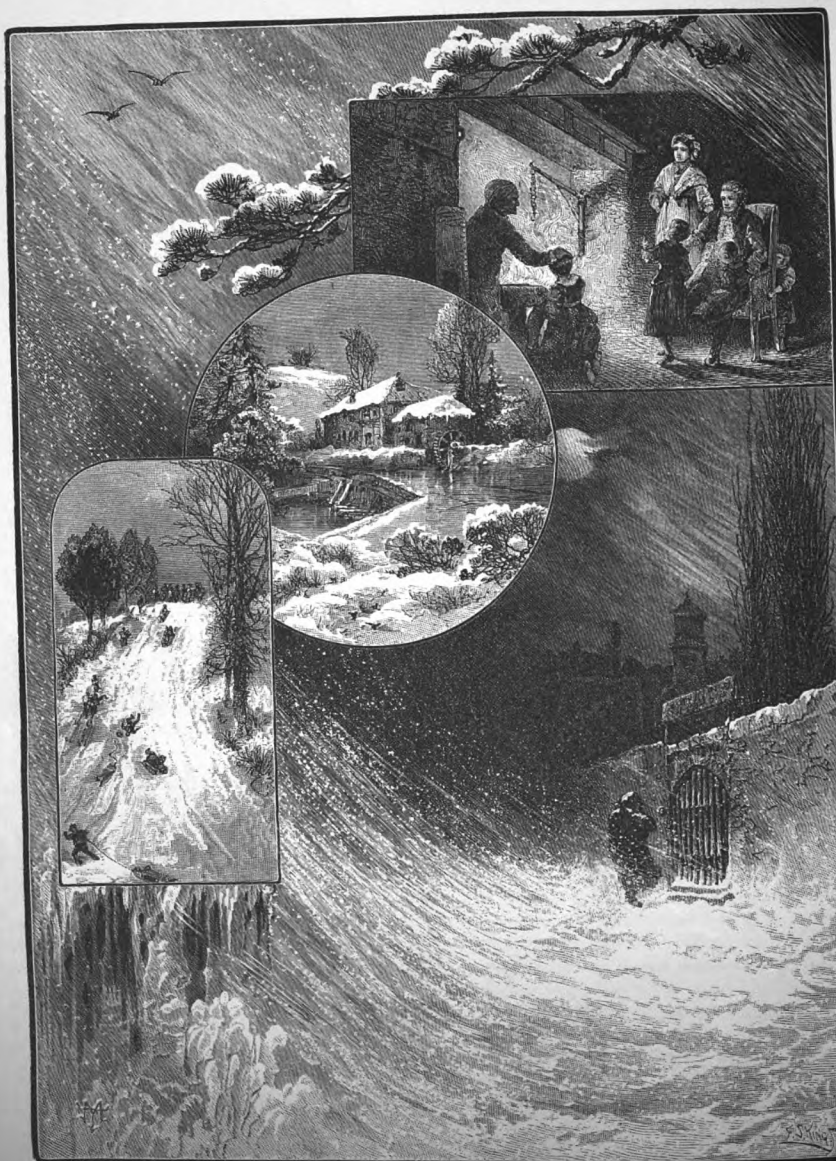
CHARADE.—Kettle-drum.

GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—Grandiloquent, Entertaining,  
Circensial, Angelina, Quarantines, Connive, the Rubicon, Parsimony,  
Anomorphoboid, Consideringly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to September 18, from Willie Dibblee, Nettie A. Ives, James  
A. Montgomery, Amy R. Carpenter, Virginia Davage, Lucy Allen Paton, "Juliet," Jennie Fine, A. J. Lewis, Frieda E. Lippert, Emma  
Elliott, Ida M. Bourne, Agnes M. Hodges, Lucy Davis, Johnny Kenny, "Alex," Nellie J. Thompson, C. M. Trowbridge, Nellie E. Stevens,  
B. P. Emery, Howard S. Rodgers, Carroll L. Maxey, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green, Clara L. Calhoun, W. C. Delaney, R. L. Groendycke.







Drawn by Thomas Moran.

Engraved by F. S. King.

# THE HEART OF WINTER.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1876.

NO. 2.

## POEMS AND CAROLS OF WINTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born Child,  
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies."

SWEETER carols than bird ever sang usher in the wintry weather. The poem of childhood was chanted by angels on the hills of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, and its meaning has been deepening in the hearts of Christian men and women ever since.

Dear children, the secret of true poetry, as well as of all other true things, lies hidden in the heart of the Babe of Bethlehem—the secret of heavenly love, without which there is no beauty in the works or words of men. "Peace on earth, good-will to man!" is the hymn which must be sung in the heart before any poem worth keeping can be written.

Is it not beautiful that when the flowers of the wood and field have done blossoming, when the trees are leafless, and no birds make melody among the barren boughs, the whole world breaks out into singing over the cradle of its dearest Child?

Some of the Christmas carols are as simple as nursery-songs, and rude as the ages in which they began to be sung, when Christianity itself was in its childhood. The wassail-cups and yule-fires of the old Saxons were often strangely mixed up with the tender and sacred birthday-story of the New Testament. Sometimes these carols were sung by children at the mansion window or door:

"Here we come a-wassailing  
Among the leaves so green:  
Here we come a-wandering,  
So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you,  
And to your wassail too,  
And God bless you, and send you  
A Happy New Year!

"We are not daily beggars,  
That beg from door to door;  
But we are neighbors' children,  
Whom you have seen before.  
God bless the master of this house,  
God bless the mistress too,  
And all the little children  
That round the table go."

And some of them show a curious blending of church-music and hunting-songs:

"The holly and the ivy,  
Now both are full well grown;  
Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
The holly bears the crown.  
O the rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer!  
The playing of the merry organ;  
Sweet singing in the choir!"

There are others which, through their very simplicity, carry us back to the hills where the watching shepherds listened to the song of the angels, so many centuries ago, so that we hear with them the first notes of that celestial anthem whose echo will never die away from the earth.

Listen to this:

"All in the time of winter,  
When the fields were white with snow,  
A babe was born in Bethlehem,  
A long, long time ago.  
Oh, what a thing was that, good folks,  
That the Lord whom we do know,  
Should have been a babe for all our sakes,  
To take away our woe!

VOL. IV.—5.

[Copyright, 1876, by Scribner & Co.]

"Not in a golden castle  
Was this sweet baby born,  
But only in a stable,  
With cattle and with corn;  
But forth afield the angels  
Were singing in the air;  
And when the shepherds heard the news,  
To that Child they did repair.

"The wise men, also, from the East  
Were guided by a star,—  
Oh, I wonder often, at this day,  
Where those good wise men are!"

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," from which we copy a few lines, is among the grandest of Christmas poems. Written when the great poet was a very young man, it is full of the noble rhythm which makes all his poetry so wonderful.

the "Hymn on the Nativity"—the one, for instance, beginning—

"But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began;"

or this:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so:  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ bloy;"—

and you will feel what rhythm is, without explanation.

Milton was a very learned poet, but that has not prevented him from being a favorite with a great many children. Grown-up people cannot always decide for the younger ones what they shall ad-



THE HEAVEN-BORN CHILD.

Now, children, look in your dictionary and find out what "rhythm" means, for you cannot know much about poetry unless you have some idea of rhythm. If you are not satisfied with the definition in the dictionary, we will explain it as the tune to which poetry goes; for the best poetry always has a tune, which is part of itself, like the stir of pine-forests in the wind, or the sound of a mighty river as it sweeps along. There are many kinds of rhythm—flute-like, bugle-like, piano-like; it may have any musical resemblance you can think of. But Milton's poetry seems filled with the deep, strong harmonies of the organ, upon which he loved to play when he became a blind old man. If you have an ear for music, ask any one who knows how, to read aloud to you some verses from

mire, and grand poetry often takes the childish ear and heart more than rhymes prepared expressly for juvenile readers.

This is because a love of rhythm, or harmony, is born with us, and we cannot help enjoying it, whether we understand the words it is shaped into or not. Who understands the roar of the cataract, or the mighty organ-swell of the sea? The aged man knows their meaning no better than the little child. To both they bring wonder, and delight, and awe. And so it is with the voices of great poets in their highest inspiration. Old and young are alike charmed with the music that comes from the soul when it is nearest to nature and to God.

I remember that when under ten years old at school, the favorite piece in the reading-book, with

myself and other school-mates about my age, was Coleridge's "Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." In the midst of our playing, one of us would sometimes break out with a line of it, another would take it up, and so it would be carried on, until, alone or in concert, we had repeated the whole. Indeed, though I have never seen the Alps, it often seems to me as if I must have visited them in my childhood, through the vision that then came to me, and lingers with me, in the lines—

"Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?"

And I remember also, that the poem I liked best, long before I had outgrown Dr. Watts's "Divine

to this day. And I do not think my tastes were unlike those of many of my child-companions,—nor that the children of to-day are very different from those who lived forty years ago.

The best poetry belongs to those who can enjoy it best, without regard to age. This rule—if it is a rule—works both ways. A perfect child-poem will be one that men and women also will take delight in; for, through poetry as well as religion, we are all of us in some ways—or ought to become,—“as little children.”

So do not be afraid, children, to claim your grand poetical favorites, and do not be ashamed of your humble and childish ones. If they are real poets, they all belong to one family.

We were speaking of Christmas poems, — Christmas!—that we all recognize as the loveliest and



"THE SHEPHERDS HEARD THE NEWS."

Songs" and Jane Taylor's "Hymns for Infant Minds,"—the classics of my Puritan childhood,—was Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of course I skipped all the learned dialogues that went on in heaven and in the Garden of Eden; but the beautiful garden itself, where grew

"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,"

and the wonderful palace of Pandemonium, that "rose like an exhalation," lighted by

"Many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets,"

fixed themselves as unfading pictures in my mind; and the "harpings and hallelujahs" that seemed to roll through the poem, resound in my thoughts

most welcome guest brought us by winter. Merry Christmas! that comes to us loaded with gifts, and that we, in return, delight to wreath with evergreen, and bright autumn leaves, and greenhouse rose-buds, and all fragrant and brilliant blossoms,

In memory of that Flower Divine,  
Whose fragrance fills the world.

A very sweet poem, bringing Christmas before us in several different characters, is this, by Rose Terry (now Mrs. Cooke):

CHRISTMAS.

"Here comes old Father Christmas,  
With sound of life and drums;  
With mistletoe about his brows,  
So merrily he comes!"

His arms are full of all good cheer,  
His face with laughter glows,  
He shines like any household fire  
Amid the cruel snows.  
He is the old folks' Christmas;  
He warms their hearts like wine,  
He thaws their winter into spring,  
And makes their faces shine.  
Hurrah for Father Christmas!  
Ring all the merry bells!  
And bring the grandsires all around  
To hear the tale he tells.

"Here comes the Christmas Angel,  
So gentle and so calm;  
As softly as the falling flakes,  
He comes with flute and psalm.  
All in a cloud of glory,  
As once upon the plain  
To shepherd boys in Jewry,  
He brings good news again.  
He is the young folks' Christmas;  
He makes their eyes grow bright  
With words of hope and tender thought,  
And visions of delight.  
Hail to the Christmas Angel!  
All peace on earth he brings:  
He gathers all the youths and maids  
Beneath his shining wings.

"Here comes the little Christ-child,  
All innocence and joy,  
And bearing gifts in either hand  
For every girl and boy.  
He tells the tender story  
About the Holy Maid,  
And Jesus in the manger  
Before the oxen laid.  
Like any little winter bird  
He sings this sweetest song,  
Till all the cherubs in the sky  
To hear his carol throng.  
He is the children's Christmas;  
They come, without a call,  
To gather round the gracious Child,  
Who bringeth joy to all.

"But who shall bring their Christmas,  
Who wrestle still with life?  
Not grandsires, youths, nor little folks,  
But they who wage the strife:  
The fathers and the mothers  
Who fight for homes and bread,  
Who watch and ward the living,  
And bury all the dead.  
Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide  
The Lord of Christmas stands:  
He smooths the furrows from their brow  
With strong and tender hands.  
'I take my Christmas gift,' he saith,  
'From thee, tired soul, and he  
Who giveth to my little ones  
Gives also unto me!'"

Another of our welcome winter guests is Happy New Year, brought in like a smiling baby in its white christening-robcs, to be tossed about from one to another with good wishes and feasting and laughter. You might fill many volumes with the poetry that has been written about the New Year.

But the wonder and beauty of winter itself are what the poets of the North have loved to show.

We sometimes think of winter as the most un-

poetic among the seasons; but there is a different way of looking at it. The snow is a blank sheet to some eyes, but not to all. A fresh snow-drift is often molded like the most exquisite sculpture, and its waves and lines and shadows are a joy to artistic eyes. The tints it reveals in the sunset rays are purer than any color we know, and suggest the light that may shine upon us in some lovelier world which we have not yet seen.

And the falling of the snow—how delicate and dreamy it is! There are poems through which it seems to glide as airily as it descends from the sky itself.

This is the way Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," describes it:

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends  
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun,  
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
Is one wild, dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man."

And somebody else writes of the snow-flakes as the blossoms of winter:

Softly down from the cold, gray sky,  
On the withering air, they fit and fly;  
Resting anywhere, there they lie,—  
The feathery flowers!  
Borne on the breath of the wintry day,  
Leaves and flowers and gems are they,  
Fresh and fair as the gay array  
Of the sunlit hours."

Still, again, they are spoken of by a poet (John James Piatt) as flowers exiled from the gardens of heaven:

"The wonderful snow is falling,  
Over river and woodland and wold;  
The trees bear spectral blossoms  
In the moonlight blurred and cold.

"There's a beautiful garden in heaven;  
And these are the banished flowers,  
Fallen and driven and drifting  
To this dark world of ours!"

You will remember Bryant's "Snow-Shower,"—

"Flake after flake,  
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake,"—

and Longfellow's "Snow-flakes":

"Out of the bosom of the air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent and soft and slow  
Descends the snow."

Is it not true, as he says, that

"This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded,—  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wold and field?"

A merrier little song, and one that American children have long been familiar with, is Hannah Gould's "It Snows":

"It snows! it snows! From out the sky  
The feathered flakes how fast they fly!  
Like little birds, that don't know why  
They're on the chase, from place to place,  
While neither can the other trace.  
It snows! it snows! A merry play  
Is o'er us in the air to-day!

"As dancers in an airy hall  
That has n't room to hold them all,  
While some keep up, and others fall,  
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,  
They drive along to form the drift,  
That waving up, so dazzling white,  
Is rising like a wall of white.

"But now the wind comes whistling loud,  
To snatch and waft it as a cloud,  
Or giant phantom in a shroud.  
It spreads, it curls, it mounts, and whirls;  
At length a mighty wing unfurls,  
And then, away!—but where, none knows,  
Or ever will. It snows! it snows!

"To-morrow will the storm be done;  
Then out will come the golden sun.  
And we shall see upon the run,  
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,  
What now a curtain o'er him seems.  
And thus with life it ever goes!  
'Tis shade and shine! It snows! it snows!"

How strange it must seem to live in a country where snow never comes! The natives of such countries will not believe the frosty and icy stories told them by travelers from colder regions. Stranger still it must seem to them when, at long intervals, they are visited by a snow-storm.

Bruce, the African traveler, tells us that an aged Abyssinian once drew him aside, to tell him, as a great wonder, that when he was a young man something white one day descended from the sky, covering the earth, and disappearing as silently as it came. Some one has very prettily versified this story of

#### SNOW IN ABYSSINIA.

"Bruce of Kinnaird could scarce repress the smile  
That twined the bearded ambush of his mouth,  
When, in his quest of the mysterious Nile,  
Amid the perilous wilds of the swart South,  
An old man told him, with a grave surprise  
Which made his child-like wonder almost grand,  
How, in his youth, there fell from out the skies  
A feathery whiteness over all their land,—  
A strange, soft, spotless something, pure as light,  
For which their questioned language had no name,  
That shone and sparkled for a day and night,  
Then vanished all as weirdly as it came,

Leaving no vestige, gleam, or hue, or scent,  
On the round hills or in the purple air,  
To satisfy their mute bewilderment  
That such a presence had indeed been there!"

And you may have read of the little Barbadoes girl who, when she came to a northern country, and saw the snow falling for the first time, cried out that the angels were emptying their feather-beds upon the earth!

When the north wind sets our teeth chattering, and pierces us with needles of frost, we sigh for a climate where summer is perpetual. Yet no—not "we" exactly; for there is nothing that a healthy child delights in more than the wild, stormy mirth that winter brings.

Childhood and Winter are the best of playmates. Like some kind, rough old grandsire, he sets the boys and girls running races, tosses them about among the snow-drifts, and pushes them along the ice until they are rosy and strong with the merry exercise. Look at this German portrait of winter, boys, and see if you do not like it:

"Old Winter is a sturdy one,  
And lasting stuff he's made of;  
His flesh is firm as iron-stone;  
There's nothing he's afraid of.

"Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,  
Full little cares or knows he;  
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,  
And all that's warm and cosy.

"But when the foxes bark aloud  
On frozen lake and river,—  
When round the fire the people crowd,  
And rub their hands and shiver,—

"When frost is splitting stone and wall,  
And trees come crashing after,—  
That hates he not, but loves it all;  
Then bursts he out in laughter.

"His home is by the North Sea's strand,  
Where earth and sea are frozen;  
His summer home, we understand,  
In Switzerland he's chosen."

But when any of us dream of summer lands in winter-time, we must remember how much that is rare and curious and wonderful the people of the tropics lose, in never seeing icicles or frost-work, or what Emerson calls

"The frolic architecture of the snow,"

as Whittier describes it, for instance, in picturing for us the winter farm-life of his boyhood:

"Strange domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed;  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat,  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat:

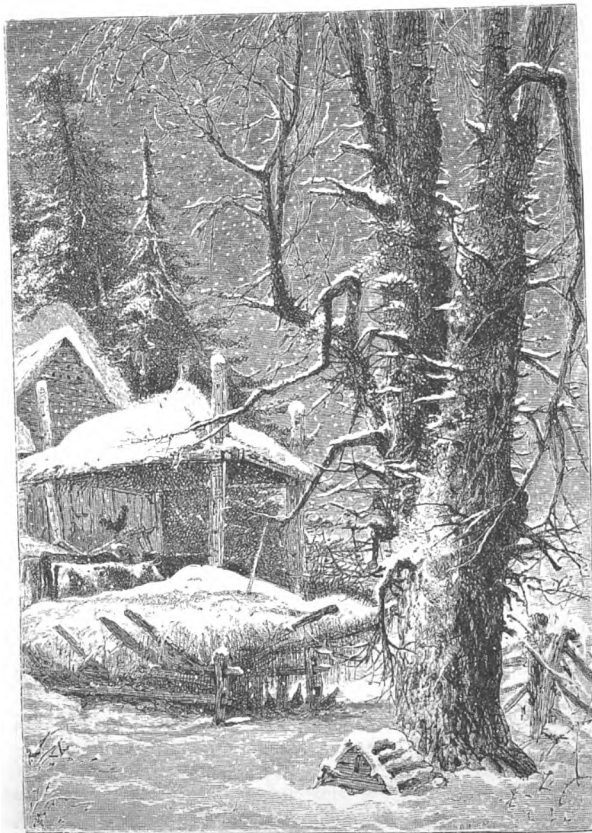
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

or as it is given in Lowell's lovely poem, "The First Snow-fall":

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

beauty of the summer woods, shows them to us in  
their wintry whiteness:

"But winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts  
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows;  
Or autumn with his many fruits, and woods  
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains  
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;  
While the slant sun of February pours  
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!  
The incrustated surface shall unbar thy steps,  
And the broad arching portals of the grove



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

"Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

"From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow."

And see how Bryant, who paints so well the

Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks  
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,  
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,  
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,  
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move."

And Whittier, in his "Pageant," bids us look

"Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,  
The gleaming tree-boles, ice-embossed,  
Hold up their chandeliers of frost."

In the ice-gleaming, sunlit forest, he exclaims :

"I tread in Orient halls enchanted,  
I dream the Saga's dream of caves,  
Gem-lit, beneath the North Sea waves.

"I walk the land of Eldorado;  
I touch its mimic garden-bowers,  
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers."

You see, little friends, that there is a poetry of snow and ice as well as of flowers and fields and rivers. Here is a specimen of it from Thomson :

"An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,  
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,  
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven  
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,  
The whole imprisoned river growls below."

That last line, which compares the stream to a caged lion under the ice, has been said to be the best description of a frozen river in the language.

For all the cold, there are live things in the woods in winter. Bryant found them there :

"The pure, keen air abroad,  
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard  
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,  
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept  
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,  
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,  
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of spring,  
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.  
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,  
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent  
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry  
A circle on the earth of withered leaves,  
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow  
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track  
Of fox, and the raccoon's broad path, were there,  
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree,  
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts  
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold, and sway  
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold."

And Emerson writes of a little friend he met in the deep forest on a stinging day of midwinter :

"Piped a tiny voice hard by,  
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
'Chic-chicadeedee!'—saucy note,  
Out of sound heart and merry throat,  
As if it said, 'Good day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces!'"

Then he tells us that the bird, glad to meet his shivering guest,

"Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand.  
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,  
Prints his small impress on the snow,  
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,  
Head downward, clinging to the spray."

The titmouse, or snow-bird, you know, has a different song for different seasons,—

"In spring  
Crying out of the hazel-copse, 'Phe-be!'  
And in winter, 'Chic-a-dee-dee!'"

Dear little fellow! No wonder the poets have sung of him so often. Doubtless one of your best-known pieces from babyhood is Hannah Gould's

"Oh, what will become of thee, poor little bird?  
The muttering etc. in the distance is heard."

She speaks of the snow-bird as the "Winter King,"

'Because in all weather I'm happy and free,  
They call me the Winter King. Pee-dee-dee!'"

We cannot help loving the snow-birds, they are so neighborly, calling upon us at our door-steps, as well as keeping company with us in the leafless forest-paths. It does us good to have our little cousins of the woods, who do not know our alphabet, come and ask us, in their own language, for such small favors as we can bestow upon them.

A pretty song, with this idea in it, has been written by Mrs. Anderson, who has made many other charming verses for children :

"When winter winds are blowing,  
And clouds are full of snow,  
There comes a flock of little birds,  
A-flying to and fro;  
About the withered garden,  
Around the naked field,  
In any way-side shrub or tree,  
That may a berry yield,  
You'll see them fitting, fitting,  
And hear their merry song:  
The scattered crumbs of summer's feast  
Feed winter birdlings long.

"But when the snow-dribs cover  
The garden and the field,—  
When all the shrubs are cased in ice,  
And every brook is sealed,  
Then come the little snow-birds,  
As beggars, to your door:  
They pick up every tiny crumb,  
With eager chirps for more.  
Like wandering musicians,  
They 'neath the windows sing:  
All winter long they stroll about,  
And leave us in the spring.

"Off to the land of icebergs,  
To islands cold and drear,  
They fly before the summer comes  
To frolic with us here.  
Give them a hearty welcome!  
It surely were not good  
That they who sing in winter-time  
Should ever lack for food"

If there were less beauty upon the outside earth in winter, there would still be the charm of home-life which is always more perfect in a cold climate.



One stronger reason than all others for being glad that we live in the temperate zone, is that it is the zone of homes.

Greenlanders and Laplanders, it is said, each consider their own country the fairest the sun shines upon, and charming stories of domestic life have come to us from those icy latitudes. But the Esquimaux and Kamtchatkans, and those inhabitants of extreme Arctic regions who must live in snow-huts, or burrow underground for warmth, cannot know the rich and tender meanings the word "home" has for us.

How much comfort there is in our cosy houses alone,—in the clean, warm room, perhaps with a glowing fireside; the white table spread with wholesome and delicate food; the cheerful circle around the lamp at evening; the books, the sewing, the games; the sound sleep of the long, snowy night, in beds as white as the drifts outside; and the many other nameless blessings of a civilized home! These the children of the eternal snows must do without.

There is more poetry in a really beautiful home-life than in the finest natural scenery; but it lies too deep in the heart for words to express. It is poetry that is felt rather than spoken. A happy home is a poem which every one of the family is helping to write, each for the enjoyment of the rest, by little deeds of tenderness and self-sacrifice, which mean so much more than words. This home-poem is all the more delightful because it does not ask or need admiration from anybody outside. The poetry that people live in, of which they are a part, and which is a part of them, is always the most satisfactory, because it is the most real.

Think, little folks, of all the poems and fragments of poems you know, that never could have been written except in a country where tempest and sleet and long hours of darkness drove men and women and children within-doors, and kept them there to find out how dear and sweet a thing it is for a family to live together in love.

The list is a long one, so long that it is of no use to try to fill it out here. But a hint or two, and a few extracts, may put you on the track of a great many beautiful things.

There is Cowper's "Task,"—a domestic poem throughout, and in great part a winter poem, too,—with its famous tea-table picture:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

If you do not care to drink tea with the poet Cowper, you may like to hear him talk of the post-

man, and the budget of news he brings; or of the Empress of Russia's wonderful palace of ice.

Then, there is Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," which it will be strange if most of you do not enjoy, it is so full of pictures. You seem to be inside of the Scottish cottage, where

"The mither, wi' her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amais at weel's the new;"

while outside

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh."

There is Emerson's indoor view of a snow-storm:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight. The whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit  
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

If you have ever known what it is to be shut in with a happy household through a long, driving winter storm, those last two lines will often be coming back to you, after you have read them, as one of the cosiest of home-pictures. That "tumultuous privacy of storm," how deep and close and warm it is!

Best of all, perhaps,—certainly the finest epic of old-fashioned New England family-life ever written,—is Whittier's "Snow-Bound." "Epic" may not be the right word to use, and yet why not? It is "narrative," and "heroic" adventures are achieved by the men and boys out-of-doors in meeting the snows and the winds; while within, mother and aunt and sisters weave together a web of home-life lovelier than anything to be shown by Penelope, or Helen of Troy.

By such a fireside as that described in "Snow-Bound," with the red blaze flashing up

"Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom,"

one might well be

"Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door."

Children of the old-fashioned days had a hard time, perhaps; but it was worth a great deal to live around one of those deep, log-heaped fire-places. It was "jolly," as you boys would say, to hear how

"When a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed."

We must not forget one poetic thing that winter

does for us all indoors, however humble our dwelling may be; and that is to decorate our window-panes, making them more exquisite in their white, delicate tracery than the stained glass of ancient cathedrals. This is Jack Frost's work, and we are told, in one case, how he did it:

"He went to the window of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy crept.  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
By the morning light were seen  
Most beautiful things! There were flowers and trees,  
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees,  
There were cities and temples and towers; and these  
All pictured in silver shewn!"

There is a dark and cheerless side to winter, which is not to be forgotten even by the poets. Thomson has written of it, as you will find in the

You bring poetry into a life, whenever you bring it any real happiness. Think of that, dear children, and see how many hearts you can make sing aloud for joy!

There is a legend of the Child Jesus, which tells how he made flowers bloom and birds sing in the midst of winter, by a smile of love given to his mother. A beautiful meaning may be drawn from this. Love is the true sunshine, and all children can make a cold world blossom with it, after the example of the Holy Child.

#### THE CHILD JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

"Cold was the day, when in a garden bare,  
Walked the Child Jesus, wrapt in holy thought;  
His brow seemed clouded with a weight of care:  
Calmness and rest from worldly things he sought.



THE CHILD JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

"Seasons." He draws a picture of a man lost in the snow, so vivid as to awaken our sympathies very painfully.

And Wordsworth has told us the piteous story of "Lucy Gray,"—

"The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door,"—

how she wandered up and down the moor, bewildered by the falling snow, and perished at last in sight of her own dwelling.

And Bryant's "Little People of the Snow," although so dazzling in its fairy fancies, contains a sad story of a similar kind.

To the very poor, who suffer for want of food and fuel, winter is anything but poetical. It is the privilege of those who are better off, to make it a pleasant season to them, and to supply the heart-sunshine and home-warmth, without which winter is bitter indeed. A little kindness goes a great way toward brightening dark days and warming up snow-drifts.

"Soon was his presence missed within his home:  
His mother gently marked his every way:  
Forth then she came to seek where he did roam,  
Full of sweet words his trouble to allay.

"Through chilling snow she toiled to reach his side,  
Forcing her way mid branches brown and bare,  
Hastening that she his sorrows might divide,  
Share all his woe, or calm his gloomy fear.

"Sweet was her face, as o'er his head she bent,  
Longing to melt his look of saddest grief.  
With lifted eyes, his ear to her he lent;  
Her kindly solace brought his soul relief.

"Then did he smile—a smile of love so deep,  
Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow:  
From drooping branches scented blossoms peep:  
Up springs the grass: the scaled fountains flow.

"Summer and spring did with each other vie,  
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store:  
Chanting sweet notes, the birds around him fly,  
Wondering why earth had checkered so her floor."

Every season has a beauty of its own, and the poets usually find it out for us, or else show us that

there is a poetry of the gloomy and terrible as well as of the beautiful. So Cowper says :

" O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scattered hair with sleet like : shes filled,  
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips thy cheeks  
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slippery way,—  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art!"

But we come back, in spite of our attempt to look on the dark side, to the brightness and jollity of the winter months. Where is there fun like that of skating? Hear the poet Allingham sing of it:

" The time of frost is the time for me!  
When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee,  
When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,  
When the footstep rings on the musical ground,  
When the earth is gay, and the air is bright,  
And every breath is a new delight.

" Hurrah! the lake is a league of glass!—  
Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass!  
Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,  
And swiftly turn upon scoring heel;  
And our flying sandals chirp and sing,  
Like a flock of gay swallows on the wing!"

And sleighing-songs innumerable might be brought together; but we will only take, at present, a verse or two by Stedman :

" In January, when down the dairy  
The cream and clabber freeze,  
When snow-drifts cover the fences over,  
We farmers take our ease.  
At night we rig the team,  
And bring the cutter out;  
Then fill it, fill it, fill it,  
And heap the furs about.

" Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens,  
And sleighs at least a score;  
There John and Molly, behind, are jolly,—  
Nell rides with me, before.  
All down the village street  
We range us in a row;  
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,  
And over the crispy snow!"

Now, children, which season is pleasantest—which has most poetry in it? This is so hard a question to answer, it must be settled by leaving it open on all sides, as it is here, in "Marjorie's Almanac," by Aldrich :

" Robins in the tree-top,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass:  
Sudden little breezes,  
Showers of silver dew,  
Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew;  
Pine-tree and willow-tree,  
Fringed elm, and larch—  
Don't you think that May-time's  
Pleasanter than March?

" Apples in the orchard,  
Mellowing one by one;  
Strawberries upturning  
Soft cheeks to the sun;  
Roses faint with sweetness,  
Lilies fair of face,  
Drowsy scents and murmurs  
Haunting every place;  
Lengths of golden sunshine,  
Moonlight bright as day—  
Don't you think that summer's  
Pleasanter than May?

" Roger in the corn-patch,  
Whistling negro songs;  
Pussy by the hearth-side,  
Romping with the tongs;  
Chestnuts in the ashes,  
Bursting through the rind;  
Red leaf and gold leaf  
Rustling down the wind;  
Mother "doin' peaches"  
All the afternoon—  
Don't you think that autumn's  
Pleasanter than June?

" Little fairy snow-flakes  
Dancing in the flue;  
Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
What is keeping you?  
Twilight and firelight;  
Shadows come and go;  
Merry chime of sleigh-bells,  
Tinkling through the snow;  
Mother knitting stockings  
(Pussy's got the ball)—  
Don't you think that winter's  
Pleasanter than all?"



## NO POCKET.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



T was at Katie McPherson's Christmas party that the announcement was made,—in the dining-room, where the scores of bright children were assembled to partake of the good things which Mrs. McPherson had bountifully provided,—Jimmy Johnson made the announcement, and this it was: "Bushy Caruthers aint got no pocket!"

Jimmy delivered this in such tones and with such a manner as he might have used if he had said: "Bushy Caruthers aint got no thumbs!" or "Bushy Caruthers aint got no nose!"

"Has n't he?" said Bobby Smedley, with as much eager concern as Jimmy Johnson, or, indeed, the most exacting news-bearer could have asked or desired.

"Has n't he?" said also Dickey Simpkins.

There was that in Dickey's tone which added, "I'm glad I'm not in Bushy's trousers."

Nellie Partridge, who was one of Jimmy Johnson's audience, opened her eyes roundly and puckered her mouth into a perfect O, and then gave vent to a long "W-h-y!" of astonishment.

"No, he aint got no pocket," Jimmy repeated, with no abatement in his can-you-believe-it manner.

"That's 'cause he's a little boy," said Tommy Mayneer, who was large of his age.

With this explanation, Tommy thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, drew himself up to the full capacity of his inches, and marched back and forth a few paces with great dignity.

Nellie Partridge, who, I much fear, will in time grow to be a gossip, hurried over to the group of children in the next corner, and repeated, with solemn eyes:

"Say! Bushy Caruthers aint got no pocket!"

"Did you ever?" said one little auditor. "It's too bad," said another. "Why!" exclaimed a third, hurrying away to carry the story to the next group of children. Then the word went to the company of little folks collected at the window; thence to the children outside the dining-room door in the hall, on and on, until everybody knew that Bushy Caruthers was so unfortunate as to be at a party where candy and nuts and oranges and

all manner of good things abounded, and where there was a Christmas-tree, and yet to have no pocket.

What made it worse was, that it was Mrs. McPherson's way at her Katie's Christmas parties always to insist upon each little guest filling his or her pockets with good things "to take home."

Poor Bushy!

After a while the word reached Bushy himself. Of course he knew he had n't any pocket before the children flocked around him with their expressions of condolence and their eager inquiries and exclamations of concern; but until he had heard these, and seen the consternation in the little faces, he had no conception of the magnitude of his misfortune. When this really dawned upon Bushy, he thought he ought to cry; but that seemed too much like baby-conduct. So he perked up his head with an heroic look in his funny little face, and rolled his eyes from one to another of his condolers, as if he would say, "Well, if I aint got any pocket, I'm going to bear my trouble like a man."

"Well, Bushy," Barney Williamson advised, "you eat all the candy and jelly and nuts and cake and oranges you can hold."

"What makes um call you Bushy, anyhow?" asked Henry Clay Martin. "You aint bushy a bit; you're slick as my black-and-tan terrier," and Henry Clay looked the unfortunate over from the crown of his glossy black head to the soles of his polished gaiters.

"My name's Bushrod, and they call me Bushy for short," was the explanation; whereupon a dozen or more children proceeded to tell what their right names were and what they were called for short.

Meantime Bushy, in accordance with Barney Williamson's advice, was engaged in storing away cakes and candies, regardless of headaches and doctors. At the end of fifteen minutes he had probably discovered the limit of his capacity; for at this time he went over to his papa with both hands full of bon-bons, and emptied them in that gentleman's big coat-pocket; and when papa looked behind him for an explanation of the pullings, and so on, Bushy said, pathetically:

"I aint got no pocket, papa."

"You *have* no pocket, you mean," corrected papa, gently.

"Yes, sir, I have n't no pocket."



In a few moments he was back again, and papa felt another tugging at his coat behind, and heard something rattling down into his pocket; again

mamma's silk dress were disturbed, and down on top of her lace handkerchief streamed the candy and nuts from Bushy's overflowing hands, attended



GOING UPSTAIRS TO THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

by the inevitable explanation: "I aint got no pocket, mamma. Katie says we must all take home something."

Again and again was the silk-dress pocket visited, for it was roomy, and mamma, busy in conversation, was unconscious of the visitations.

Then Bushy's sister, Minnie, thirteen years old, was petitioned to lend the aid of her pocket to the pocketless boy. Beside this, Bobby Smedley, whose home was just across the street from Bushy's, volunteered the loan of one-quarter of one of his pockets for the transportation of Bushy's nicknacks. Miriam Endicott, who lived next door to the unfortunate boy, hearing of Bobby Smedley's generosity, forthwith devoted a half of her roomy pocket to Bushy's relief.

But it was when the children had gone upstairs to the parlors where the Christmas-tree stood, that Bushy's concern attained its height.

"S'pose," he said to Barney Williamson, remembering Barney's role as adviser, "s'pose I was to get a great lot of things—that ball"—and he pointed to the spangled, radiant tree, with its wonderful blossoms and fruit—"and that top, and that drum, and that trumpet with a whistle, and oh! them two wrasling heathen Chinees, and that whistle, and that cannon, and that velocipede, and that locomotive, and that there wheel-barrow, and a great lot more, how could I get them all home?—'cause I aint got no pocket, you know."

"Well I'll tell you," said the ready Barney.

came the explanation from Bushy: "I aint got no pocket, papa."

It was not long after this before the folds of

"I'll pack all the other things in your wheelbarrow, you know, and roll 'em home for you."

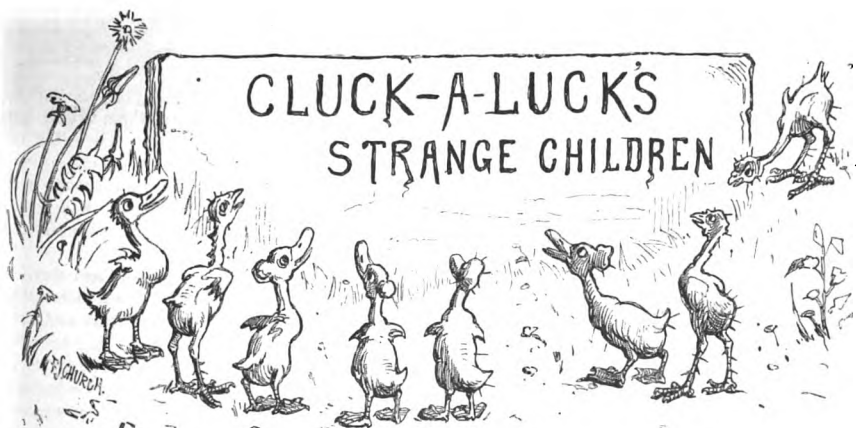
Bushy did get the wheelbarrow, sure enough, and soon had it loaded up.

You may well believe there was laughing at Bushy's house when all the pockets were emptied, and all the boxes and baskets. Such heaps of candy! such piles of cakes! such quantities of almonds and raisins, mottoes, lady-apples, oranges, and other good things, as were displayed! In Bushy's eagerness he had actually smuggled a

chicken's wing and buttered biscuit into his mother's keeping. There was enough, as he said, ecstatically, for another party.

If he had gone to Katie's entertainment with pockets all over his chubby little form, he could not have fared so well.

"Mamma," said Bushy, gravely, as he cracked an almond between his white teeth, his black eyes, meanwhile, sweeping the table which held his collection of sweets, "don't never put no pocket in my party-breeches."



BY E. MÜLLER.

Of course Cluck-a-luck thought she had been sitting on her own eggs. Why should she not think so? There were ten of them, just as many as she had counted when she first began to sit upon them; so when her young brood turned out to be ducklings, she was naturally surprised and disgusted. But that was the farmer's fault. Cluck-a-luck was such a good hen-mother that he chose her to raise the brood of ducklings. For a duck-mother is such a careless creature—such a very careless creature! All she thinks of is her own toes, and how to say "Quack" amiably, and to plume herself. So Cluck-a-luck had to see her fuzzy yellow brood step into the water at a spring-pond, and paddle away from her, while she sat on the shore and scolded at them.

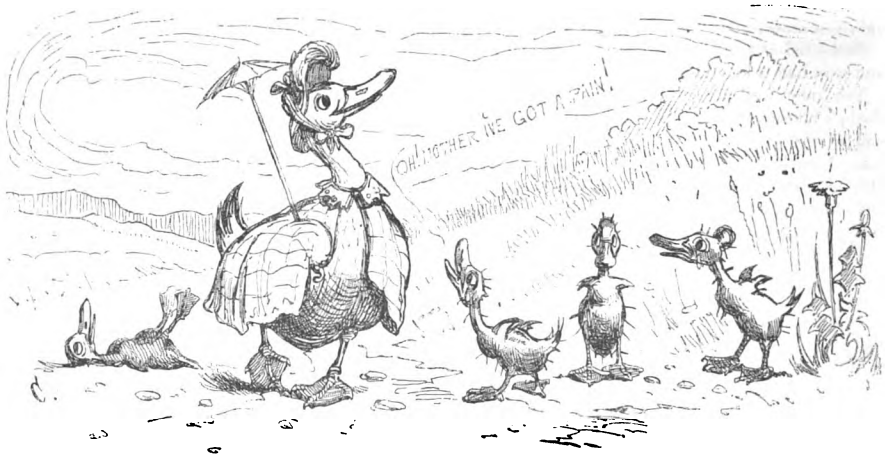
"You'll take your deaths of cold!" she screamed, when she found they did not drown, as she had

told them they would. "I shall have the whole ten of you down with the croup," moaned Cluck-a-luck, and she ran off to consult Grandpa Wattles, the great Dorking cock. "Dear Grandpa Wattles! what shall I do with my children? None of our family ever acted this way before!"

"Took-a-rook-a-law, raw," said Grandpa Wattles, gravely; he always said that when he felt puzzled. "You must make allowances, make allowances. Young folks are very different, nowadays. You can't always tell how they are going to turn out. Sometimes they are one thing and sometimes they are another. Don't fret. Here's a fine grub for you. Don't fret."

So Cluck-a-luck ate the grub and stopped fretting.

By and by the ducklings grew large and handsome, with fine purple necks and broad yellow bills.



"A DUCK-MOTHER IS SUCH A CARELESS CREATURE!"

"They really do me great credit," said Cluck-a-luck, proudly, as she bade them good-bye, and began to hatch out another brood.

This time the farmer had enough ducks, so he allowed Cluck-a-luck to hatch out her own eggs. A fine brood they were. Nine yellow little fuzzy balls, with a little silvery chirp put inside of each one, to make music for their mamma. Cluck-a-luck was very proud of them, and as soon as they were big enough, she led them out of the hen-house

into the barn-yard, and showed them to everybody, while she clucked delightedly. Then she took them to the pond.

"Peep-peep!" said all the little ones, "such a large water-trough!"

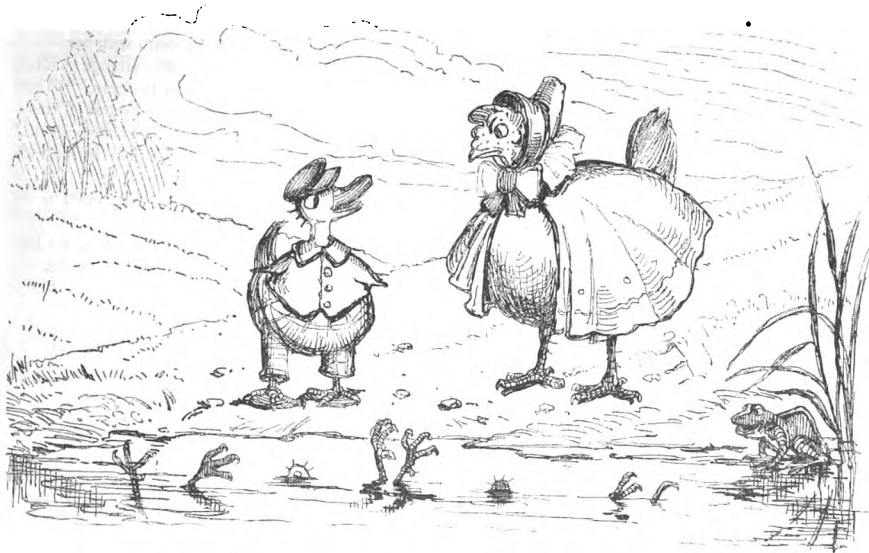
"Well, why don't you go in?" asked Cluck-a-luck.

"Peep-peep! we don't want to," said they.

"What nonsense!" cried Cluck-a-luck. "Not want to go in? Why, your brothers and sisters



"THE WHOLE TEN OF THEM DOWN WITH THE CROUP."



"WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY STAY DOWN SO LONG?"

ran in, of their own accord, before they were as old as you. Go in at once, before they laugh at you."

"What's the matter there?" cried Shiny Tail, one of the eldest duck-sons, coming up. "Afraid to go in? Give them a push, that's all they want."

So Cluck-a-luck led the little chickens to a board that leaned out over the water, and then pushed them in, first one, then another, till all the nine were in the water.

"Peep-peep! it's very cold! It's very wet. Peep-peep, p-e-e-p!" cried all the little ones, and then they went down under the water, and staid there.

"Why do you suppose they stay down so long?" asked Cluck-a-luck of Shiny Tail, who stood near.

"I'm sure I don't know. I never staid down so long," answered he, thoughtfully.

But the little chickens never came up again, though Cluck-a-luck waited all day long for them, and clucked till she was quite hoarse. So she ran to Grandpa Wattles, and told him about it.

"Took-a-rook —," began Grandpa Wattles, but seeing she felt very badly indeed, he stopped before he got to "raw, raw," and said: "Now don't fret, there's a good creature. You have made a little mistake in their education. You can't always tell; sometimes they turn out one thing, and sometimes they —"

"But they are all drowned, gone entirely!" interrupted Cluck-a-luck. "What am I to do?"

"Well, well! Don't fret. Go and hatch another

brood. Here's a fine caterpillar I've saved for you. Don't fret," said Grandpa Wattles, very kindly.

So Cluck-a-luck ate the fine caterpillar and stopped fretting, and began to hatch another brood. While she was sitting, a weasel ate all her eggs but two. These she hatched out, saying to herself:

"It is just as well; there will be less trouble about their education, when there are so few, and I shall not go near the water with them, that's certain."



WACKSY AND WEEPSY.

So, when they grew strong enough, she took them up to the orchard, where there was no water, and there little Wacksy and Weepsy were good



and happy for a long time. Cluck-a-luck gave them these names because one of them always said "Wack" and the other one said "Weep," when he cried.

The little things were very fond of each other, and could not bear to be parted for a minute. One day Cluck-a-luck missed them. She had just been taking her morning sand-bath, in a lovely dust-hole under an apple-tree, and when she got up she missed both her children. She ran to the barn-yard and asked all her friends if they had seen her children.

"I saw them a minute ago," said her cousin,

as possible, and he was squawking as only a young Shanghai cock can squawk, because he could not be a duck, like Wacksy, and swim with her.

"It seems to me you have very strange children, Cluck-a-luck," said old Madam Brahma. "There must be something wrong in your system of education; my children never showed such dispositions."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried poor little Cluck-a-luck, "I'm sure I don't know what it is. I've done everything a mother could do, and I'm disgraced by them after it all."

Everybody stood watching and laughing at Cluck-a-luck's children. Everybody made remarks.



WACKSY AND WEEPSY IN THE POND.

Pulletta. "It seems to me they were going down to the pond."

"The pond! Oh, dreadful!" cried Cluck-a-luck. "Then they will surely drown!"

She hurried to the pond, and so did every one else, and all the chickens and ducks and turkeys and geese stood in a great crowd on the shore. And what do you think they saw? There was Wacksy, in the middle of the pond, swimming proudly around, while Weepsy stood near the shore, but up to his neck in the water, shrieking for her to come back and play with him! What a disgraceful sight for a proud mamma! Weepsy's long legs and long neck were stretched out as far

"Who in the world but a Dorking would think of hatching one duck and one great awkward Shanghai!" exclaimed an aristocratic Bantam.

"How was I to know?" asked poor Cluck-a-luck, indignantly. "I'm sure I never knew there could be so many different patterns of chickens, or I never would have hatched any!"

Grandpa Wattles felt very sorry, but he could not conscientiously advise her to go and try another brood, so he only said "Took-a-rook-a-law, raw," and stood gazing at Wacksy and Weepsy, who were still making themselves ridiculous.

"I'll never hatch another brood!" cried Cluck-a-luck; "I'll never lay another egg! I'll go

somewhere all by myself, and learn to crow!" At this dreadful threat, all the other hens looked at her and drew up their wings, and nodded at each other.

"You see she's going to crow. I knew a hen who could not bring up her chickens properly would end by crowing. How very shocking!"

"Oh, please don't, there's a good creature," said Grandpa Wattles. "You are an excellent hen-mother; don't be discouraged; don't crow;

hens never crow unless they're good for nothing else."

"But I will crow," said Cluck-a-luck. "I feel like doing something desperate. I can't make my children behave, and none of you sympathize with me."

So she went away and got on a high fence, and crowed, and she tumbled over backward while she was crowing, and broke her neck, and her claws all curled up, and she was dead.

## HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### OUR HERO BEGINS THE WORLD.

JACOB FORTUNE, fifteen years old, barefooted, ragged at the knees, and with locks of very light hair showing through the torn crown of his old straw hat, sat on the door-yard fence, looking lonesome.

Jacob had never known father or mother; and it was now three days since his aunt, who had brought him up and given him a home in the old house there, was carried out of it and laid to rest in the old burying-ground, just out of sight over the hill.

Jacob had not thought that he was very fond of his aunt; and if she felt any affection for him, she had a rather odd way of showing it. She worked hard herself, and made him work hard as soon as he was old enough. She made him go to meeting and Sunday-school, and would not let him play after sundown on Saturday. She kept bundles of dried herbs, which she steeped, and was always taking a little "yarb-drink" herself, because she was sick, and making him take a little, not because ~~he~~ was sick, but because she was afraid he would be. She had no teeth, and she made him eat all the crusts. Then, too, she took snuff, and was dreadfully sallow and wrinkled, and had a crooked back, and sunken black eyes, and a harsh voice and temper which made him often wish that there was no such thing as an aunt in the world, and which put wicked thoughts into his head of running away, in order to be his own master.

But now that there was no aunt in the world for

him, and he was his own master without running away, poor Jacob sat on the fence there and thought of all her real kindness to him, and remembered with remorse how many things he had himself done to make her cross and unhappy.

How empty the old house seemed without her! How empty and dreary the world seemed! He knew now that there had always been in his heart a great deal more love for her than he or she ever suspected; and he felt very much like going over to the old burying-ground, throwing himself down by her grave, and telling her so.

He was awfully lonesome, and was wishing that somebody would come along and say something to comfort him, when he saw Deacon Jaffers approaching.

"May be he'll have a good word for me," thought Jacob, brightening a little, not caring to be seen looking melancholy.

The deacon, in his white starched linen, black straw hat and cool alpaca coat, appearing every way prosperous and well satisfied with himself, stopped when he came opposite to Jacob, and swung his buckhorn-headed cane.

"So you are a free man now, Jacob—ch?" said he. "And how do you like it?"

"Don't know," said Jacob, with a sorry grin. "It aint so lively as I thought it would be."

"Would you like any better to have a guardian appointed and put over ye? There's been talk on 't," said Jaffers.

Jacob did not greatly fancy the idea of a guardian.

"Would n't like to be bound out to some good

man, eh? Wal, Jacob, you've the name of being a perty stiddy boy, and I don't know but you can be trusted to look out for yourself. But you must be industrious. Mus' n't set too long on the fence. Keep on going to Sunday-school, and to meeting. Don't be off nutting and fishing with bad boys, in sermon-time; your aunt never allowed that. Don't play cards or drink. That's my advice to you, Jacob."

And the excellent deacon walked away, leaving the boy's mind darkened by the hint of a guardian, and his heart heavier than ever.

Presently a man drove along the street in a one-horse wagon. He was broad as a tub, filling almost the entire wagon-seat. He had a broad hat-brim, and a broad, red face, and a broad smile on it as he reined up by the fence where the boy was sitting.

It was Friend David Doane, the Quaker, famed for his butter and cheese. Jacob had always heard that he was a kind man, and he felt a thrill of hope as he thought, "I guess *he* will have a good word for me."

"How does thee get on with the world, Jacob? The world, Jacob," added Friend David, "is much like an edged tool, good and useful to the wise who take hold of it rightly by the handle."

Friend David looked like one who always held firmly by the said handle, and knew how to use the tool to his advantage. He went on:

"I hear that thy worthy aunt, before she died, gave thee her cow, Jacob. How is it? Has thee a clear title?"

"She gave me the cow in the presence of witnesses, if that is what you mean," said Jacob.

"Thee is very young to be the owner of a cow!"—and the broad, smiling face beamed like a full moon on Jacob. "What will thee do with her?"

"Don't know," said Jacob, to whom the cow's future looked as dubious as his own.

"Would thee like to sell her?"

"Don't know."

"Will thee take twelve dollars for her?"

"Folks have told me she is worth more than that," replied Jacob.

"How much, then?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars!" repeated Friend David, with a solemn shake of the broad hat-brim. "Thee has been told amiss. I will give thee fifteen dollars for the cow. Will that satisfy thee?"

Jacob answered timidly that he did n't think he ought to sell her for less than twenty-five. Friend David regarded him sternly.

"Thee is beginning young, Jacob!"

"Beginning to—to what?" stammered the boy. He was simply endeavoring in his poor way to hold

the world rightly by the handle, and could not understand how he had merited Friend David's crushing disapprobation.

The Quaker did not throw any light upon the question, but raised his bid to sixteen dollars.

"That is because I would like to encourage thee in well-doing," said David.

Which seemed so kind in him that Jacob was almost made to feel that he would be an ungrateful wretch if he did not accept the offer.

"Sixteen dollars is a great deal of money for a lad like thee! What does thee say to it?"

Jacob hung his head, and, being pressed further, murmured feebly, "I can't—really—take less than—twenty-five."

"Thee is a grasping lad—very grasping!" said Friend David. "I would have been glad to befriend thee, but I find I can do nothing for thee,



"HIS HEART HEAVIER THAN EVER."

thee is so grasping. If I should offer thee twenty dollars, I dare say thee would take it, though thee knows it is too much."

Jacob was a patient fellow; but he had a wit and will of his own, which he would sometimes show when provoked, as his late aunt knew to her sorrow, and as Friend David now discovered. He felt that he was being imposed upon, and looking up and seeing something very much like cunning in the broad face, answered in the Quaker's own language:

"Thee thinks wrong, Friend David. I would not take twenty dollars for the cow if I knew it was too much, and I will not take it because I know as well as thee that it is too little."

Friend David contracted his brows, compressed his lips, gave Jacob a terrible look and his horse a touch with the whip, and drove on without a word.

The future did not look brighter to Jacob after this lesson. It was well to talk of holding the world by the handle, but where everybody was trying to get and keep a hold, would there not be trouble?

Some boys now came along, who had a cat in a basket, and a big dog.

"Hurrah, Jake!" said they. "Come and have some fun."

"What?" said Jacob.

"We're goin' to let the cat loose in Towner's woods and set the dog on her. If she climbs a tree, we'll club her off, and see him shake her."

Jacob was excited by the thought of sport. But then a soft feeling rose in his unmanly breast regarding the cat.

"Oh, I would n't, Joe!" said he.

"Would n't what?" cried Joe, the leader and spokesman of the boys.

"I would n't club and dog the poor thing!" And yet Jacob had half made up his mind to go with them and see the fun, if he could not prevent it.

The rebuke, however, nettled Joe, who cried: "Who asked ye to, anyway? We'll club you if you come!"

"You never'd dare to do that, Joe Berry!"

"You try it! Say three words, and I'll heave a rock at you now!"

So saying, Joe stooped and picked up from the road, not exactly a rock, but a pebble of the size of a walnut, which he threatened to let fly at Jacob's head.

"Three words!—there!" exclaimed Jacob, defiantly.

The stone was flung, but it hit only the rail on which Jacob was sitting. He made a motion to jump down, whereat Joe, who was really a coward, started to run, followed by the other boys and the big dog. A little way off they stopped and began to jeer him and look for stones—"rocks" they called them—by the road-side.

"Jake feels awful big since he had a funeral to his house!" said one.

"Sober, Jake is; guess he's going to study to be a minister," said another.

"He's begun to preach," said Joe. "Here's something for his contribution-box," and he let fly another pebble.

Other stones followed, but all so wide of the mark that Jacob sat quietly on the fence and merely looked his contempt. The allusion to the funeral and his low spirits hurt him worse than the stones could. He thought he had never heard anything

so mean and hateful; and, since his own companions had turned against him in this way, he felt wretched and desolate enough.

The boys continued to throw stones as they slowly retreated, until they were quite out of range; then hurried off with the basket and the dog.

As soon as there was nobody to see him, Jacob gave way to his feelings and cried. He had not got much comfort from anybody who came along yet, and it was a bitter thought that he had missed his only chance of a good time by refusing to join hands with the wicked.

"Why should I care for the cat? Why can't I go and do like other boys who don't care?" he asked himself, almost repenting of the scruples which had gained nothing for himself or the cat, and only earned his companions' ill will.

But now the sight of another person approaching caused him quickly to dry his tears.

"It's Professor Pinkey!" thought Jacob.

## CHAPTER II.

### PROFESSOR ALPHONSE PINKEY.

PROFESSOR Alphonse Pinkey, the dancing-master, was an airy youth, hardly more than twenty years old, in very wide mouse-colored trousers, a light-brown frock-coat buttoned with one button at the waist, and an expansive shirt-front. He wore his black hair in graceful ringlets, and had a mustache and strip of beard which resembled a fanciful letter T. Seeing Jacob, he waved his little cane with a smile, and walked up and shook hands with him.

"I did n't know you were in town," said Jacob.

"I'm not," said the professor. "That is, I'm merely flitting through; a bird of passage. Don't get down; let me get up."

And the bird of passage perched beside Jacob on the fence.

When the professor kept a dancing-school in the village the winter before, Jacob had attended it, and swept the hall for his tuition. The aunt, who was opposed to dancing, had known nothing of this arrangement beyond the fact that Jacob took care of the hall—to which circumstance the professor now made some playful allusion.

Jacob looked sober.

"How is the dear old lady?" cried Alphonse.

"She's dead—I thank you," faltered Jacob.

"Dead! you don't say! Excuse my ill-timed levity. How long since?"

"She has been buried three days."

"How distressing! You lived alone with her, did n't you?"

"Yes,—all alone."

"Well, well! don't feel bad," said the professor,

thinking Jacob was going to choke. "Where do you live now?"

"Here; that is, I stay here and take care of things, but since she died I've slept over there at the neighbor's,—the old house seemed so lonesome!"

"Certainly; I can understand that. But—what are you going to do? What are your prospects?"

"I have n't any," said Jacob.

"What did the—excuse me if I come too abruptly to the sordid business question," said Alphonse,—“what did the old lady do with her property?"

"She had n't much, anyway."

"Was n't the cottage hers?"

"Oh no; she rented it of Mr. Jordan, and paid twenty dollars a year for it. All the money she had saved went to pay the funeral expenses. After she was taken sick, I had to leave the place where I was at work, to take care of her; so I was n't earning anything."

"Then there were the medicines and doctors' bills," suggested Alphonse.

"She was her own doctor, and took her own medicines, till the very last," replied Jacob. "She would n't have had a doctor at all, if it had n't been for the neighbors."

"But—to return to the question of property—she must have left something," Alphonse insisted.

"A little. There's the cow, and the pig, and the things in the house," said Jacob. "She gave everything to me. She was very kind to me toward the last."

"Made you her heir!" exclaimed Alphonse.

"Let's go and see what you've got; have you any objection?"

Jacob was glad to have a friend to talk with. He took the professor over the house and ground, and showed him everything but the cow, which was in the pasture.

"Now," said the professor, as they came round to the wood-shed and sat down on a step, "here you are in possession of a certain amount of personal property, and you want to know the best thing to do with it."

"Exactly," said Jacob.

"With all due respect to your late lamented relative," Alphonse continued, taking a knife from his pocket and picking up a stick, "her household stuff don't amount to much. Throw in the cow and the pig and the chickens, and it is n't a brilliant fortune, Jacob. Still, here's a problem to be considered. Have n't you a jack-knife? Well, find a stick and go to whittling, as I do."

"What for?" inquired Jacob, as he obeyed.

"Don't you see?" replied the airy Alphonse.

"Nothing helps a man to think like a piece of pine

and a knife. Now my thoughts begin to come," he added, throwing off long, curled shavings from his stick. "I perceive three ways open to you for making the most of your inheritance." He paused in his whittling and put up three fingers. "The first is for you to get married, bring a little wife right in here to fill your aunt's place, and go on with the housekeeping on the same humble and inexpensive scale."

"Get married!" laughed Jacob. "Why, I'm only fifteen!"

"I hardly thought you would consider that notion practicable," said Alphonse. "We'll dismiss it for the present," and he closed one of the fingers. "The next thing is for you to underlet the cottage, with your furniture, to some poor but worthy family that will take you to board at a low figure."

"I don't know of any such family," said Jacob.

"Then we will dismiss that notion for the present," and Alphonse closed another finger. "There's only one way left." He held up the last finger and touched it with the end of his stick. "Sell out."

"I've thought of that; but how?" said Jacob.

"An auction. Don't you know how the thing is done? I'll write the posters for you. 'Auction sale of personal property at the late residence of Mrs. Myra Hapgood, deceased. One cow, one pig, two feather beds, one gridiron, three wash-tubs, one arm-chair with rockers and a stuffed back, two floor-rugs made by her own hands, two pine tables, crockery, flat-irons, one broom but little worn, and so forth, and so forth. To be sold unconditionally to the highest bidders. Professor Alphonse Pinkey, auctioneer.' How's that, my boy?"

"It sounds well," said Jacob, laughing. "Are you an auctioneer?"

"I am anything and everything. You have known me as a dancing-master. I am also a music-master, writing-master, fencing-master, and a portrait-painter. I have been a flatboat-man, a clerk in a grocery, and a stage-driver. I never sold goods at auction; but I do not hesitate to say that I can sell goods at auction, if I try."

Jacob did not know that this lively talk would lead to any practical results, but it made him happy.

"Now tell me about yourself," said Alphonse. "By the way, what's the matter with your ear? I've noticed that scar."

"That's where the old sow bit me," said Jacob.

"Is n't that a rather remarkable place for an old sow to bite?" inquired the professor. "How did it happen?"

"You see," said Jacob, "I was puny when I was a little feller, and my aunt had her own notions of

doctoring me. She used to think there was *varlew* in the ground to cure all diseases; you could get it out of herbs by steeping them, or you could get it out of the ground itself. So she used to bury me in the warm earth of the garden, all but my head, and leave me there sometimes for half a day at a time. It kept me out of mischief, for one thing; I could n't stir hand or foot after she left me. One day, after she had buried me, she went to the neighbor's for something, and a peddler came, and was scared when I hollered to him out of the ground, and went out and left the gate open. Then an old sow with a litter of nine pigs walked in. She went rooting around, and finally came up grunting to me, with her mouth open, and all her little pigs squealing at her heels. I screamed. That only excited her. She came close up to me, snorting and showing her tusks, and I believe was actually going to eat me, when Aunt Myra came rushing into the gate with a club. She had actually begun at my ear."

"Lucky she did n't begin at your nose!" said Alphonse. "If I were in your place, I should wear my hair long, to cover that scar."

"I shall, now I'm my own master. She always kept my hair cut short; I don't know why, unless it was because it took less time to comb it. She never buried me up in the ground after that. I remember how frightened I was; I can see the old sow's tusks to this day. Her mouth looked as large as a fire-place, and the eye that was turned toward me was as big as a tea-cup."

"Have you any other relatives?" Alphonse inquired.

"No very near ones; only an uncle. But he and my aunt did n't agree very well, and I don't think she ever heard much of him of late years."

"Where does he live?"

"He's some kind of a merchant in Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati!" echoed Alphonse, interested.

"What's his name?"

"Higglestone," said Jacob.

"You don't say!" cried Alphonse, rising to his feet and standing before Jacob, poising knife and stick. "Your aunt has n't done much for you, but you've a fortune in your uncle."

Jacob wondered how that could be.

"Don't you see?" said Alphonse, whittling fast again. "Higglestone & West are dealers in hardware in the lower town; one of the richest firms in the city; and your uncle is well known as a public-spirited, liberal sort of man."

"Aunt Myra used to call him close-fisted and grouty."

"Your aunt was prejudiced. Uncle Higglestone is the mine you are to work, my boy." The professor's fancies flew like his shavings. He rattled away.

"Here's the programme for you. Auction sale—convert everything into cash. Then—Ho for Cincinnati! I'm on my way there now, and I'll take you along with me and introduce you to your uncle. You never had any quarrel with him, did you?"

"I never even saw him."

"So much the better. He'll be astonished to find he has such a fine, promising young fellow for a nephew. I see the excellent old gentleman before me now. I say, 'Your long-lost nephew, sir!' He exclaims, 'Is it possible—my poor sister's orphan child!' He welcomes you with open arms. He sheds tears at the recollection of your mother, but turns to you with smiles of pride and affection. A career is open to you at once. Don't you see?"—and the professor laughed as he whittled.

"I believe I will write to him," said Jacob, pleased with the picture drawn from his friend's vivid imagination.

"Why write? If you wait for an answer, you will be too late to make the journey with me. Better take the old gentleman by surprise."

"But suppose it should n't be so pleasant a surprise to him," suggested the modest Jacob.

"That is n't a supposable case. But, even if he should not welcome you, what of that? You are in Cincinnati. It is a great city—a great business center. I have hosts of friends there. We shall easily find something for you to do, which will be far better than trying to get a living in this miserable little country town."

"When are you going?" Jacob asked, with kindling looks.

"I was going right on to-morrow. But I know your uncle will thank me if I wait to help you settle up your affairs and take you with me. Let's see—to-day is Wednesday. We'll have the auction on Saturday. Take the stage on Monday. Steamboat Tuesday—'floating down the river on the O-hi-o!' " sang Alphonse. "Cincinnati—when we get there. A delightful trip this season of the year. There you are!"

So saying, he threw away his stick and shut his pocket-knife, as if the matter were settled.

"I'll think of it to-night," began Jacob.

"Think of it? Why, we *have* thought of it. There's nothing more to be said. We might whittle and talk for a month of Sundays, and nothing better would come of it. My valise and violin are at the hotel. Let me see."

Alphonse hesitated, and seemed about to resort to his knife and stick again.

"You'll be there to-night?" said Jacob.

"I was thinking. You would n't object to sleeping in the old house if I should come over and stay with you? Of course not," the professor went on.



"We shall want to be together for consultation. So I'll have my traps sent over. What have you got for supper?"

"Plenty of milk, and johnny-cake of my own making, and I can bake a few potatoes; it'll do for me, but it's nothing to invite *you* to."

"Nothing could suit me better, my dear Jacob! I'm vastly fond of johnny-cake and milk—so simple, so novel! And baked potatoes—how charming! Go and help me bring over my traps, and we are all right."

Alphonse gayly whirled about on one foot, and snapped his thumb and finger in the air.

Jacob could not help feeling some vague misgivings as to the lively professor and his programme. He got up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wished to give the matter a little consideration. Whittle as he would, he could not think so fast as Alphonse.

"Perhaps you would n't like to have me come and stop with you," said Pinkey.

"Oh, that is n't it,—yes, I would,—but it's so sudden!" replied Jacob.

He was indeed delighted, after his lonely hours and small comfort from old acquaintances, to have a companion whose condescension was so flattering and whose talk so cheering. And he felt that he ought to do all he could for one who proposed to do so much for him.

"Everything happens sudden with me—that's the sort of fellow I am," cried Alphonse, patting him on the shoulder. "Come along!"

And they started for the tavern.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CARRYING OUT THE PROGRAMME.

PROFESSOR PINKEY did not care to have Jacob hear his talk with the landlord, so he told him to stop at the porch while he went into the bar-room. The truth is, the professor's credit was not good at the inn, and he had been requested, when he applied for a room there that afternoon, to pay something in advance.

"Oh, certainly!" he had said. "A rather singular request to make of a gentleman, but it's the same thing to me. I'm going out now to collect some outstanding bills due from two or three of my last winter's pupils. I'll leave my traps here till I come back; then I'll pay what you wish."

As he had not succeeded in collecting any money, perhaps it would not have been convenient for him to advance any to the landlord. But he was not the man to say just that.

"Sorry I sha' n't have the pleasure of stopping with you, my good friend," he cried, familiarly, on

his return, striking the landlord on the back. "Fact is, I've received such pressing invitations to visit the families of some of my pupils—I've had to accept one or two of them—and I've come for my traps."

"Very well," said the landlord, passing out a light valise and a violin-case from behind the counter. He held on to them, however, as he added with a grim smile, "I don't care for your present or future custom; but I should like, before we part, professor, to have you pay me a small sum due for your board here last winter."

"Certainly. I'll call before I leave town and make it all right. When my pupils don't pay me, I am sometimes obliged to ask for favors. How is your lovely daughter? She was one of my most interesting and promising pupils; if I could always have such young ladies to teach, and men of honor like you to deal with, my profession would be delightful."

With which little stroke of flattery, and an exquisite bow and smile, the dancing-master withdrew his "traps" from the landlord's yielding hands, and walked gayly out of the tavern. On the porch, he gave the valise to Jacob, and carrying the violin himself, triumphantly retreated; the landlord gazing after him with a puzzled and rather rueful look.

"Do you believe he'll ever pay?" asked the bar-tender.

"I don't know," muttered the landlord. "I meant to hold on to his traps; but somehow he got them out of my hands 'fore I knew it. He's certainly one of the politest men I ever saw; you can't resist him!"

The dancing-master made things lively for Jacob that evening. After supper he wrote, in a bold and ornate hand, notices of the auction, to be posted at the post-office and store and on the town pump the next day. Then he got a lath and the fire-poker, and insisted on giving Jacob a lesson in fencing. Then he played tunes on his violin, and danced, and sang, and shouted, until the old house shook and rang, and it seemed to Jacob that his aunt might at any moment appear, and with a terrible look demand, "What's all this noise?"

She never would have allowed any such carrying-on there while she lived; and it would have troubled him, even if the shadow of death had not still hung over the house and damped his merriment. Of course Alphonse had no such feeling as to the old lady and the recent funeral, and Jacob excused him.

The next day Pinkey put up the written notices, and also took the precaution to go about and talk of Jacob's plans and prospects with the neighbors. He relied, not without reason, upon his own glib tongue to smooth away any objections on the part

of the boy's friends or the town authorities, and to interest people in the auction sale.

Saturday afternoon arrived, and with it a goodly crowd of men, women, girls and boys. A few came out of good-will to Jacob, but more to gratify their curiosity and to see the fun.

Everything was in readiness. Professor Pinkey had provided himself with a hammer, which he struck upon the head of an overturned barrel in the kitchen, to call the company to order, after some time had been spent in looking about the premises; and opened the sale with the following eloquent address :

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with feelings of profound emotion that I step up to wield the hammer upon this peculiar, I may say this affecting occasion. Who can contemplate the home of an aged widow, the humble board where she has partaken of her solitary meals, the flat-iron she has used to smooth the ruffles of her faultless cap, the pillow where she has suffered, the bedside where she has prayed, without the tribute of a tear?"

Here Alphonse actually shook out his handkerchief, and used it. Strange to say, there was a glistening moisture in his eyes, and a tremor in his voice. Jacob felt his own eyes fill; and he could not help wondering if he were really listening to the same man who had so lately made the old house shake with reckless merriment.

"This is the scene," Alphonse went on, "of her life-long, silent sorrow, her pious hopes, her anxious cares. In this rocking-chair she has sat and knit, and lived over the past, and" (he gave an ardent upward glance which would have become a divinity student) "contemplated a heavenly future. In that kettle, she steeped the herbs and brewed the drink that alleviated pain. In yonder skillet, she turned her frugal flapjacks for more than twenty years. It is good for at least twenty years more. Everything shows evidence of the most careful usage. Those blue-rimmed cups and saucers, out of which she imbibed the solace of the aged and afflicted during all the years of her widowhood, are as good as new. Purchasers can bid with perfect confidence, knowing that in every sale they will get their money's worth. For, ladies and gentlemen, sacred as these relics are, they must be sold. We have a duty not only to the dead, but to the living."

Here all eyes, following the auctioneer's, turned upon the blushing Jacob.

"The widow prized her home and her household goods," said Pinkey; "but there was one thing she prized still more. That was her nephew. He was the idol of her heart. She showed her tenderness for him, and her appreciation of his worth, by giving him everything, in the presence of witnesses, before she died. She said to him then, almost with

her parting breath, 'Sell!' If she could rise from the tomb and put in an appearance now, she would murmur 'Sell!' Ladies and gentlemen, we shall proceed to sell accordingly. I hope you will all do your duty to the widow and orphan, as I am trying, in a humble way, to do mine. I have postponed a journey of great importance, and am now giving my time and services without remuneration (I should scorn to touch a cent of the orphan's money!) in order to settle up his affairs and give him a start in life. The terms of this sale, ladies and gentlemen, will be cash and immediate delivery. We shall now proceed."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE AUCTION SALE.

AT the close of his speech, Alphonse wiped his forehead, thumped the barrel-head, and ordered Jacob to hold up the rocking-chair.

"We shall begin, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "with the old lady's easy-chair—her arm-chair. 'I love it! I love it! And who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm-chair?' What am I offered? Remember all the sacred associations connected with a chair like that, and give me a bid, somebody."

"Twenty-five cents," squeaked out an old lady, turning the chair around, as Jacob held it up, and scrutinizing it through her glasses.

"Twenty-five cents I am offered. Twenty-five cents for a chair well worth two dollars. Ladies and gentlemen, look at it! Why, the cushion alone is worth more than the price bid for the whole. Twenty-five, twenty-five. Don't let me insult the memory of the dead by knocking down her fine old arm-chair at that ridiculously low figure. Going at twenty-five! Who will give me fifty?"

"I'll give thirty," said a young woman with a baby in her arms.

"Thirty I am offered. Thirty thirty thirty —"

"Thirty-five!" cried the first bidder.

"Thirty-five! You will give more than that, I know," said Alphonse to the younger woman, with a persuasive smile. "What a chair that will be to rock your baby in! Forty I am offered. Fifty! Fiftyfiftyfiftyfiftyfifty! Halfadollarhalfadollar halfadollar! Going at half—a-dollar. Shall I have any more? Half a dollar—one!" Pinkey swung his hammer. "Going—at half a dollar;" he glanced his eye about the company, and crooked his forefinger into an interrogation point at the previous bidders. "Give me fifty-five?"

Somebody nodded.

"Fifty-five I am offered; fiftyfiftyfiftyfifty-five!—going at fifty-five! Sixty! Sixtysixtysixty-



sixty sixty!"—it is impossible to imitate the rapidity with which Pinkey repeated these words—"going at sixty cents! Will the benevolent-looking lady there in the checkered shawl say seventy? Thank you, madam. Seventy—seventy—going at seventy cents—one! Going—going—going at seventy cents—two! Shall I have any more? Going—going—and gone, at seventy cents, to the benevolent-looking old lady in the checkered shawl!" And Alphonse thumped the barrel head.

want the best-known and most influential citizen I can find to do this for him, and give character to the proceedings; and you, Mr. Jaffers, are that man."

And so it happened that the deacon, instead of preventing the auction, was present with his notebook, and took the money.

Alphonse now went rapidly through the house, selling everything he could get a bid for, and finally putting up in one lot everything that had been left over. This lot consisted of an old dye-tub, an



THE AUCTION SALE.

The old lady smilingly took out her pocket-book, and offered to pay Pinkey on the spot. He gracefully waved her off.

"I have absolutely declined to touch in any way a cent of the money proceeding from this sale. Mr. Jaffers—well-known to the community as Deacon Jaffers—has kindly consented to receive money for our young friend, and see to the delivery of the articles. Am I right, Mr. Jaffers?"

The deacon nodded assent. That worthy man had been seriously inclined to oppose the scheme of the auction, on moral and legal grounds, until Alphonse had won his confidence by asking him to act as treasurer at the sale. "For Jacob's sake," Pinkey had said to him in his charming way; "I

empty molasses-jug, a vinegar-cask (half full of "mother"), a rag-bag, some bundles of dried herbs, some medicine-bottles, a wood-box, chairs with broken legs, baskets without handles, and other odds and ends. This extraordinary heap excited a good deal of merriment, which Alphonse took advantage of to run up the bids; and was finally knocked down for a dollar and ninety cents.

"We will now proceed to the most important sale of all—that of the widow's cow," said Alphonse; and as he led the way to the shed, he was pleased to see a broad-faced man waiting there, under a broad-brimmed hat. Jacob had told him that he thought David would be on hand to bid for the cow.

Fortunately, others who knew the value of the animal were there too; and the bids rose at once to twenty dollars.

"Twenty dollars!" said Alphonse, mounted upon a milking-stool and flourishing his hammer. "Only twenty dollars for a cow like that! Milk rich as cream, twenty-one quarts a day—not quite a dollar a quart! Who will give me twenty-one!"

He looked at Friend David, who had not yet offered to bid. Friend David winked.

"Twenty-one I am offered! Twentyonetwentyonetwentyonetwentyone—going at——"

"Twenty-two," said Deacon Jaffers.

"Only twenty-two!" exclaimed Alphonse. "Why, gentlemen, you are not going to stand by and see a valuable cow sacrificed, I am sure! Gentle as a lamb—never known to kick or hold up the milk. What is it, Jacob?"

"I wanted to tell you," said Jacob, who had been trying for a minute or two to get in a word, "that you are mistaken about the amount of milk she gives. She *has* given twenty-one quarts; but that was earlier in the season. Now she only gives nine."

Alphonse was not a man to be abashed by the interruption.

"Thank you!" he cried; "I am happy to be corrected. This sale is 'pon honor, and I desire to cut all my statements by the exact pattern of the facts. But I am sure, gentlemen, you will not let the boy suffer for his honesty. I understood him to say twenty-one quarts; and it appears that it *was* twenty-one quarts all through the early part of the season. It would be an unheard-of cow that could give twenty-one quarts of rich milk the year round. And I am offered only twenty-two dollars. Twentytwotwentytwotwentytwo! Shall I have twenty-three?"

Friend David winked again.

"Twenty-three! Going now at——"

"Twenty-four," said Deacon Jaffers.

"Twentyfourtwentyfourtwentyfour! Give me another dollar?" cried Alphonse, leaning over affectionately at Friend David. "Give me a half?"

Another wink from the Quaker.

"Half I am offered! Twentyfournaftwentyfournaftwentyfournaf!—twenty-four dollars and fifty cents. Did I understand you to bid twenty-five, Mr. Jaffers?"

The deacon had not bid twenty-five; but he nodded.

"Going now at twenty-five dollars—and a half!" added Alphonse. Jacob looked on with breathless interest. "Twenty-six?"—the auctioneer crooked his finger at Jaffers. "Twentysixtwentysixtwentysixtwentysix—and a half I am offered. Twenty-sixnaftwentysixnaftwentysixnaf! Will somebody

say seven? Going at twenty-six dollars and a half—one! Am I to have any more? Your last chance, gentlemen! Two! Going—going—and gone, at twenty-six dollars and a half, to our worthy friend here in the broad-brimmed hat!"—and Alphonse struck a beam with his hammer.

Friend David smiled with satisfaction. But he was n't half so tickled as Jacob was, who thought it a capital joke that the Quaker had come to the sale and there paid more than the first price asked for the cow.

"Seems I was n't so very grasping, after all!" he said to himself.

The pig and chickens were next sold. Then the garden crops, consisting chiefly of a few rows of corn and potatoes.

Then the auctioneer put up his hammer, and the sale was closed. It had been a brilliant success, and as people went away, many carrying their purchases with them, they might have been heard praising Professor Pinkey.

"What a beautiful man!" said the old ladies.

"Smart, I tell ye!" said the men.

"Aint he nice, though!" was the comment of the admiring girls.

Jacob was almost forgotten; and he was quite contented to be overlooked. Alphonse had inspired in him unbounded confidence and gratitude, and he gloried in his friend's popularity. He had also other cause for satisfaction.

When all was over, Deacon Jaffers reckoned up the proceeds of the sale, which amounted to the handsome sum of eighty-seven dollars.

"Better keep it for ye, had n't I?" said the good man, thinking there was danger of Jacob's losing it.

"A very kind and sensible suggestion," Alphonse answered for the lad. "I am sure, Jacob, your money cannot be in better hands. However, I suppose, if you go to find your uncle in Cincinnati, it will be as well for you to take it with you; indeed, you'll want some of it for the journey. If you go with me, I'll take care that you don't lose it. I always, when traveling," said the professor, turning to Jaffers, "carry large sums"—he spoke as if large sums were very common with him—"in a belt about my person; and I shall advise him to do the same."

"A good idee," said the deacon. "Have a belt. Jacob, as the professor says; and put all the money into it you don't want to use for your daily expenses. Have ye re'ly made up your mind to go and find your uncle?"

Jacob had concluded that it was the best thing he could do.

"Wal, wal; I've talked with the professor, and I don't know but 't is. I suppose, then, I'd better

give ye the money,—though it seems a good deal for a boy like you to have. I only hope you'll make a wise use on't."

And Jaffers put the money into Jacob's hands.

Wonder and pleasure sparkled in the boy's eyes;

it seemed to him a small fortune. And it added not a little to his triumphs to know that Joe Berry and the other boys with whom he had lately quarreled were standing by, regarding him with admiration and envy.

*(To be continued.)*

## A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MRS. HATTIE S. RUSSELL.

THE oak is a strong and stalwart tree,  
And it lifts its branches up,  
And catches the dew right gallantly  
In many a dainty cup.  
And the world is brighter, and better made,  
Because of the woodman's stroke,  
Descending in sun, or falling in shade,  
On the sturdy form of the oak.  
But stronger, I ween, in apparel green,  
And trappings so fair to see;  
With its precious freight, for small and great,  
Is the beautiful Christmas-tree.

The elm is a kind and goodly tree,  
With its branches bending low;  
The heart is glad when its form we see,  
As we list to the river's flow.  
Ay! the heart is glad, and the pulses bound,  
And joy illumines the face,  
Whenever a goodly elm is found,  
Because of its beauty and grace.  
But kinder, I ween, more goodly in mien,  
With branches more drooping and free,  
The tints of whose leaves, fidelity weaves,  
Is the beautiful Christmas-tree.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,  
And claimeth our love anew,  
When the days are listless, and quiet, and long,  
And the world is fair to view.  
And later,—as beauties and graces unfold,—  
A monarch right regally drest,  
With streamers aflame, and pennons of gold,  
It seemeth of all the best.  
More lissome, I ween, the brightness and sheen,  
And the coloring, sunny and free,  
And the banners soft, that are held aloft,  
By the beautiful Christmas-tree.

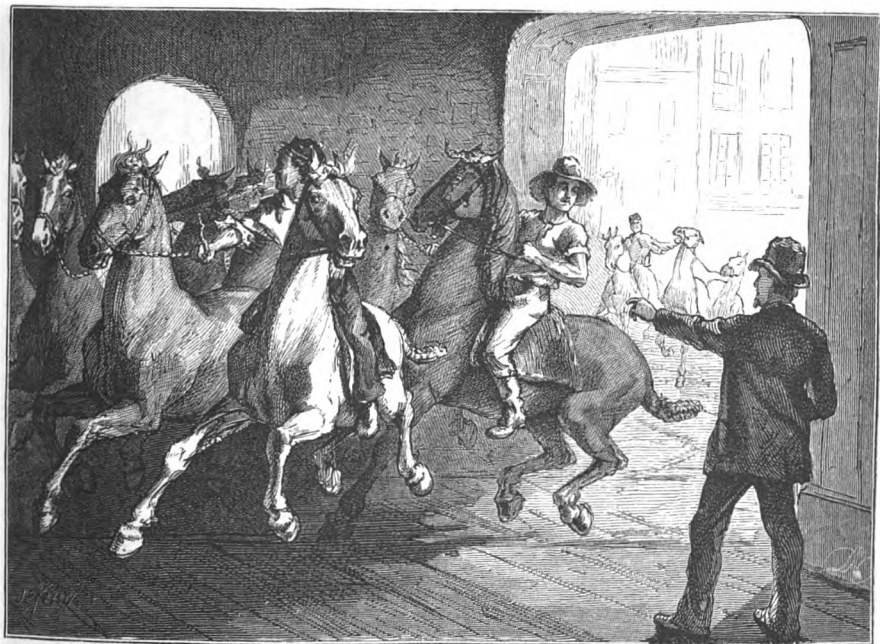
## THE HORSE HOTEL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

### THE GUESTS.

THE guests at this hotel are horses; red horses and white; fiery racers from the prairies of Illinois, and solemn dobbies from quiet farms in West Virginia. They come in squads of twenty and thirty, all the way from Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and

sort of thing, or they find the stairs uncomfortable, and ask if the elevator is running, and otherwise exhibit a lofty spirit unbecoming in sensible horses. Or, worse still, perhaps they are quarrelsome and bite and kick their neighbors, or display other varieties of ill manners. Certainly, such silly creatures



THE ARRIVALS.

Pennsylvania, in the cars to New York. Then they go to a great stable on Second avenue, there to wait till they recover from the effects of their ride; and then they are invited to visit the great Horse Hotel on Third avenue, to see if they are fit company for the honorable residents of this palace for horses. Here are some of the guests just entering at the front door of the hotel and making the acquaintance of the manager. Perhaps when they arrive they do not take kindly to their private apartments, or they object to the bill of fare, or they express a dislike for the style of work they must do there. Perhaps they wish a private table and that

are not entitled to a residence in the Horse Hotel, and the housekeeper soon sends them away to some poorer horse residence, where they never will find half the luxuries and comforts of this popular house.

The good horses—those sensible ones who know what is good for a horse—stay in the hotel; and if they could tell what they think about it, doubtless there would be a mass meeting of the guests, with a vote of thanks to the managers, or at least a committee of three to wait on the housekeeper and chief cook, with an appropriate set of resolutions expressive of appreciation of their "kindness and

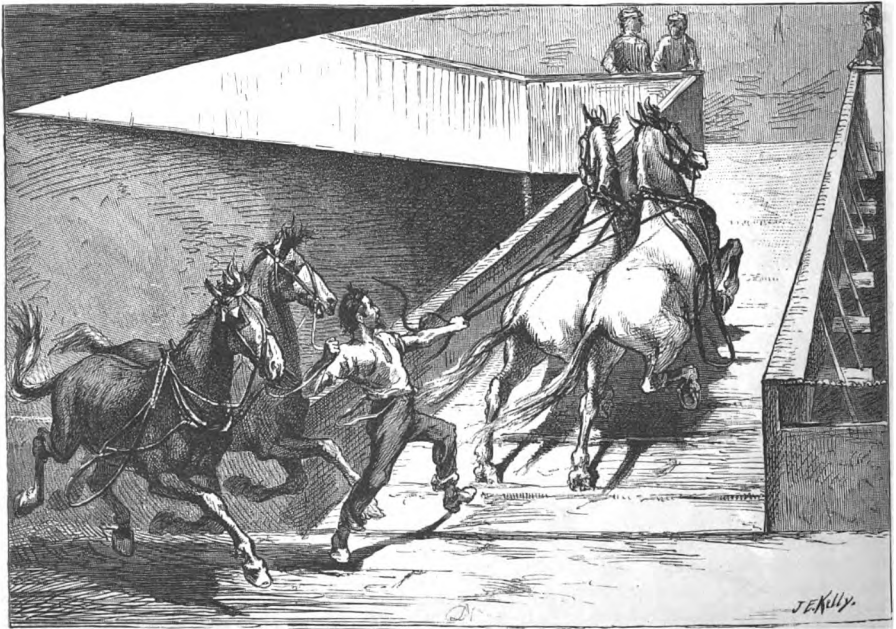
attention," and full of words like "elegant apartments," "choice viands," "politeness," "urbanity," etc., etc., etc.

### THE HOTEL.

There are several large horse residences in New York. They each have beds for hundreds of horses, and the dining-tables are a hundred times larger than those of the "Fifth Avenue" and "Windsor" put together. The Horse Hotel, the largest one of all, is on Third avenue, between Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth streets. It is one vast iron building, six

assistants. Altogether, the hotel is unsurpassed for horse-luxury and elegance.

The guests destined to patronize the Horse Hotel come cantering up Third avenue in small companies, and with their heads loosely tied together to keep them from running away (they are strangers in the city, and are apt to be frightened at the noise and confusion of the streets), and a man rides on one, and leads the rest to show them the way to the house. When they reach Sixty-fifth street, they pause before a great iron building with eight doors, each as big as a barn-door, in the



GOING UPSTAIRS TO BED.

hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and covers an entire block. It is three stories high, with a basement, and two thousand horses belonging to the Third Avenue Railroad Company reside there in a style of splendor and luxury quite unknown to horses who have never traveled from their native farms. There are waiting and reception rooms, nice quarters for horses who happen to have a cold or a headache; there is a fine hospital for those who are very sick; there is a house surgeon and shoe-maker, to say nothing of a cobbler to put on new heels or otherwise repair their shoes; and there is a housekeeper and a whole army of waiters and chamber-maids; also, a chief cook, with a dozen

front, and a fine portico in the middle. This is the Horse Hotel. One would think so, for there are dozens of fat and hearty fellows standing about the door, just exactly as men stand about the "Fifth Avenue" entrance, except that the horses do not smoke or pick their teeth in public—of course not; it is against the rules of the house. Then the manager appears, and politely invites them in, and they march through one of the great doors and enter the reception-room on the first floor. This room is a vast place, ten times as big as the largest meeting-house you ever saw. There are tracks all over the brick floor, and scores of horse-cars are coming in and going out all the time. There are horses

everywhere, some just coming in, others going out, and some standing patiently waiting for their turn to go to work. There is a great well, or open space, in the middle of the room, and here the guests can look up and down and see the whole height of the house. The place is cool and quiet, and the guests are glad to rest a moment from the glare and noise of the street. Presently the manager calls some of the waiters, and each horse is invited to go down-stairs and see the barber and shoe-maker, and to have a wash-up after the journey and get ready for dinner. Going up or down stairs is not particularly distressing. The stairs are wide and easy, and of course very properly carpeted with a choice pattern of hay-seed tapestry, thick and soft. In fact, the stairs in this house are so easy and comfortable, that even a strange horse that never walked up or down a pair of stairs in his life, thinks it only a superior kind of hill-side, very much like those on the old farm.

#### THE DRESSING-ROOMS.

When the new guests reach the bottom of the stairs, they find themselves in the queerest place imaginable. A vast room full of horses—rows and rows of horses, as far as you can see. The new horses think there must be horses to the right of them, horses to the left of them, and horses before and behind. Twelve hundred horses, all in one great room together. However, the new-comers have not much time to look about, for the waiters invite them to have their shoes taken off. This done, their feet are washed and dressed, and their coats are cleaned and brushed, and then they are marched off to get a new pair of shoes. After this they are taken through the long halls, and shown to their rooms. A light lunch is all ready, and when the guest has eaten it and taken a drink of water, he has a chance to look about and see what sort of company he is in.

When one goes to a hotel, one expects to receive proper attention; so at the Horse Hotel there are plenty of servants, but the queer thing about it is, that all the "maids" are men. Here is a picture of one of the pretty chamber-maids, and you cannot fail to admire the charming style in which she

puts up her back hair and the dainty gaiters she wears on her delicate feet. Every horse has a chamber-maid to wait on him, to make up his bed, to sweep out his room, and to set the table and brush his coat, and attend to all the other little horse-comforts. And excellent servants they are, for the guests look as nice and clean as possible. The coats are as glossy as silk, and every table has clean plates three times a day. Besides this, every horse can have a napkin if he asks for it politely.



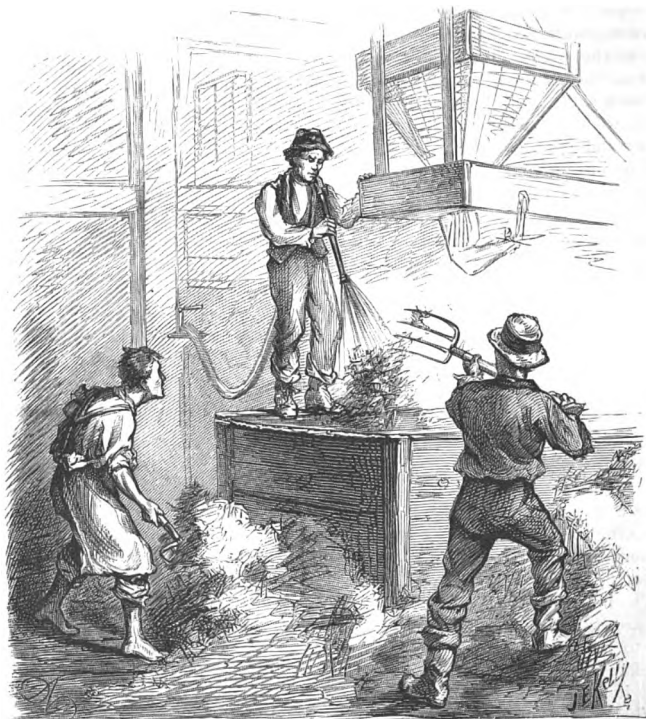
THE CHAMBER-MAID.

#### THE CHAMBERS.

There are three sets of chambers in the Horse Hotel. One lot of over twelve hundred in the basement, and two more of over eight hundred in the third story. Those upstairs are divided into two sets. One is occupied by the horses that work in the night, and as these fellows sleep in the daytime, they have a separate place all by themselves, where the others will not disturb them by tramping

about in the corridors. The stalls or chambers are placed side by side in long rows the whole length of the great halls, and each horse stands facing another in the next row. The sides of each stall

winter, he has the best of care and all the luxuries any reasonable horse can expect. The new-comer may also amuse himself in looking about at the horses that are coming and going all the time, or



PREPARING DINNER.

are low, and the new-comer has a good chance to see what is going on. There is a broad aisle between every double row of stalls, and plenty of room for the horses to find their way about, or up and down the broad sloping stair-ways. Every set of stalls is numbered, and they do say that an old resident, if let loose in the hotel, could find his way to his own room without once asking the attendants to show him the way. Besides, all the horses belonging to one car are together, and they soon learn to know each other, and particularly the other horse in the same span. If the horse has a room in the basement, his stall is one of a short row running across the building. If he is upstairs, the rows run the other way; but in either case, there is plenty of light, and the air is sweet and comfortable, and free from bad draughts from the open windows. In the winter, every horse has a good blanket; but in summer, he does not need it; and in summer or

he may look out the window over the housetops, or make friends with the sparrows. These fat and lively birds are everywhere, upstairs and down. They sit on the tops of the stalls, and fly up and down stairs, and visit all the rooms just as they please. They even help themselves to the horses' dinner, without once asking leave, and fill the whole hotel with the sound of their twittering, and no doubt the horses find a good deal of fun in watching them.

#### BREAKFAST, DINNER AND TEA.

The first week the country horse spends in the hotel, he tries the bill of fare to see if it agrees with him. It is a bountiful table, and the corn-steaks, the oat-puddings, and hay-dessert, are prime. Besides this, there are tip-top gravies of salt water, and harmless coffee of pure Croton. Twenty-seven pounds of oats, hay, and corn, ground and



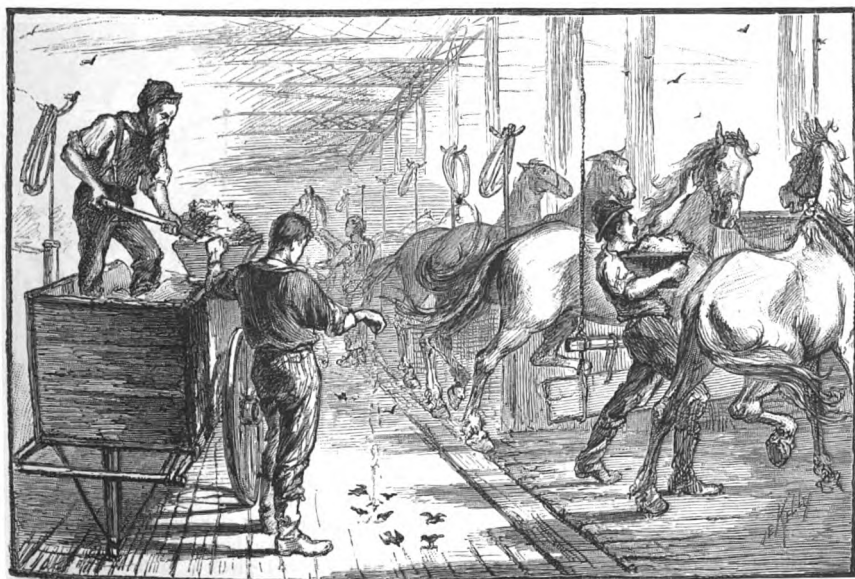
mixed, for every horse every day, and equally divided into three meals. The new guest thinks the fare excellent, and is mightily pleased with his good fortune, and eats it all up every time with a good relish. Of course he must go out for exercise every day, and for the first month he makes one trip with the cars to the Post-Office and back each day. After that, when he is well accustomed to the luxurious fare at his hotel, he makes two trips a day, and that makes his day's work,—all that is expected of him. If we visited the Horse Hotel at supper-time, we would see men dragging great hand-carts through the aisles between the rows of stalls, and giving each horse in turn his share, just as in this picture.

Everywhere the utmost neatness and care, everywhere the utmost attention, so that every member of the four-footed company be made perfectly comfortable. In one place horses are coming in from their work, warm and perspiring, and the waiters rub them down, and lead them to their places, but give

Everywhere hither and thither fly the sparrows, up and down stairs and over the horses' heads, and following the supper-carts about, to pick up a grain or two, as if they were the guests and the great house had been erected for their especial accommodation.

#### THE KITCHEN.

Down-stairs, in a place safe from fire, is the kitchen, where the dinners for the two thousand guests are prepared. In one room is a steam-engine turning swiftly all day, that the mills may grind the tons of corn and oats that are needed. In another room are great wooden tubs, where the corn and oats and cut hay are mixed together. The tubs are as clean as good boards and plenty of scrubbing can make them, and the horse-cooks scatter salt in them, and then pour in the good things and stir them all together till a great pudding is made, and then the waiters come with their trays-on-wheels and take it away to the hungry company up and down stairs. The picture on the



DINNER-TIME.

them nothing to drink till they are cooled off and are perfectly rested and at ease; then they in turn have their supper. Other horses that have had an early supper are going out for a trip down town, and they look fat and hearty, as if on the whole they found the hotel comfortable and life reasonably agreeable.

opposite page shows how the cooks prepare the second course that follows the soup, and the one on this page represents the waiters attending the table. Every day the cooks must prepare breakfast, dinner and supper for two thousand horses, and a great mountain of food it makes—more hay and oats than two horses could drag in a hay-cart,



and more than enough to keep all the horses in some country villages for a whole year.

#### THE HOSPITAL.

Horses, like men, sometimes have their ill turns and fits of sickness; and the curious part of this is, that they take cold, and have sore throats and the rheumatism, and everything else that men are liable to have if they do not take care of themselves. So there is a doctor constantly on hand to look after the company, and to give them their pills and powders. The first sign that a car-horse exhibits of sickness is a slight lameness when at work. Do you think they whip him up and make him go

gone, the doctor's man dresses the patient's feet and wipes them dry, and the horse feels a hundred times better, and thinks he could try that long tramp down town again without misgivings. The shoe-maker puts on new shoes, and the convalescent goes to his own room for a good supper and a night's rest, and to-morrow he will be all right again.

Another horse may decline his dinner, or refuse to rise early in the morning, or come home at night and droop his head and leave his supper untouched, and then the chamber-maids say the poor thing is really sick, and that the doctor must be called. The doctor comes and examines the



GIVING MEDICINE TO A REFRACTORY HORSE.

faster? No; they take him right to the hotel, and call the doctor. The medical man looks wise, feels of the poor fellow's feet, and says he is feverish and must have a warm bath. So the doctor's assistant takes off the patient's shoes, and leads him to the hospital for lame horses. This is a cool and shady room in the basement, and filled with comfortable stalls, and each having a big tub of warm water. Here the lame horse with fever in his feet has a foot-bath of warm water and hay-seed. He has tramped many a weary mile over the stones of Third avenue, and the bath is grateful and comforting, and he holds his feet in it with resignation and patience, as if he felt sure that the wise doctor knew what was best. Then, after the fever has

patient, and in a few moments he knows what is the trouble, and the horse is led away down-stairs and out into the yard to another part of the hotel, to the hospital for sick horses. Here he has a double bed given him, and the doctor writes a prescription and gives it to the nurse, and the medicine is prepared in a little apothecary shop attached to the hospital. Now, horses do not like medicines, and big doses are their particular dislike; so the wise doctor is a homeopathist, and administers his medicines in pills and powders that do not taste badly at all, and the horse takes them without knowing it. Sometimes a sick horse, like a sick boy, gets nervous and behaves in ways that are not nice, and then the nurse has to hold his

head while the doctor gives him his medicine in a syringe. In this quiet and comfortable hospital, far away from all the noise of the street and the excitement of the hotel life, the sick horses soon recover, and then they go back to their work again; or if they are old and nearly worn out, they are placed in stalls by themselves, and offered for sale to any one who cares to buy them. They are not wholly worn out, and on a farm and at light work,

give one a better idea of the horse's brains, and show that he is often almost human in his feelings and instincts. Nearly all of the two thousand horses gathered here display a docile and amiable spirit, and actually seem interested in their work. They take the greatest interest in all that is going on in the hotel, and when it comes to real downright work in the traces, they certainly act as if they had consciences, as if they were proud and willing



A FOOT-BATH.

and with an occasional taste of green grass, they might live for years; so the farmers buy these old horses, and take them away to the country to spend the rest of their days in peace, far from noisy Third avenue and the wearisome jangle of the car-bells.

Some boys and girls fancy a horse a stupid creature, without an idea above oats. A walk through this vast building, with its hundreds of horses in rows beyond rows, with its great variety of animals from every part of the Union, will soon

to work, and wished to show that they appreciated the attention and kindness that were bestowed upon them. They sometimes quarrel among themselves, and display a curious jealousy of new-comers; but they rarely attempt to kick the waiters or bite the chamber-maids. Of course, they have to work, and to work hard; but they find in their great Horse Hotel every comfort in sickness or health, plenty to eat and drink, and the sparrows for company.

## THE FLOCK OF DOVES.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE world was like a wilderness  
Of soft and downy snow;  
The trees were plumed with feathery flakes,  
And the ground was white below.

Came the little mother out to the gate  
To watch for her children three;  
Her hood was red as a poppy-flower,  
And rosy and young was she.

And then she hid by the pine-tree tall,  
For the children's tones rang sweet,  
As home from school, through the drifts so light,  
They sped with merry feet.

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie! See the fence  
Alive with doves so white!"  
"Oh, hush! don't frighten them away!"  
They whisper with delight.



THE SNOW DOVES.

She took the snow in her cunning hands,  
As waiting she stood alone,  
And lo! in a moment, beneath her touch,  
A fair white dove had grown.

A flock she wrought, and on the fence  
Set them in bright array,  
With folded wings, or pinions spread,  
Ready to fly away.

They crept so soft, they crept so still,  
The wondrous sight to see!  
The little mother pushed the gate,  
And laughed out joyfully.

She clasped them close, she kissed their cheeks,  
And lips so sweet and red.  
"The birds are only made of snow!"  
"You are my doves," she said.

## THE BOYS OF MY BOYHOOD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE conductor of ST. NICHOLAS has asked me for a talk with the boys who read this magazine. If she had not at the same time suggested a subject, I am pretty sure that I should not have complied with the request; but when she mentioned "The Boys of My Boyhood," there was something in the words which carried my mind back to the early years of my life, and made me think that I might be able to hold the attention of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS for a little while in discoursing of those who began life with me.

The boys of the generation to which I belonged—that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this—were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and, certainly, never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

The other boys in that part of the country, my school-mates and play-fellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane that hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow felled with a feather from his own wing; in other

words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation.

It has never been quite clear to me why the birch was chosen above all other trees of the wood to yield its twigs for this purpose. The beech of our forests produces sprays as slender, as flexible, and as tough; and farmers, wherever the beech is common, cut its long and pliant branches for driving oxen. Yet the use of birchen rods for the correction of children is of very great antiquity. In his "Discourse on Forest Trees," written three hundred years ago, Evelyn speaks of birchen twigs as an implement of the school-master; and Loudon, in his "Arboretum," goes yet further back. He says: "The birch has been used as the instrument of correction in schools from the earliest ages." The English poets of the last century make frequent mention of this use of birchen twigs; but in Loudon's time, whose book was published thirty years since, he remarks that the use of these rods, both in schools and private families, was fast passing away,—a change on which the boys both of England and the United States may well be congratulated,—for the birchen rod was, in my time, even more freely used in the school than in the household.

The chastisement which was thought so wholesome in the case of boys, was at that time administered, for petty crimes, to grown-up persons. About a mile from where I lived stood a public whipping-post, and I remember seeing a young fellow, of about eighteen years of age, upon whose back, by direction of a justice of the peace, forty lashes had just been laid, as the punishment for a theft which he had committed. His eyes were red, like those of one who had been crying, and I well remember the feeling of curiosity, mingled with pity and fear, with which I gazed on him. That, I think, was the last example of corporal punishment inflicted by law in that neighborhood. The whipping-post stood in its place for several years afterward, the memorial of a practice which had passed away.

The awe in which the boys of that time held their parents extended to all elderly persons, toward whom our behavior was more than merely respectful, for we all observed a hushed and subdued demeanor in their presence. Toward the ministers of the gospel this behavior was particularly marked. At that time, every township in Massachusetts, the State in which I lived, had its minister, who was



settled there for life, and when he once came among his people was understood to have entered into a connection with them scarcely less lasting than the marriage tie. The community in which he lived regarded him with great veneration, and the visits which from time to time he made to the district schools seemed to the boys important occasions, for which special preparation was made. When he came to visit the school which I attended, we all had on our Sunday clothes, and were ready for him with a few answers to the questions in the "Westminster Catechism." He heard us recite our lessons, examined us in the catechism, and then began a little address, which I remember was the same on every occasion. He told us how much greater were the advantages of education which we enjoyed than those which had fallen to the lot of our parents, and exhorted us to make the best possible use of them, both for our own sakes and that of our parents, who were ready to make any sacrifice for us, even so far as to take the bread out of their own mouths to give us. I remember being disgusted with this illustration of parental kindness which I was obliged to listen to twice at least in every year.

The good man had, perhaps, less reason than he supposed to magnify the advantages of education enjoyed in the common schools at that time. Reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, with a little grammar and a little geography, were all that was taught, and these by persons much less qualified, for the most part, than those who now give instruction. Those, however, who wished to proceed further took lessons from graduates of the colleges, who were then much more numerous in proportion to the population than they now are.

The profound respect shown to the clergy in those days had this good effect—that wherever there was a concourse of people, their presence prevented the occurrence of anything disorderly or unseemly. The minister, therefore, made it one of his duties to be present on those occasions which brought people together in any considerable numbers. His appearance had somewhat the effect which that of a policeman now has at a public assembly in one of our large towns. At that time there was, in each township, at least one company of militia, which was required to hold several meetings in the course of the year, and at these, I remember, the minister was always present. The military parade, with the drums and fifes and other musical instruments, was a powerful attraction for the boys, who came from all parts of the neighborhood to the place at which the militia mustered. But on these occasions there was one respect in which the minister's presence proved but a slight restraint upon excess. There were then no tem-

perance societies, no temperance lecturers held forth, no temperance tracts were ever distributed, nor temperance pledges given. It was, to be sure, esteemed a shame to get drunk; but as long as they stopped short of this, people, almost without exception, drank grog and punch freely without much fear of a reproach from any quarter. Drunkenness, however, in that demure population, was not obstreperous, and the man who was overtaken by it was generally glad to slink out of sight.

I remember an instance of this kind. There had been a muster of a militia company on the church green for the election of one of its officers, and the person elected had treated the members of the company and all who were present to sweetened rum and water, carried to the green in pailfuls, with a tin cup to each pail for the convenience of drinking. The afternoon was far spent, and I was going home with other boys, when we overtook a young man who had taken too much of the election toddy, and in endeavoring to go quietly home, had got but a little way from the green, when he fell in a miry place, and was surrounded by three or four persons, who assisted in getting him on his legs again. The poor fellow seemed in great distress, and his new nankeen pantaloons, daubed with the mire of the road, and his dangling limbs, gave him a most wretched appearance. It was, I think, the first time that I had ever seen a drunken man. As I approached to pass him by, some of the older boys said to me, "Do not go too near him, for if you smell a drunken man it will make you drunk." Of course I kept at a good distance, but not out of hearing, for I remember hearing him lament his condition in these words: "Oh dear, I shall die!" "Oh dear, I wish I had n't drank any!" "Oh dear, what will my poor Betsy say?" What his poor Betsy said I never heard, but I saw him led off in the direction of his home, and I continued on my way with the other boys, impressed with a salutary horror of drunkenness and a fear of drunken men.

One of the entertainments of the boys of my time was what were called the "raisings," meaning the erection of the timber frames of houses or barns, to which the boards were to be afterward nailed. Here the minister made a point of being present, and hither the able-bodied men of the neighborhood, the young men especially, were summoned, and took part in the work with great alacrity. It was a spectacle for us next to that of a performer on the tight-rope, to see the young men walk steadily on the narrow footing of the beams at a great height from the ground, or as they stood to catch in their hands the wooden pins and the braces flung to them from below. They vied with each other in the dexterity and daring with which they

went through with the work, and when the skeleton of the building was put together, some one among them generally capped the climax of fearless activity by standing on the ridge-pole with his head downward and his heels in the air. At that time, even the presence of the minister was no restraint upon the flow of milk punch and grog, which in some cases was taken to excess. The practice of calling the neighbors to these "raisings" is now discontinued in the rural neighborhoods; the carpenters provide their own workmen for the business of adjusting the timbers of the new building to each other, and there is no consumption of grog.

Another of the entertainments of rustic life in the region of which I am speaking was the making of maple sugar. This was a favorite frolic of the boys. The apparatus for the sugar camp was of a much ruder kind than is now used. The sap was brought in buckets from the wounded trees and poured into a great caldron which hung over a hot fire from a stout horizontal pole supported at each end by an upright stake, planted in the ground. Since that time they have built in every maple grove a sugar-house—a little building in which the process of making sugar is carried on with several ingenious contrivances unknown at that time, when everything was done in the open air.

From my father's door, in the latter part of March and the early part of April, we could see perhaps a dozen columns of smoke rising over the woods in different places where the work was going on. After the sap had been collected and boiled for three or four days, the time came when the thickening liquid was made to pass into the form of sugar. This was when the sirup had become of such a consistency that it would "feather"—that is to say, when a beechen twig, formed at the small end into a little loop, dipped into the hot sirup and blown upon by the breath, sent into the air a light, feathery film. The huge caldron was then lifted from the fire, and its contents were either dipped out and poured into molds, or stirred briskly till the sirup cooled and took the form of ordinary brown sugar in loose grains. This process was exceedingly interesting to the boys who came to watch its different stages and to try from time to time the sirup as it thickened.

In autumn, the task of stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn was made the occasion of social meetings, in which the boys took a special part. A farmer would appoint what was called "a husking," to which he invited his neighbors. The ears of maize in the husk, sometimes along with part of the stalk, were heaped on the barn floor. In the evening, lanterns were brought, and, seated on piles of dry husks, the men and boys

stripped the ears of their covering, and breaking them from the stem with a sudden jerk, threw them into baskets placed for the purpose. It was often a merry time; the gossip of the neighborhood was talked over, stories were told, jests went round, and at the proper hour the assembly adjourned to the dwelling-house and were treated to pumpkin-pie and cider, which in that season had not been so long from the press as to have parted with its sweetness.

Quite as cheerful were the "apple-parings," which on autumn evenings brought together the young people of both sexes in little circles. The fruit of the orchards was pared and quartered and the core extracted, and a supply of apples in this state provided for making what was called "apple-sauce," a kind of preserve of which every family laid in a large quantity every year.

The cider-making season in autumn was, at the time of which I am speaking, somewhat correspondent to the vintage in the wine countries of Europe. Large tracts of land in New England were overshadowed by rows of apple-trees, and in the month of May a journey through that region was a journey through a wilderness of bloom. In the month of October the whole population was busy gathering apples under the trees, from which they fell in heavy showers as the branches were shaken by the strong arms of the farmers. The creak of the cider-mill, turned by a horse moving in a circle, was heard in every neighborhood as one of the most common of rural sounds. The freshly pressed juice of the apples was most agreeable to boyish tastes, and the whole process of gathering the fruit and making the cider came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion, and the quantity swallowed by the men of that day led to the habits of intemperance which at length alarmed the more thoughtful part of the community, and gave occasion to the formation of temperance societies and the introduction of better habits.

From time to time, the winter evenings, and occasionally a winter afternoon, brought the young people of the parish together in attendance upon a singing-school. Some person who possessed more than common power of voice and skill in modulating it, was employed to teach psalmody, and the boys were naturally attracted to his school as a recreation. It often happened that the teacher was an enthusiast in his vocation, and thundered forth the airs set down in the music-books with a

fervor that was contagious. A few of those who attempted to learn psalmody were told that they had no aptitude for the art, and were set aside, but that did not prevent their attendance as hearers of the others. In those days a set of tunes were in fashion mostly of New England origin, which have since been laid aside in obedience to a more fastidious taste. They were in quick time, sharply accented, the words clearly articulated, and often running into fugues in which the bass, the tenor, and the treble chased each other from the middle to the end of the stanza. I recollect that some impatience was manifested when slower and graver airs of church music were introduced by the choir, and I wondered why the words should not be sung in the same time that they were pronounced in reading.

The streams which bickered through the narrow glens of the region in which I lived were much better stocked with trout in those days than now, for the country had been newly opened to settlement. The boys all were anglers. I confess to having felt a strong interest in that "sport," as I no longer call it. I have long since been weaned from the propensity of which I speak; but I have no doubt that the instinct which inclines so many to it, and some of them our grave divines, is a remnant of the original wild nature of man. Another "sport," to which the young men of the neighborhood sometimes admitted the elder boys, was the autumnal squirrel-hunt. The young men formed themselves into two parties equal in number, and fixed a day for the shooting. The party which on that day brought down the greatest number of squirrels was declared the victor, and the contest ended with some sort of festivity in the evening.

I have not mentioned other sports and games of the boys of that day,—that is to say, of seventy or eighty years since,—such as wrestling, running, leaping, base-ball, and the like, for in these there was nothing to distinguish them from the same pastimes at the present day. There were no public lectures at that time on subjects of general interest; the profession of public lecturer was then unknown, and eminent men were not solicited, as they now are, to appear before audiences in distant parts of the country, and gratify the curiosity of strangers by letting them hear the sound of their voices. But the men of those days were far more given to attendance on public worship than those who now occupy their place, and of course they took their boys with them. They were not satisfied with the morning and afternoon services, but each neighborhood held a third service of its own in the evening. Here some lay brother made a prayer, hymns were sung by those who were trained at the

singing-schools, a sermon was read from the works of some orthodox divine, and now and then a word of exhortation was addressed to the little assembly by some one who was more fluent in speech than the rest.

Every parish had its tything-men, two in number generally, whose business it was to maintain order in the church during divine service, and who sat with a stern countenance through the sermon, keeping a vigilant eye on the boys in the distant pews and in the galleries. Sometimes, when he detected two of them communicating with each other, he went to one of them, took him by the button, and leading him away, seated him beside himself. His power extended to other delinquencies. He was directed by law to see that the Sabbath was not profaned by people wandering in the fields and angling in the brooks. At that time a law, no longer in force, directed that any person who absented himself unnecessarily from public worship for a certain length of time, should pay a fine into the treasury of the county. I remember several persons of whom it was said that they had been compelled to pay this fine, but I do not remember any of them who went to church afterward.

For the boys of the present day an immense number of books have been provided, some of them excellent, some mere trash or worse, but scarce any are now read which are not of recent date. The question is often asked, What books had they to read seventy or eighty years since? They had books, and some of great merit. There was "Sanford and Merton," and "Little Jack;" there was "Robinson Crusoe," with its variations "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "The New Robinson Crusoe;" there was Mrs. Trimmer's "Knowledge of Nature," and Berquin's lively narratives and sketches translated from the French; there was "Philip Quarll," and Watts's "Poems for Children," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Mrs. Barbauld's writings, and the "Miscellaneous Poems" of Cowper. Later, we had Mrs. Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant" and "Evenings at Home." All these, if not numerous, were at least often read, and the frequent reading of a few good books is thought to be at least as improving—as useful in storing the mind and teaching one to think—as the more cursory reading of many. Of elementary books there was no lack, nor, as I have already intimated, any scarcity of private instructors, principally clergymen, educated at the colleges.

I have here set down such particulars as now occur to me of the employments, the amusements, and the studies amidst which the boys of my time grew up and were trained for the duties of man-

hood. Of those who set out with me in life there are few now remaining; they are like old trees in a young wood, waiting for a high wind to snap their aged trunks and level them with the ground.

They became dispersed to different parts of the country, particularly the new States of the West, whose institutions they have helped to form. They had grown up, in the main, a conscientious generation—laborious, enterprising, strict in the performance of duty, and obedient to the laws; and on this account they were the very men to whom the task of forming new communities might be most advantageously committed. A few of them became distinguished above their fellows. One became an eminent Orientalist, and settled at Athens, in Greece. Another, with whom I used to contend in the foot-race, became one of the millionaires of New York, and died not long since full of days,

leaving an honored memory. A third, my school-fellow in preparing for college, retired from a prosperous mercantile career to become a lecturer on political economy and the author of valuable works on that science. One with whom I had a series of written disputations, migrated to Indiana and became one of its legislators. One was afterward the founder of the American Tract Society, and now, in the calm evening of a long life, employs himself in writing its history. Two went to the East as missionaries, and in the midst of their labors laid down their lives before the approach of old age.

Whatever may have been the merits or the shortcomings of the generation to which these men belonged, they are now with the past, and it is yet to be seen whether the different system now adopted in training the youth of our country will give it a better class of citizens.

## THE SECRET DOOR.

(*A Christmas Story of Two Hundred Years Ago.*)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

KNOWLE, in Kent, is an ancient manor-house. It stands knee-deep in rich garden and pasture lands, with hay-fields and apple-orchards stretching beyond, and solemn oak woods which whisper and shake their wise heads when the wind blows, as though possessed of secrets which must not be spoken. It is a real place, and the room which you see in the picture is a real room. That makes the picture much more interesting; don't you think so?

Very much as it looks to-day, it looked two hundred and thirty years ago, when Charles the First was king of England. That was the Charles who had his head cut off, you may remember. Blue Christmas smokes curled from the twisted chimneys in 1645, just as they will this year if the world lasts a month longer. The same dinnery fragrance filled the air, for good cheer smells pretty much alike in all ages and the world over. A few changes there may be—thicker trees, beds of gay flowers which were not known in that day; and where once the moat—a ditch-like stream of green water covered with weeds and scum—ran round the walls, is now a trimly cut border of verdant turf. But these changes are improvements, and in all important respects the house keeps its old look, undisturbed by modern times and ways.

In the same nursery where modern boys and girls eat, sleep and learn their A, B, C to-day, two children lived. You see them in the picture—little Ralph Tresham and his sister Henrietta. Quaint, old-fashioned creatures they would look to us now; but, in spite of their formal dresses and speech, they were bright and merry and happy as any children you can find among your acquaintances. Ralph's name was pronounced "Rafe," and he always called his sister "Hexie."

Christmas did not come to Knowle in its usual bright shape in 1645. Gloom and sadness and anxiety overshadowed the house; and though the little ones did not understand what the cause of the anxiety was, they felt something wrong, and went about quietly whispering to each other in corners, instead of whooping and laughing, as had been their wont. They had eaten their Christmas beef, and toasted the king in a thimbleful of wine, as usual, but their mother cried when they did so; and Joyce, the old butler, had carried off the pudding with a face like a funeral. So, after dinner, they crept away to the nursery, and there, by the window, began a long whispering talk. Hexie had something very exciting to tell.

"Nurse thought I was asleep," she said, "but I was n't quite; and when they began to talk I woke



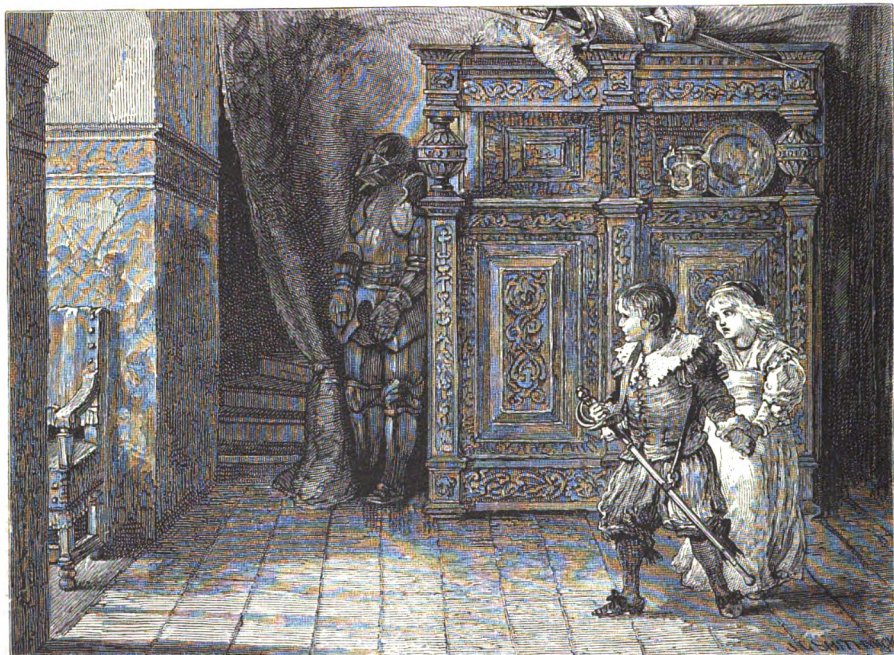
up. That was n't wrong, was it, Rafe? I could n't sleep when I could n't, could I?"

"I suppose not; but you need n't have listened," said Rafe, whose notions about honor were very strict.

"I did pull the pillow over my ear, but the words would get in," went on Henrietta, piteously. "And it was so interesting. Did you know that there were such creatures as Bogies, Rafe? Dorothy thinks we have got one in our house, and that its

replied Hexie. "How long is it, brother?—since Humphrey went away, I mean. Wont he ever come back?"

"I asked Winifred once, but she only said, 'God knew,' that nothing had been heard of him since the battle when the king was taken. He might be dead, or he might be escaped into foreign parts—and then she cried, oh, so hard, Hexie! Poor Humphrey! I hope he is n't dead. But, about the Bogie, how curious it must be to meet one! Oh, I



"LET US GO BACK," SHE CRIED.

hole is in the great gallery, because once when she was there dusting the armor, she heard a queer noise in the wall, and what else could it be? It eats a great deal, does the Bogie. That's the reason nurse is sure we have got one. It ate all the cold sheep's-head yesterday, and the day before half the big pasty. No victual is safe in the larder, the Bogie has such a big appetite, nurse says."

"I remember about the sheep's-head," said Rafe, meditatively. "Almost all of it was left, and I looked to see it come in cold; but when I asked, Joyce said there was none. Cold sheep's-head is very good. Do you remember how much Humphrey used to like it?"

"I don't remember exactly, it is so long ago,"

say, let us go to the gallery now, and see if we hear any strange noises there. Will you?"

"Oh, Rafe! I'm afraid. I don't quite like——"

"But you can't be afraid if I'm there," said Rafe, valiantly; "besides, I'll put on Humphrey's old sword which he left behind. Then if the Bogie comes—we shall see!"

Rafe spoke like a conquering hero, Hexie thought; so, though she trembled, she made no further objection, but stood by while he lifted down the sword, helped to fasten its belt over his shoulder, and followed along the passage which led to the gallery. The heavy sword clattered and rattled as it dragged on the floor, and the sound was echoed in a ghostly way, which renewed Hexie's fears.

"Rafe! Rafe! let us go back!" she cried.

"Go back yourself if you are afraid," replied Ralph, stoutly; and as going back alone through the dim passage seemed just then worse than staying where she was, Hexie stayed with her valiant brother.

Very softly they unlatched the gallery door, and stole in. It was a long, lofty apartment, paneled with cedar-wood, to which time had given a beautiful light-brown color. The ceiling, of the same wood, was carved, here and there, with shields, coats of arms, and other devices. There was little furniture: one tall cabinet, a few high-backed Dutch chairs, and some portraits hanging on the walls. The sun, not yet quite set, poured a stream of red light across the polished floor, leaving the far corners and the empty spaces formidably dusk. The children had seldom been in the gallery at this hour, and it looked to them almost like a strange place, not at all as it did at noonday when they came to jump up and down the slippery floor, and play hide-and-seek in the corners which now seemed so dark and dismal.

Even Rafe felt the difference, and shivered in spite of his bold heart and the big sword by his side. Timidly they went forward, hushing their footsteps and peering furtively into the shadows. Suddenly Hexie stopped with a little scream.

Close to them stood a huge suit of armor, larger and taller than a man. The empty eye-holes of the helmet glared out quite like real eyes, and the whole figure was terrible enough to frighten any little girl. But it was not at the armor that Hexie screamed; the iron man was an old friend of the children's. Many a game of hide-and-seek had they played around, and behind, and even inside him; for Humphrey had contrived a cunning way by which the figure could be taken to pieces and put together again; and more than once Rafe had been popped inside, and had lain shaking with laughter while Hexie vainly searched for him through all the gallery. This had not happened lately, for Rafe was hardly strong enough to manage by himself the screws and hinges which opened the armor; but he knew the iron man too well to scream at him, and so did Hexie. The object which excited her terror was something different, and so strange and surprising that it is no wonder she screamed.

Close by the armor, half hidden by a curtain of heavy tapestry, was an open door, where never door had been known to be. It stood ajar, and dimly visible inside was a narrow staircase winding upward.

"The hole of the Bogie!" gasped Hexie, clutching at Rafe's arm. He started, and felt for the sword. It rattled fearfully, and the sound com-

pleted Hexie's terror. She burst away, flew like a scared lapwing down the gallery, along the passages, and never stopped till she reached the nursery and her own bed, where, with two pillows and the quilt drawn over her head, she lay sobbing bitterly at the thought of Ralph left behind, to be eaten perhaps by the Bogie! Poor little Hexie!

Ralph, meanwhile, stood his ground. His heart beat very fast, but he would not run away,—that was for girls. It must be owned, however, that when a moment later the sound of muffled voices became audible down the stairs, he trembled extremely, and was guilty of the unmanlike act of hiding behind the curtain. He was only ten years old, which must plead his excuse with bigger boys who are confident that they could never, under any circumstances, hide themselves or be afraid.

The voices drew nearer, steps sounded, and two figures came out of the narrow door-way. Could there be two Bogies? No wonder they ate so much. But in another minute all thought of Bogies vanished from Ralph's mind, for in one of the figures he recognized his own sister Winifred.

Her companion was a man. There was something familiar in his form. It moved forward, and Ralph jumped so that the big sword rattled again. Bogie number two was his brother Humphrey, mourned as dead ever since the summer before, when so many brave gentlemen gave up their lives for King Charles at the battle of Naseby.

"What noise was that?" whispered Winifred, fearfully.

"Some sound from below," replied Humphrey, after listening a moment. "Must you go, Winnie?"

"I must, dear Humphrey. I dare not absent myself longer lest I be missed and suspected. Oh, if to-morrow were but over, and you safe on the French lugger and over the sea! I cannot breathe while this hiding and danger go on."

"I suppose I ought to be glad also," said Humphrey, ruefully; "but to me that French lugger means exile, and loneliness, and poverty, for the rest of my life, perhaps. Better have laid down my life with the rest at Naseby, in striking one last blow for the king."

"Don't, don't speak so!" protested Winifred, tearfully. "You are alive, thank God; and once these wars are over we may reunite you, and have a happy home somewhere, if not in the land of our fathers. Now, dear Humphrey, have you all you need for the night?"

"Christmas cheer," said Humphrey, in a would-be cheerful voice. "Beef and ale,—what better fare could be? You are a gallant provider, my Winnie, and there is need, for since I have lain in that hole with nothing else to do, my appetite has raged like a wolf. That sheep's-head was



wondrous savory. I say though, Winnie, what do the servants think of the famine I create in the larder?"

"Oh, the stupid creatures fancy that a Bogie has taken up his residence here. A very hungry Bogie, Joyce calls the creature!"

The brother and sister laughed; then they kissed each other.

"Good-night, dearest Winifred."

"Good-night, brother;" and Humphrey vanished up the stairs. Winifred lingered a moment; then, as if remembering something, opened the door again and ran after him. Ralph marked that she laid her hand on a particular boss in the carved wainscot, and pressed it in hard, whereon the door sprang open. He stole out, laid his hand on the same boss, and felt the spring give way under his touch. Some undefined idea of stealing in later, to make Humphrey a visit, was in his head; but he heard Winifred returning, and hurried out of the gallery. Putting back the sword in its place, he entered the nursery. No Hexie was visible, but a sobbing sound drew his attention to a tumbled heap on the bed.

"Is that you, Hexie? Why, what are you crying about?" pulling away the pillow which she held tight.

"Oh, Rafe! Then the Bogie did n't eat you, after all!" And Hexie buried her tear-stained face in his shoulder.

"Bogie! Nonsense! There are no such things as Bogies!"

"What was it, then, that lived up that dreadful stairs?"

"I can't tell you; only it was nothing at all dreadful. And, Hexie, don't say a word about that door to any one, will you? It might make great trouble if you did."

"I did tell Deborah, when she fetched the candle and asked why I cried, that I saw a strange door in the gallery," faltered Hexie, truthful, though penitent.

"Oh! Hexie, how could you? I don't like Deborah, and her father is a crop-eared knave. Humphrey said so one day. How could you talk to her about the door, Hexie?"

"I—don't know. I was frightened, and she asked me," sobbed Hexie. "Will it do any harm, Rafe?"

"It may," said Rafe, gloomily. "But don't cry, Hexie. You meant no harm, at all events."

"Oh, don't speak so gravely and so like Joyce," said Hexie, much troubled. She cried herself to sleep that night. Deborah, who undressed her, asked many questions about the gallery and the door.

"It was very dark, and perhaps she mistook,"—that was all Hexie could be made to say. Ralph

was disturbed and wakeful, and slept later than usual next morning. He jumped up in a hurry and made what haste he could with dressing and breakfast, but it seemed as though they never took so much time before; and all the while he ate he was conscious of a stir and bustle in the house, which excited his curiosity very much. Knocking—the sound of feet—something unusual was going on.

As soon as possible he slipped away from nurse and ran to the gallery. The door was half open. He looked in, and stood still with terror. Men, in brown uniforms and steel caps, were there sounding the walls and tapping the floor-boards with staves. The gallery seemed full of them, though when Rafe counted there were but five.

"This man of iron was, in all likelihood, a Malignant also," he heard one of them say, striking the armor with his fist.

"He is somewhat old for that. Methinks that is armor of the what of that man of blood, Harry the Eighth. Move it aside, Jotham, that we may search the farther panel."

So the heavy figure was thrust into a corner, and the men went on tapping with their wands. Rafe groaned within himself when he heard them declare that the wall sounded hollow, and saw them searching for a spring. Twenty times it seemed as though they must have lighted on the right place. Twenty times they just missed it.

"We were ill advised to come without tools," declared the man who seemed leader of the party. "Come thou to my shop, Peter Kettle, and thou, Bartimeus and Zerrubabel, and we will fetch such things as are needful. Jotham, stay thou here, to see that no man escapeth from the concealment behind the wall."

So four of the men went away, leaving Jotham striding up and down as on guard. Presently came a shout from beneath the window:

"Jotham! our leader hath dropped his pouch in which are the keys of the smithy. Hasten and bring it to the outer door."

"Aye, aye!" answered Jotham, and, pouch in hand, he ran down the stairs. Now was Rafe's opportunity. Like a flash he was across the gallery, his hand on the boss. The door flew open, and he fell into the arms of Humphrey, who, sword in hand and teeth set, stood on the lower step of the staircase, prepared to sell his liberty as dearly as possible.

"Rafe! little Rafe!" he exclaimed.

"Hush! The man will come back," panted Rafe. "Come away—hide—oh, where?" Then with a sudden inspiration he dragged his brother toward the iron man. "Get inside," he cried. "They will never think of searching there! Oh, Humphrey—make haste! Get inside!"

There was no time to be lost. With the speed of desperation, Humphrey unscrewed, lifted, stepped inside the armor. Rafe slipped the fastenings together, whispered "shut your eyes," and flew back to his hiding-place. Just in time, for Jotham's step was on the stair, and next moment he entered the gallery, and resumed his march up and down, little dreaming that the man sought for was peeping through the helmet holes at him, not three feet away.

Presently the other soldiers came back with hammers and wrenches, and in a short time the beautiful wainscot, split into pieces, lay on the floor. Suddenly there was a shout. The secret door had flown open, and the staircase stood revealed. Four of the men, with pikes and pistols, prepared to ascend, while the fifth guarded the opening below.

At that moment Winifred entered the gallery from the farther end. She turned deadly pale when she saw the open door and the men.

"Oh! Heaven have mercy!" she cried, and dropped half fainting into a chair.

Rafe darted across the floor and seized her hand.

"Hush," he whispered. "Don't say a word, sister. *He* is safe."

"He? Who?" cried the amazed Winifred.

But now voices sounded from above. The men were coming down. Winifred rallied her courage, rose, and went forward. She was very white still, but she spoke in a steady voice. Her two brothers, Humphrey in his hiding-place and little Rafe by her side, both admired her greatly.

"What is the meaning of this, Jotham Green?" she demanded. "By what warrant do you enter and spoil our house?"

"By the warrant which all true men have to search for traitors," said Jotham.

"You will find none such here," responded Winifred firmly.

"We find the lurking-place in which one such has doubtless lain," said Zerrubabel. "Where holes exist, look out for vermin."

"You are less than civil, neighbor. An old house like this has many strange nooks and corners of which the inhabitants may have neither use nor

knowledge. If your search is done, I will beg you to make good the damage you have caused as best you may, and with as little noise as possible, that my mother be not alarmed. Jotham Green, you are a good workman, I know. I recollect how deftly you once repaired that cabinet for us."

All the men knew Winifred, and her calm and decided manner made its impression. Jotham slowly picked up the fragments of the paneling and began to fit them together. The rest consulted, and at last rather sheepishly, and with a muttered half apology about "wrong information," went away, taking with them the injured wood-work, which Jotham undertook to repair. Rafe's first words after they disappeared were:

"Winifred, you must dismiss Deborah. It is she that has betrayed us."

"How do you know that, Rafe?"

Then it all came out. Winifred listened to the tale with streaming tears.

"Oh, Rafe, my darling, how brave you were! You played the man for us to-day, and have saved—I trust you have saved—our Humphrey. The men will not return to-day, and to-night the lugger sails."

And Humphrey was saved. Before morning, well disguised, he had made his way across country to a little fishing-port, embarked, and reached France without farther accident.

So that strange Christmas adventure ended happily. It was all long, long ago. Humphrey and Winifred and Rafe lived their lives out, and lay down to rest a century and a half since under the daisy-sprinkled English sod. Little Hexie died an aged woman, before any of us was born. But still the beautiful old manor-house stands amid its gardens and pasture lands, with the silvery look of time on its gray walls. Still the armed figure keeps guard beside the secret staircase, the tapestry hangs in the old heavy folds, evening reddens the cedar walls and the polished floor, and everything occupies the same place and wears the same look that it did when little Rafe played the man in that gallery, and saved his brother Humphrey, more than two hundred years ago.



## THE LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

By M. M. D.



ONE day the letters went to school,  
 And tried to learn each other;  
 They got so mixed 't was really hard  
 To pick out one from t' other.

A went in first, and Z went last;  
 The rest all were between them,—  
 K, L and M, and N, O, P,—  
 I wish you could have seen them!

B, C, D, E and J, K, L,  
 Soon jostled well their betters;  
 Q, R, S, T—I grieve to say—  
 Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long, they came to words—  
 What else could be expected?  
 Till E made D, J, C and T  
 Decidedly dejected.

Now, through it all, the Consonants  
Were rudest and uncouthest,  
While all the pretty Vowel girls  
Were certainly the smoothest.

And simple U kept far from Q,  
With face demure and moral,  
"Because," she said, "we are, we two,  
So apt to start a quarrel!"

But spiteful P said, "Pooh for U!"  
(Which made her feel quite bitter),  
And, calling O, L, E to help,  
He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, "Now E and C, come here!  
If both will aid a minute,  
Good P will join in making peace,  
Or else the mischief's in it."

And smiling E, the ready sprite,  
Said, "Yes, and count me double."  
This done, sweet *peace* shone o'er the scene,  
And gone was all the trouble!

Meanwhile, when U and P made up,  
The Cons'nants looked about them,  
And kissed the Vowels, for, you see,  
They could n't do without them.

## DOINGS OF THE "POLLY'S CHRISTMAS SOCIETY."

(As told by One of its Members.)

BY OLIVE THORNE.



WHAT started the thing, I don't remember. Oh, I believe Nell Taintor proposed it; anyway, it was splendid, and I'll tell you all about it.

We girls had a society, you know, and we had n't anything in particular to do; and Nell proposed that we should make something for Polly Stevens' Christmas.

Polly's a real nice girl, and used to go to our school,

but she fell on the ice last winter, and hurt her back, and she has to lie down all the time; she can't even stand up a minute.

Well, we used to go and see her as often as we could; but, of course, we had our lessons, and practicing, and other things, out of school; and so she used to get awfully lonesome, Nell said, because she could n't do much of anything, and she had read

every book Nell had,—Nell lived next door, and used to run in. And she staid alone ever so much, because her mother's a dress-maker, and has to go out, and she did n't have things very comfortable; the doctor's bills were so large, that her mother had as much as she could do to get along.

When Nell told us about her, we felt ashamed that we had n't been to see her more, and so we just got up a plan to give her a surprise. We gave our society a new name, "Polly's Christmas Society," or "P. C. Society," in public, so that every one should not know what it was, and we all went to work for her.

Kate Woodbury was president—splendid girl Kate is. She said she would make a nice wrapper for Polly, out of a blue dress of her own that she had burned a hole in; she knew her mother'd let her have it. Mattie Barker said she would give her a quilt, or spread, that she was making out of bright bits of silk. It was log-cabin pattern, and real pretty. Alice Burnett said she would make her a pretty rug to lay before her lounge; the floor was bare, and it would look so pretty. She knew how to make one out of round pieces of black and red and white woolen. You've seen them? A black one, about as big as a tea-cup, at the bottom, a red one, a little smaller, laid on that, and a quite small white one on top; all tied together with a tuft of red thread in the middle of the white one. Then, when she had lots of these made, she sewed them

all on an oval piece of old sacking, and it was real bright and pretty. You can shake the dust out of them.

Nell said Polly needed a curtain for the window at the head of her lounge; she had nothing but an old shade, and it was n't nice, so I said I would make her one like some I saw at my aunt's last summer. It was of unbleached muslin, with two wide stripes of bright red, and bright blue percale across the top and the bottom,—a little way apart, you know. It did n't cost much, and I had a dollar of my own, and it was ever so pretty. It looked like some foreign cashmere thing.

Well, we all went to work with a will. Nelly got Will, her brother, to make a lounge-frame, Polly had a horrid old hair-cloth sofa. He made it out of some timber they had in the yard. It was rough, of course, but stout I tell you; and we nailed some old bagging on it for a bottom, and made a nice soft cushion for it, and a big pillow, and covered the whole with real pretty chintz; and Mattie made a crocheted tidy for it, that could be washed. Oh, I forgot! John Burnett sawed out a lovely set of shelves, with his new jig-saw, and Kate Woodbury took an old stand out of their attic. It was good, and strong, but awfully old-fashioned; and it had two drawers, and leaves to let down. It was just the thing for Polly, because she could keep her things in the drawers, you see; and her shelves could stand on it. And I made a cover to fit it, out of Turkish toweling, the new-fashioned way, you know, with gay figures sewed on; and Alice brought a sweet little vase that she had, to hold flowers, or ferns and grasses, in winter. We knew Polly was very fond of flowers, and Nell said she had to keep them in a tea-cup.

Let me see, was that all? Oh, no; every girl collected all the nice books she could. We each gave one or two of our own, and asked the boys that knew Polly, and most all our mothers gave us one or two, so we had a real lovely library. I remember some of the books—"Undine," "Grim's Stories," "Hans Andersen's Works," a whole set (Johnny Burnett gave that; was n't he splendid!) and "Little Women," and "We Girls," and—oh, lots of others I can't remember, only all nice ones, and in good order. Mrs. Woodbury put in a lovely new Bible with clasps, and there were lots of poetry books; she's very fond of poetry.

And—let me think—Mattie's sister, who's been to Europe, gave her a most lovely photograph,—three little angels, or cherubs, or something. Oh, it was too sweet for anything! I've seen Polly look at it till she cried, and I wanted to myself, though I'm not good, like Polly.

We got a glass, and made a frame for it of cardboard, with delicate lichens glued on. You know

how? they're real pretty, are n't they? We all went out in the woods to get them, and we brought home such beautiful mosses,—we tried to think of something to make of them, and at last we did fix some of the nicest in a box, and covered it with five pieces of glass cut the right shape to make a cover like a box, and fastened at the corners with colored paper gummed on. We found two ferns green yet, so late as that, and some partridge-berry, and Kate put in a slip of her Kenilworth ivy, and, perhaps you won't think so, but it was just lovely! and it grew all winter, and I believe Polly enjoyed it more than anything, she watched it so much; she knew every leaf, she said.

Well, I believe that was all. These things took us some weeks to do, and we worked hard too, I tell you. We had hardly time to make our Christmas presents for our own folks, but I did get time to embroider that cushion for mamma; is n't it pretty? I did every stitch myself. But where was I? Oh, all this time the secret was kept nicely, though a good many knew about it; and just before Christmas, one day Mrs. Stevens, Polly's mother, was cutting a dress for Mrs. Barker, and we all went over to tell her about it. Nell Taintor told her that we girls had a society, and had been making some presents for Polly.

Well, she cried! I do wonder why people cry when they're glad! She said she had been trying to get Polly something nice for Christmas, she had such a dull life, and she was so patient; but in spite of all she could do, everything she could earn was used up in doctor's bills and rent. She said she meant to make her a cake, at least, and Nell said, right off, that she could come into their house to make it, so that Polly should n't know.

We talked the thing over, and we decided that Mrs. Stevens should get Polly to bed early on Christmas Eve. There was a hall between the sitting-room and bedroom, and she thought Polly would n't hear us, and we were to go about eight o'clock to fix it all up for her, and then all meet there the next morning to see her surprise. All that day, Mrs. Stevens told us afterward, Polly was very low-spirited, though she tried to be cheerful, poor thing. She was a good girl, always; but she remembered that our school was getting ready for a festival and a Christmas-tree, and she could n't help thinking of last year, I suppose, when she was there, and had presents with the rest of us.

She did have a present on the tree, too, as well as the rest of us; and we took it with us when we went that night. It was a real nice work-box, with everything in it complete. Miss Murton made it. Polly was her pet scholar.

Well, we could hardly wait for eight o'clock, as you may imagine, and before the clock was done



striking we were there. Polly was abed and asleep, Mrs. Stevens said, and we went right to work. The boys brought in the lounge, and put it in a pleasant corner of the room, and we girls fixed it up with its new quilt and nice big pillow; and we laid the rug down in front of it, and hung the curtain over the window; and put the stand, with its cover, and the book-shelves, at the head where she could reach it. And we put the moss-thing on it, and the vase filled with grasses, and ferns, and bitter-sweet on top of all. Then we filled the shelves with books, and hung the picture where she could see it without moving. And then we trimmed the whole room with evergreens left from decorating our church. Over the door we put "Merry Christmas," in autumn leaves. Mrs. Taintor made it; she sewed the leaves upon white muslin, and it looked as though it was right on the wall.

We worked there, if you'll believe me, till twelve o'clock, and when we finished, it was just lovely. All the time Mrs. Stevens could hardly help a bit; she just sat in the corner and cried. I never saw such a woman.

We gave Mrs. Stevens the new blue wrapper, and told her to put it on Polly when she dressed her, and tell her the girls sent it to her so she would be all fine when we came. I was so excited I thought I should n't sleep a wink that night, but I did after all—slept like a log, and I had to hurry off before breakfast so as not to be late.

At seven o'clock we were all there—all we girls, I mean; Will and Johnny would n't go—and Mrs. Stevens went into the bedroom and dressed Polly, and brought her out. She was so thin and light that she was easily carried. Polly was so delighted with her pretty wrapper that she looked perfectly happy when she came in. The first thing she saw when her mother laid her down was us, and she began, "Oh, girls!" but at that minute she seemed to see something strange in the room. "Why, who——" she began, and stopped short, and looked around. She looked at everything—the walls, the picture, the stand and books, the mosses, the lounge itself; her chin began to quiver, and her face to work, and suddenly she just buried her face in the pillow and cried as hard as she could cry. I never thought of crying; and I'm sure I don't know why, but I found the tears running down my cheeks, and looked around, and every one of the girls was crying, too. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever saw, but I could n't help it. Soon we began to laugh, though, and make fun of our crying, and we would n't let Polly even try to say "thank you!"

Then we all went out into the hall and brought in our surprise for Mrs. Stevens. We told her we

had come to stay to breakfast, and every one of us had a basket full of good things from our own breakfasts—broiled chickens, breakfast rolls, hot coffee (Nell brought that from her mother's kitchen), cold meat, pickles, hot Saratoga potatoes (from Nell's), and ever so many things. We pulled out the table and spread it before Polly's lounge, and before long we sat down to a jolly breakfast. There was ever so much left, though.

Finally about ten o'clock we went away, and after we were gone Polly received the very best present of all from her mother. You see it worried her 'most to death that she could not help her mother. It was one thing that kept her back. And Mrs. Stevens had taken specimens of her knitting around to ladies who had little children, and had got orders for pretty bright

stockings for them; enough to keep Polly busy all winter. Each lady had furnished her own yarn, and there was a pile of lovely colored yarns for her to begin on.

Polly could knit beautifully, and I do believe the prospect of earning something to help her mother was the best present she had that day.

In the evening, when I was on my way to a Christmas party at Nell's, I passed by Polly's, and the curtain was not quite drawn. I



NELL BROUGHT THE COFFEE.

could n't help just peeping in. There she lay half up on her elbows, a book in her hand, but not reading, looking at nothing, with the most lovely, happy look I ever saw. I've often wished I had a picture of her.

We were careful not to neglect Polly after that. From that day she was the happiest girl I ever saw, busy from morning to night, knitting or reading, or repeating poetry, which she learned by the page. She earned a good deal of money, and she knit so beautifully that she always had lots of orders ahead. Now her mother knits too, and takes in some work, but does not go out any more. I don't know any happier or nicer place to visit than Polly Stevens'.

I think that Christmas was the nicest one I ever had.



## THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY.

(By P. J. STAHL.)

TRANSLATED BY LAURA W. JOHNSON.

## PART II.

SOME of the envious or ill-tempered declared it would be impossible to cook the edifice which Mother Mitchel had built; and the doctors were,

sweetest voice, suddenly there issued from the woods a vast number of masons, drawing wagons of well-baked bricks, which they had prepared in secret. This sight silenced the ill-wishers, and filled the hearts of the Greedy with hope.



MOTHER MITCHEL MAKES HER OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In two days an enormous furnace was built around and above the colossal tart, which found itself shut up in an immense earthen pot. Thirty huge mouths, which were connected with thousands of winding pipes for conducting heat all over the building, were soon choked with fuel, by the help of two hundred charcoal-burners, who, obeying a private signal, came forth in long array from the forest, each carrying his sack of coal. Behind them stood Mother Mitchel with a box of matches, ready to fire each oven as it was filled. Of course the kindlings had not been forgotten, and all was soon in a blaze.

When the fire was lighted in the thirty ovens, when they saw the clouds of smoke rolling above the dome, that announced that the cooking had begun, the joy of the people was boundless. Poets improvised odes, and musicians sung verses without end, in honor of the superb prince who had been inspired to feed his people in so dainty a manner, when other rulers could not give them enough, even of dry bread. The names of Mother Mitchel and of the illustrious engineer were not forgotten in this great glorification. Next to His Majesty, they were cer-

no one knows why, the saddest of all. Mother Mitchel, smiling at the general bewilderment, mounted the summit of the tart; she waved her crutch in the air, and while her cat miowed in his

tainly the first of mankind, and their names were worthy of going down with his to the remotest posterity.

All the envious ones were **thunderstruck**. They

tried to console themselves by saying that the work was not yet finished, and that an accident might happen at the last moment. But they did not really believe a word of this. Notwithstanding all their efforts to look cheerful, it had to be acknowledged that the cooking was possible. Their last resource was to declare the tart a bad one, but that would be biting off their own noses. As for declining to eat it, envy could never go so far as that in the country of the Greedy.

After two days, the unerring nose of Mother Mitchel discovered that the tart was cooked to perfection. The whole country was perfumed with its delicious aroma. Nothing more remained but to take down the furnaces. Mother Mitchel made her official announcement to His Majesty, who was delighted, and complimented her upon her punctuality. One day was still wanting to complete the month. During this time the people gave their eager help to the engineer in the demolition, wishing to have a hand in the great national work, and to hasten the blessed moment. In the twinkling of an eye the thing was done. The bricks were taken down one by one, counted carefully, and carried into the forest again, to serve for another occasion.

The TART, unveiled, appeared at last in all its majesty and splendor. The dome was gilded, and reflected the rays of the sun in the most dazzling manner. The wildest excitement and rapture ran through the land of the Greedy. Each one sniffed with open nostrils the appetizing perfume. Their mouths watered, their eyes filled with tears, they embraced, pressed each other's hands, and indulged in touching panto-mimes. Then the people of town and country, united by one rapturous feeling, joined hands, and danced in a ring around the grand confection.

No one dared to touch the tart before the arrival of His Majesty. Meanwhile something must be done

VOL. IV.—8.

to allay the universal impatience, and they resolved to show Mother Mitchel the gratitude with which all hearts were filled. She was crowned with the laurel of *conquerors*, which is also the laurel of *sauce*, thus serving a double purpose. Then they placed her, with her crutch and her cat, upon a sort of throne, and carried her all round her vast work. Before her marched all the musicians of the town, dancing, drumming, fifing and tooting upon all instruments, while behind her pressed an enthusiastic crowd, who rent the air with their plaudits and filled it



THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

with a shower of caps. Her fame was complete, and a noble pride shone on her countenance.

The royal procession arrived. A grand stair-way had been built, so that the King and his Ministers

could mount to the summit of this monumental tart. Thence the King, amid a deep silence, thus addressed his people:

"My children," said he, "you adore tarts. You despise all other food. If you could, you would even eat tarts in your sleep. Very well. Eat as much as you like. Here is one big enough to satisfy you. But know this, that while there remains a single crumb of this august tart, from the height of which I am proud to look down on you, all other food is forbidden you on pain of death. While you are here, I have ordered all the pantries to be emptied, and all the butchers, bakers, pork and milk dealers, and fishmongers, to shut up their shops. Why leave them open? Why indeed? Have you not here at discretion what you love best, and enough to last you ever, *ever* so long? Devote yourselves to it with all your hearts. I do not wish you to be bored with the sight of any other food."

"Greedy ones! behold your TART!"

What enthusiastic applause, what frantic hurrahs rent the air, in answer to this eloquent speech from the throne!

"Long live the King, Mother Mitchel and her cat! Long live the tart! Down with soup! Down with bread! To the bottom of the sea with all beefsteaks, mutton-chops, and roasts!"

Such cries came from every lip. Old men gently stroked their chops, children patted their little stomachs, the crowd licked its thousand lips with eager joy. Even the babies danced in their nurses' arms, so precocious was the passion for tarts in this singular country! Grave professors, skipping like kids, declaimed Latin verses in honor of His Majesty and Mother Mitchel, and the shyest young girls opened their mouths like the beaks of little birds. As for the doctors, they felt a joy beyond expression. They had reflected. They understood. But—my friends!—

At last, the signal was given. A detachment of the engineer corps arrived, armed with pick and cutlass, and marched in good order to the assault. A breach was soon opened, and the distribution began. The King smiled at the opening in the tart; though vast, it hardly showed more than a mouse-hole in the monstrous wall. Then turning to his people, who, seated at long tables, were stuffing themselves like mad, he whispered in the ear of his Prime Minister, the first mathematician of the age:

"The train is fired. How long will it burn?"

"Six weeks, Your Majesty," replied the man of science.

At this answer, the King stroked his beard knowingly. "All goes well," said he, "for him who knows how to wait."

Who can tell how long the feast would have

lasted, if the King had not given his command that it should cease? Once more they expressed their gratitude with cries so stifled that they resembled grunts, and then rushed to the river. Never had a nation been so besmeared. Some were daubed to the eyes, others had their ears and hair all sticky. As for the little ones, they were marmalade from head to foot. When they had finished their toilets, the river ran all red and yellow, and was sweetened for several hours, to the great surprise of all the fishes.

Before returning home, the people presented themselves before the King, to receive his commands.

"Children!" said he, "the feast will begin again exactly at six o'clock. Give time to wash the dishes and change the table-cloths, and you may once more give yourselves over to pleasure. You shall feast twice a day, as long as the tart lasts. Do not forget. Yes! if there is not enough in this one, I will even order ANOTHER from Mother Mitchel; for you know that great woman is indefatigable. Your happiness is my only aim." (Marks of universal joy and emotion.) "You understand? Noon, and six o'clock! There is no need for me to say, be punctual! Go, then, my children—be happy!"

The second feast was as gay as the first, and as long. A pleasant walk in the suburbs,—first exercise,—then a nap, had refreshed their appetites and unlimbered their jaws. But the King fancied that the breach made in the tart was a little smaller than that of the morning.

"T is well!" said he, "'t is well! Wait till to-morrow, my friends; yes, till day after to-morrow, and *next week*!"

The next day the feast still went on gayly; yet at the evening meal the King noticed some empty seats.

"Why is this?" said he, with pretended indifference, to the court physician.

"Your Majesty," said the great Olibriers, "a few weak stomachs; that is all."

On the next day there were larger empty spaces. The enthusiasm visibly abated. The eighth day the crowd had diminished one-half; the ninth, three-quarters; the tenth day, of the thousand who came at first, only two hundred remained; on the eleventh day, only one hundred; and on the twelfth—alas! who would have thought it?—a single one answered to the call. Truly he was big enough. His body resembled a hog'shead, his mouth an oven, and his lips—we dare not say what. He was known in the town by the name of Patapouf. They dug out a fresh lump for him from the middle of the tart. It quickly vanished in his vast interior, and he retired with great dignity, proud to maintain the honor of his name and the glory of the Greedy Kingdom.



MASTER PATAPOUF.

But the next day, even he, the very last, appeared no more. The unfortunate Patapouf had succumbed, and, like all the other inhabitants of the country, was in a very bad way. In short, it was soon known that the whole town had suffered agonies

that night from too much tart. Let us draw a veil over those hours of torture. Mother Mitchel was in despair. Those Ministers who had not guessed the secret dared not open their lips. All the city was one vast hospital. No one was seen in the

streets but doctors and apothecaries' boys, running from house to house in frantic haste. It was dreadful! Dr. Olibriers was nearly knocked up. As for the King, he held his tongue, and shut himself up in his palace, but a secret joy shone in his eyes, to to the wonder of every one. He waited three days without a word.

The third day, the King said to his Ministers:

"What! Your Majesty, *must* we eat it all?"  
 "You *must*!" sternly replied the King; "you MUST! By the immortal beefsteaks! not one of you shall have a slice of bread, and not a loaf shall be baked in the kingdom, while there remains a crumb of that excellent tart!"  
 "What misery!" thought these poor people.  
 "That tart forever!"



THE MERE SIGHT OF THE TART MADE EVERYBODY ILL.

"Let us go now and see how my poor people are doing, and feel their pulse a little."

The good King went to every house, without forgetting a single one. He visited small and great, rich and poor.

"Oh, oh! Your Majesty," said all, "the tart was good, but may we never see it again! Plague on that tart! Better were dry bread. Your Majesty, for mercy's sake, a little dry bread! Oh, a morsel of dry bread, how good it would be!"

"No, indeed," replied the King. "*There is more of that tart!*"

The sufferers were in despair. There was only one cry through all the town—"Ow! ow! ow!"—for even the strongest and most courageous were in horrible agonies. They twisted, they writhed, they lay down, they got up. Always the inexorable colic. The dogs were not happier than their masters; even they had too much tart.

The spiteful tart looked in at all the windows. Built upon a height, it commanded the town. The mere sight of it made everybody ill, and its former admirers had nothing but curses for it now. Unhappily, nothing they could say or do made it any



"ow! ow! ow!"

smaller; still formidable, it was a frightful joke for those miserable mortals. Most of them buried their heads in their pillows, drew their night-caps over their eyes, and lay in bed all day, to shut out the sight of it. But this would not do; they knew, they felt it was there. It was a nightmare, a horrible burden, a torturing anxiety.

In the midst of this terrible consternation, the King remained inexorable during eight days. His heart bled for his people, but the lesson must sink deep, if it were to bear fruit in future. When their pains were cured, little by little, through fasting alone, and his subjects pronounced these trembling words, "We are hungry!" the King sent them trays laden with—the inevitable tart.

"Ah!" cried they, with anguish, "the tart again! Always the tart, and nothing but the tart! Better were death!"

A few, who were almost famished, shut their eyes, and tried to eat a bit of the detested food; but it was all in vain—they could not swallow a mouthful.

At length came the happy day when the King, thinking their punishment had been severe enough, and could never be forgotten, believed them at length cured of their greediness. That day he ordered Mother Mitchel to make in one of her colossal pots a super-excellent soup, of which a bowl was sent to every family. They received it with as much rapture as

the Hebrews did the manna in the desert. They would gladly have had twice as much, but after their long fast it would not have been prudent. It was a proof that they had learned something already, that they understood this.

The next day, more soup. This time the King allowed slices of bread in it. How this good soup comforted all the town! The next day there was a little more bread in it, and a little soup-meat.



THE HAPPY DAY.

Then for a few days the kind Prince gave them roast beef and vegetables. The cure was complete.

The joy over this new diet was as great as ever had been felt for the tart. It promised to last longer. They were sure to sleep soundly, and to wake refreshed. It was pleasant to see in every house, tables surrounded with happy rosy faces, and laden with good nourishing food.

The Greedy people never fell back into their old ways. Their once puffed-out, sallow faces, shone with health; they became, not fat, but muscular, ruddy, and solid. The butchers and bakers reopened their shops; the pastry-cooks and confectioners shut theirs. The country of the Greedy was turned upside down, and if it kept its name, it was only from habit. As for the tart, it was forgotten. To-day, in that marvelous country there cannot be found a paper of sugar-plums or a basket of cakes. It is charming to see their red lips and their beautiful teeth. If they have still a king, he may well be proud to be their ruler.

Does this story teach that tarts and pies should never be eaten? No; but there is reason in all things.

The doctors alone did not profit by this great

revolution. They could not afford to drink wine any longer in a land where indigestion had become unknown. The apothecaries were no less unhappy. Spiders spun webs over their windows, and their horrible remedies were no longer of use.

Ask no more about Mother Mitchel. She was ridiculed without measure by those who had adored



JOY IN THE KINGDOM.

her. To complete her misfortune, she lost her cat. Alas for Mother Mitchel!

The King received the reward of his wisdom. His grateful people called him neither Charles the Bold nor Peter the Terrible, nor Louis the Great, but always by the noble name of Prosper I., the Reasonable.

## THE COMPLAINT OF THE STOCKINGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas we had a Christmas-tree—we always hung up our stockings before. On Christmas morning one of the baby's stockings was gone, and we could n't find it anywhere. But yesterday it turned up in the funniest place. You never could guess where, so I must tell you. It was tucked into one of the pigeon-holes of grandfather's desk. He found it there on Christmas morning; and as he can't see very well, he thought it was a pen-wiper some of us had put there to surprise him. And this letter, directed to you, was in the foot of the stocking. No one can tell how it ever could have got into grandfather's desk; but you know a great many wonderful things do happen on Christmas Eve!—Yours truly,

MAY MERRIFEGGS.

I HAVE a piteous tale to tell,—and where, I should like to know,  
But to the good ST. NICHOLAS, should a baby stocking go?  
I thought if I told our family wrongs, in good old-fashioned rhyme,  
You'd fix the matter up, somehow, before next Christmas-time.  
Perhaps you're wondering how it is I look so very bright,  
All covered up with pretty stripes of red and blue and white?  
Well, when the stockings came last Fall, in brown and navy blue,  
Mamma declared, for baby they would never, never do!  
The sober things might answer to be worn by Will or May,

But the dimpled darling Lewie's should glow like a summer's day.  
So grandma got her needles out, and began me, so I've heard;  
And with every stitch she knit, wove in a smile or loving word.

And how I gather round the cunning feet you ought to see!  
Why, the toes are like pink sea-shells, and dimpled is each knee!  
I've hugged the dainty things with a clasp so warm and tight,  
That old Jack Frost has never had a chance to take a bite.  
But I must hurry on to show how, on last Christmas night,  
The stockings of this family received a dreadful slight.  
I'll tell you what my father said—he'll tell it best, I know,  
Though I am getting old myself—(there's a big hole in my toe).

I heard him sadly groan that night—his name is Gray Lambswool;  
My mother, Mrs. Fleececlined, sighed as though her heart were full.  
"Ah me!" he cried, "that Christmas Eve should now be passing o'er,  
And I and mine be lying here upon the bedroom floor!  
I thought we'd all be hanging up along the chimney there;  
How wonderful the things we held last Christmas, I declare!  
Such gay embroidered slippers, done in beads and Berlin wool,  
With meerschchaum, studs, and smoking-cap, till every part was full.  
My eldest son there, Seal Brown, ought to have his foot this minute  
Pressed out of all its comely shape by treasures crowded in it,—  
With ball and top, and soldiers with trumpet, sword and gun,  
And everything, besides, a boy would need for Christmas fun.

"And next to him Miss Navy Blue would hang, and proudly hold  
A little chain and locket, and a ring of shining gold,  
A tiny, tinkling music-box, and, standing over all,  
With such fine clothes, and real hair, the very loveliest doll!  
And stumpy, dumpy Redstripe would lovingly embrace  
A stumpy, dumpy baby, with a smiling rubber face,  
A glowing coral necklace, a rattle too, methinks,  
And sugar-plums among them, just to fill up all the chinks.  
But ah! 't is hard for stockings to fall on times like these,  
When all the world is going mad about its Christmas-trees.  
We've been a faithful family; I've served my master well;  
I've not a darned hole anywhere, as any eye may tell."

So now you see the reason I have spun a yarn so long—  
I want to get ST. NICHOLAS to right this fearful wrong;  
I want his prancing reindeer to tear through all the land,  
And bring him to each chimney, to fill, with liberal hand,  
The stockings blue, red, brown and gray,—the stockings great and small,—  
The ribbed, the striped, the plain, the plaid,—the stockings short and tall;  
And if you now are weary of the grievances I sing,  
Just cry, "Oh, *hang* those stockings!"—that will be the very thing.





## A CLOCK IN THE SKY AT NIGHT.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THERE are some old churches in England which have clocks showing the time with only one hand—the hour hand. I dare say that it will seem very strange to active and busy minds in America that such clocks as these should still continue in existence. A slumberous place it must be, truly, where men are content to know time by the hour, and to take no note of minutes. Or, if that is not really the way of it, still it must be a strangely backward world where such clocks, once sufficient for their purpose, have not yet been replaced by time-measures better suited to active, business-like folks. When such clocks were more common, and house-clocks and watches less used (and probably very seldom in order), it would have been useful to know what I am now going to tell you about a clock in the sky,\* though at present the knowledge will help rather to teach young folks the stars, than to show them how to learn the time from the stars; for the clock I have to describe has only one hand, and not only so, but that hand goes the wrong way round, and only once round in a day.

The first step toward a knowledge of the stars should be the recognition of the pole-star, because the pole of the heavens being the point round which all the stars are seemingly carried, so soon as we know the stars around the pole, we have a center, so to speak, from which we can pass to other groups until we know them all. Once known, the pole-star can always be found by the learner, supposing he observes the heavens always from the same station; for it lies always in the same position (or so nearly so that the change can scarcely be noticed). If, for example, you have once been shown, or have found out for yourself, that from a certain spot in your garden, or from a certain window in your house, the pole-star can be seen just above a certain chimney or tree, then at any time, on any night when the sky is clear, if you betake yourself to that spot, or look through that window, you will see the pole-star over its accustomed chimney or tree. It is there, indeed, all the time, whether the sky be clear or cloudy, whether it be day or night. Not only does a knowledge of the pole-star give you a known central-point whence to proceed to others, but it gives you the means of knowing where lie the cardinal points round the

horizon; for, of course, when you face the pole-star, the north lies before you, the south behind you, the east on your right, the west on your left.

But to find the pole-star, it is well to begin with the dipper. This well-marked group includes two stars which are called the "pointers," because they point to the pole-star. The dipper is so conspicuous and well-marked a group that it is easily learned and cannot easily be forgotten. Although not very near the pole, it is yet not so far from it as to range very widely over the heavens; and if you look toward the north at any hour of any clear night, you will seldom require many seconds to find the familiar set of seven bright stars, though at one time it is high above the pole, at another close to the horizon, now to the right of the pole, and anon to the left. In England the dipper never sets; in America it partly sets, but still can be recognized (except at stations in the most southern States) even when partly below the horizon.

Let us inquire, first, where the dipper is to be looked for, and in what position its stars are placed, at various hours all the year round. Of course, in a general sense, the dipper lies always toward the north. The student, therefore, will not, like "Bird o' Fredum Sawin'," "w'ee'l roun' about sou'-west" to find it. Still, it saves trouble to have some idea where and how the group will be placed, especially if the night of observation is half clouded, so that all the seven stars are perhaps not seen at once.

The dipper lies low down to the north (as shown at I in Fig. 1) at about six in the evening of December 21st. The seven stars are marked, for convenience of reference, with the Greek letters by which astronomers know them, namely:  $\alpha$  (Alpha),  $\beta$  (Beta),  $\gamma$  (Gamma),  $\delta$  (Delta),  $\epsilon$  (Epsilon),  $\zeta$  (Zeta), and  $\eta$  (Eta). The two stars  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ , which form the side of the dipper farthest from the handle, are called the pointers, because they point (as the arrow shows) toward the pole-star marked I in the picture. This star is easily distinguished in the heavens, because it is much brighter than any in its immediate neighborhood. It is not at the true pole of the heavens, which lies where the two cross-lines of the picture intersect. Consequently, the pole-star goes round the pole, though in a very

\* We find traces in the writings of old times that the stars were used to show the time. For instance, the "first carrier" in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." (part I, act ii, scene i) says, "An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged; Charles' Wain is over the new chimney,"—Charles' Wain being the group of seven bright stars which is commonly called in America "the dipper."

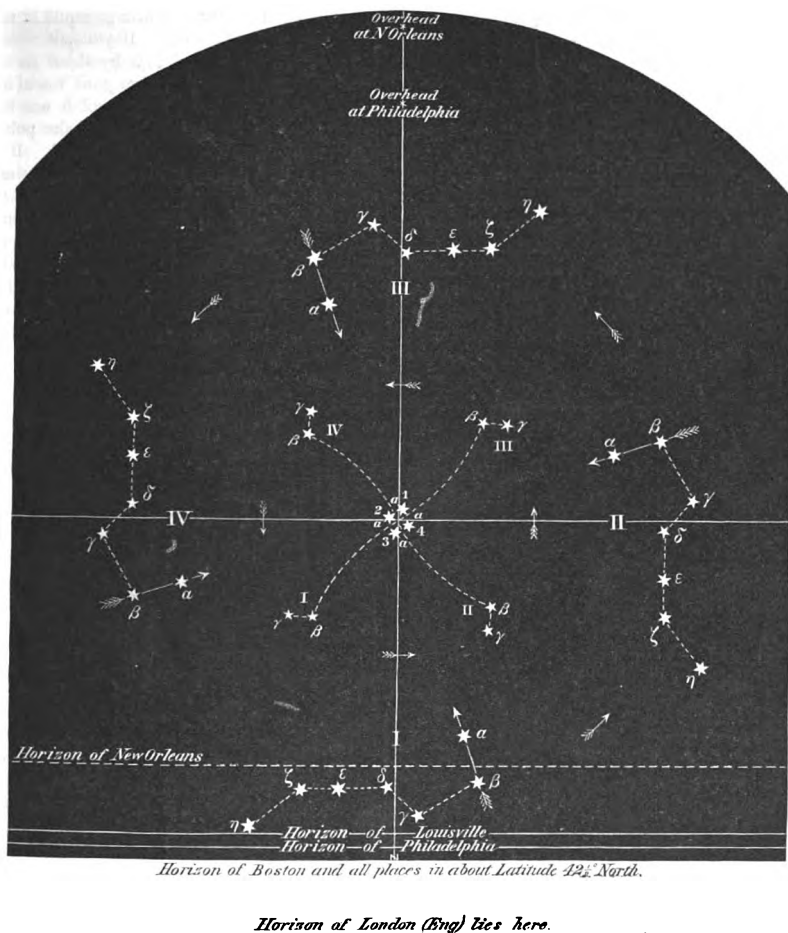


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE VARYING POSITIONS OF THE DIPPER, THE POLE-STAR, AND THE GUARDIANS OF THE POLE, VIZ. AT

I, 1, and 1, respectively,	at 8 P. M. Nov. 22; at 9 P. M. Nov. 6; at 10 P. M. Oct. 22; at 11 P. M. Oct. 6; midnight Sept. 21.
II, 2, and II,	at 8 P. M. Feb. 19; at 9 P. M. Feb. 5; at 10 P. M. Jan. 21; at 11 P. M. Jan. 5; midnight Dec. 21.
III, 3, and III,	at 8 P. M. May 21; at 9 P. M. May 6; at 10 P. M. April 23; at 11 P. M. April 8; midnight March 23.
IV, 4, and IV,	at 8 P. M. Aug. 23; at 9 P. M. Aug. 7; at 10 P. M. July 22; at 11 P. M. July 7; midnight June 22.

small circle; \* it is shown in four different positions, numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4 in Fig. 1. The Greek letter  $\alpha$  (Alpha) is assigned to it, because it is the alpha star, or leading star, of the group to which

it belongs. The seven stars of the dipper belong to the constellation (or star group) called Ursa Major, or the Greater Bear; while the pole-star belongs to the constellation called Ursa Minor, or

<sup>4</sup> The actual distance of the pole-star from the pole is about two and a half times the apparent diameter of the moon; so that the pole-star appears to go round in a circle having a diameter exceeding five times the apparent diameter of the moon. This is a much smaller circle, however, than most persons would suppose from this description, for the mind unconsciously overestimates the size of the moon. The three stars forming the belt of Orion will afford a very good idea of the range of the pole-star around the pole; the stars to the right and left of the middle star of the belt representing almost exactly the relative positions of the pole-star on the right and on the left of the pole of the heavens. Or the matter may be thus stated: Orion's belt just about measures the distance between 2 and 4, or between 1 and 3, in Fig. 1. A star placed at the true pole would make, with stars at 2 and 4 (Fig. 1), a set just like the belt of Orion.

the Lesser Bear. Two other stars, also belonging to Ursa Minor, are shown in the picture, at 1, with their proper Greek letters,  $\beta$  (Beta) and  $\gamma$  (Gamma). They are called the "guardians of the pole," because they circle around it as though keeping watch and ward over the axle-end of the great star-dome. The best way, perhaps, to remember where the guardians are to be looked for, is to notice that the four stars  $\zeta$ ,  $\epsilon$ ,  $\delta$ , and  $\beta$  of the dipper are nearly in a straight line, and that if a square be supposed to be set up on this line, as shown in Fig. 2 (on the side toward the pole), the guardians lie close to that corner of the square which is opposite the pointers. You cannot easily fall into any error as to the four stars of the dipper, to be used in thus finding the guardians of the pole, for they are the only four which lie nearly in a straight line. But to make assurance doubly sure, notice that the star  $\zeta$ , which lies at one end of the line of four stars, has a companion close by (as shown in Fig. 2). Thus we have at one corner of the square the pointers, at another the double star  $\zeta$ , and at the next corner the guardians.

The dipper, as I have said, is in position I at about six o'clock in the evening of December 21st. The pole-star is at this time placed as at 1, a little above and to the right (or east) of the true pole. The guardians are at 1. The dipper is now at its lowest; but, as the picture shows, all the seven stars are visible at all places in the latitude of Philadelphia. The dotted line, however, which represents the horizon of New Orleans, shows that in that latitude only one star of the seven can be seen, namely  $\alpha$ ,\* the pointer nearest to the pole. This star is so bright, that even as far south as New Orleans our description of the position of the dipper will serve as a sufficient guide to find the pole, if only the Southerner who uses it notices how Fig. 1 presents the stars of the dipper, which for him lie below the horizon. If this method should not suffice, then let him look for the dipper two hours later, by which time all the other stars except  $\zeta$  and  $\eta$  will have moved round so far toward position II as to be visible at New Orleans,— $\epsilon$  and  $\gamma$  lying almost on a horizontal line very near indeed to the horizon.

If on any night toward the end of December, you were to watch the northern heavens from about six o'clock, when the dipper is as at I Fig. 1, until about midnight, you would see the dipper move steadily round till it had reached the position marked II. The guardians of the pole would by that time have reached the position II; and the pole-star, though it would seem to you to be in the

same position as at the beginning, would in reality have shifted from 1 to 2. If you still went on watching, you would find that by about six in the morning the dipper would have gone round in the direction shown by the arrows until it was in the position marked III, high up above the pole and not very far from the point overhead. If your watch had begun earlier in the evening, say at about five, when the sky is already quite dark (in December), you would have seen the dipper in a position between I and IV (but nearer to I); and in the course of the entire night, that is from evening twilight until daybreak, the dipper would have gone more than half way round, from this last-named position to a position somewhat farther round (in the direction shown by the short arrows) than III.

But in order to see the dipper in these different positions, and also in that portion of its course (on either side of IV) which in December it traverses

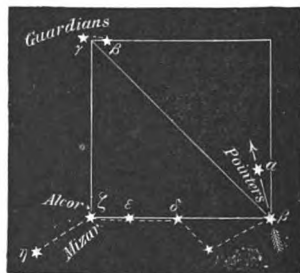


FIG. 2. SHOWING HOW THE GUARDIANS OF THE POLE MAY BE FOUND WHEN THE DIPPER IS KNOWN.

during the day-time, it is not necessary to keep a long watch upon the group, or to study the heavens during those "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" wherein the professional astronomer does the best part of his work. If you come out in the evening (say at about eight) once or twice a week on clear nights, all through the winter half of the year, and a little later during the summer months, you will see the dipper and all the polar groups carried right round the pole. For though, speaking generally, it may be said that they complete a circuit once in every day, yet in reality they gain about four minutes' motion in the twenty-four hours, and thus get further on little by little night after night—gaining an hour's motion in about a fortnight, two hours' motion in a month, twelve hours' motion (or half the complete circuit) in half a year, until finally, at the end of the year, they have gained a complete circuit.

\* This little star is called by country folks in England "Jack-by-the-Middle-Horse," the stars  $\epsilon$ ,  $\delta$ , and  $\eta$  representing the three boxes of the "wain," or wagon. The small star was a test of eyesight among the Arabians. It is, however, very easily seen. The star  $\zeta$  is called Mizar, its companion Alcor.

Thus at eight o'clock on or about November 22d, the dipper is at I, the guardians of the pole are at 1, and the pole-star is at 1. At eight o'clock on or about February 19th, the dipper is at II, the guardians are at II, the pole-star is at 2. At the same hour on or about May 21st, the dipper is at III, the guardians are at III, the pole-star is at 3. And lastly, at the same hour on or about August 23d, the dipper is at IV, the guardians are at IV, the pole-star is at 4.

It is because of this steady turning motion or rotation around the pole of the heavens, that the

stars of the dipper (say, for instance, the pointers) form as it were a clock in the sky, by which the astronomers at any rate, though also any one who is willing to give a little attention to the matter, can tell the hour within a few minutes on any night in the year.

A few observations made in this way on a few nights during the course of the year, will give a clearer idea of the steady motion of the star-dome (resulting in reality from the earth's steady rotation on her axis) than any amount of description either in books or by word of mouth.

## LÉON MATURIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY C. F. JACKSON.

THE snow was falling thickly and steadily, and the evening shadows were gathering so closely around the house that Léon and Annette were glad to turn from the window where they had been for the last half hour, and nestle down together in one corner of the big fire-place. There was no lamp or candle in the room, but the large fire of peat and brushwood sent forth a ruddy glow, which brightened everything immediately around it, while an occasional leaping flame would suddenly bring into view some more distant object, and send the shadows chasing each other into the farthest corner of the low kitchen.

The pot was boiling over the fire, and Mère Maturin was walking backward and forward preparing supper.

"See, Léon," whispered Annette, "how funny grandma's cap looks on the wall! When she goes over to the cupboard it is quite small, and when she comes nearer here it grows up, up, half way over the ceiling. Look, there it is now, just like one of Maître Caussin's hay-mows in July!"

"Yes, and see the spinning-wheel change and turn as if the fairies were spinning on it!"

"Do they ever, Léon? Perhaps they are doing it now. Oh, if we could see them!"

"You little silly," replied her brother. "Who ever saw fairies Christmas Eve? If it were midsummer now! St. John's Eve is the time for them. See here, Annette, if you are very good from now till St. John's Eve,—if you do everything I want you to,—if, if," said Léon, wishing to make as good a bargain as possible, "if you always drive Blan-

chette home from pasture when I want to play with George, if you will always get grandmother the cresses when I don't want to go to the brook for them, I will show you the fairies on that night; that is," added the boy, thinking, perhaps, he had better not promise too much, "I will let you go with me to the big stones in the middle of the wood yonder, just at midnight, and there—Maître Caussin's Joseph told me so—you will be sure to see them."

"Oh, Léon, I will do anything for you if you will but let me see them! But it is so long to wait; perhaps grandmamma knows if one can see them any other time. Grandmother" (raising her voice), "do the fairies ever come Christmas Eve, and do they ever turn spinning-wheels to help people?"

"Nay, child, who ever heard of fairies then?" said Mère Maturin, "and if they did take the trouble to turn spinning-wheels, it would not be for idle folk like you! Come and put the dishes on table, for the pot is boiling, and it is time we had supper."

Annette speedily obeyed, and there was no more talk of fairies for an hour. After that, the dishes being all washed and put away, and grandmother seated in the chimney-corner with her knitting, the children took their places, side by side, on the hearth opposite to her, and began to plead with her for some legends and stories, such as they loved to hear.

Léon and Annette lived in Brittany, in a little old cottage not far from the sea, and a few miles

from the town of St. Malo. Their eldest and only brother, Louis, had gone as a soldier two years before, and was at Toulon with his regiment. Once in a great while they heard from him, and his last letter but one had told them he was married. They were looking for a letter from him now, for it was six months since the last one came, and they said :

"Louis will surely send us a message for Christmas."

This Christmas Eve, the father and mother had gone into St. Malo, to be present at the midnight mass and Christmas morning service, after which they were to come home, and the children had been left with their grandmother. Since sunset, the snow, which had been gathering overhead all day, had begun to fall, and was rapidly covering up the well-beaten road, on which for many weeks no fresh snow had fallen.

"Tales, tales," said the old woman, "you have heard them all many times, my children. I have no new stories for you."

"Then tell us old ones, dear grandmamma !"

"They say, then, little ones, and I have heard it ever since I was but half your size, that on the holy Christmas Eve, when the hour of midnight strikes, all the oxen and cows and asses can speak like us human creatures, because they stood by when the Blessed Mary laid the Holy Babe in the manger," and the old woman made the sign of the cross devoutly.

"But is it true, grandma?" said little Annette, eagerly.

"I cannot say for myself, as I never heard them speak, child; but why should not poor brutes have a voice given them for once for sake of that blessed night, and that they may praise God? There was Antoine," the old woman went on, murmuring to herself, "sat up on purpose to hear them one night, and at twelve he went out to the stable, but the poor fool made such a clattering in undoing the door, that the beasts in St. Malo might have heard him through their sleep, so the ass and the cow were well warned, and never a word would they speak before him; and they were wiser than some folk if they had secrets to talk about, for everything Antoine heard he went straight and told it; and, indeed, I believe he could not have helped it, if he knew he was to swing for it the next minute; but he is dead now, like many a one I once knew. May he rest in peace!"

"But did you ever know any one else who tried it," cried both the children at once.

"Only Pierre. Pretty Madeline, old Jacques the miller's daughter, waited up one Christmas Eve, and, when midnight drew near, she was too afraid all at once to stir out in the dark alone for anything so strange and wonderful, so she sent Pierre, her

cousin. He had heard nothing, he said when he came back; but nobody thought that counted for much, for though Pierre was a clever fellow enough, and could even read in the newspapers all by himself, without the priest to help him, everybody knew he would n't have heard the church bells, if they had all rung at once and he in the tower, if he were thinking of Madeline; and that same evening did n't the miller—Jacques was lame then—ask him to give him his crutch, and put a stick on the fire, and did n't Pierre put the crutch on the fire and give Jacques the stick, and Madeline was but just in time to pull the crutch out of the flames, and it was scorched ever after. So you see he was not much to be depended on, till he married Madeline and settled down.

"Madeline was only a goose-girl, but she was a stout, comely maid, with cheeks like roses, and Pierre from a boy had always been fond of her. He taught her to read while she was minding the geese, and there never was a storm so bitter that Pierre was n't glad to face it if he could only help Madeline home with her geese. Ah, they've risen a bit since that day, for Pierre turned out a thrifty fellow, and — The saints shield us! Léon, what was that?"

"I heard nothing but the night-wind blowing," said Léon, gravely. But Annette clung to her grandmother, and the grandmother laughed lightly to think how slight a thing startled her in her old days.

The little girl listened for some time longer, while Mère Maturin wandered on, telling old stories of the people she had known in her youth, but Léon was strangely silent. A thought was working in his brain. Why should not he, that very night, find out with his own ears if this were true? He would not tell Annette, for she might be afraid and cry or make a noise, and spoil all, and he would succeed no better than did Antoine, whom his grandmother knew. So when Mère Maturin said it was time to go to bed, he undressed, and said his prayers, and climbed up to his little mattress in the loft. He had grown too big for it, but it was the best he had, and his sleep was always sound. Grandmother and Annette would soon be asleep in the room off the kitchen, and Léon lay in bed watching the faint glimmers and shadows that fell on the loft stairs from the remains of the fire that burned low in the wide kitchen chimney. They had had a larger fire than usual, for it was very cold weather and Christmas Eve, and Mère Maturin had said, "We must be warm to-night, if we are cold all the rest of the winter." He kept his eyes open for some time, but fell asleep at last, and started awake again in a sudden fright, lest the magic hour had slipped away from him in

his sleep, and he would have a whole year to wait before he could try his chance again. The clouds had all cleared away, and the moon was shining brightly in through the diamond-shaped panes in the little window. Léon slipped out of bed and into his clothes, and then softly crept down the stairs. He could just see the face of the old

covered by several inches of snow, and in a few minutes he was at the door.

Very softly now, Léon, or Blanchette will lift her head and look at you out of her large, gentle brown eyes, and old Jeanette will move her long ears and snuff danger near, and you will spoil it all.

So gently he undid the door, so quietly he stole in and stood in the shadow, that neither cow nor ass could be disturbed, yet surely something has aroused and affrighted them both. Léon listened breathlessly. Suddenly both the animals beside him moved uneasily. Presently, from outside the stable, came clearly and distinctly on the night air the bray of an ass. It made Léon start more than when Jeannette answered it from within the stable with another bray.

He was only frightened for a moment, however, and then he turned and went out of the door to see who this midnight visitor could be. There was nothing in the yard; but he crept along by the fence, and when he reached the gate, there, standing in the moonlight, was an ass, her head pushed far over the gate, and her long ears bent forward, listening for some answer to her summons. There was a saddle on her back, but no one on it.

For a moment, Léon paused. He knew she had not come there all alone, but that probably somewhere along that lonely country road she had parted from her burden. The nearest house was four miles off, and



PIERRE HELPING MADELINE HOME WITH HER GESE.

clock in the corner, and he was in time. It wanted five minutes of twelve. He crossed the kitchen so softly that he did not disturb his grandmother and sister, and, unfastening the door, stood alone out in the night. Léon was a brave boy, so no thought of fear came to him, but he shivered in the nipping winter air, and pulled his cap further down over his ears. He could easily see by the moonlight where the path to the stable ought to be, although it was

in a different direction from that by which the ass had come, for Léon saw her footprints in the snow. He might have to walk far ere he should find those whom she had carried, but if he did not go—if he waited till daylight—it might be too late for help to reach those whom cold and snow had perhaps overcome. He opened the gate, then fastened it securely behind him, and gently turned the ass around. To his surprise she made no

objection, but somewhat wearily retraced her foot-steps in the snow.

They did not have to go far, however. A few yards from the house the road turned, and crossed a little stream where was a bridge; beyond this was a hollow, and then came woods. At the entrance to these woods was one of those way-side shrines which you often see in France, where was an image of the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms; beneath this, on the white snow, lay something dark, and when she reached it, the ass stood perfectly still. Léon came up to her, and stooping down by this dark mass upon the snow, saw lying there a young woman, unconscious, with a baby in her arms.

What was the boy to do? His stout arms could not lift the inanimate form. There was no one but his grandmother and Annette within call, and they would be but little help to him. Yet something must be done. Léon felt her. She was not quite cold, and the baby, wrapped in the mother's cloak and clasped to her breast, was still warm. Léon tried to make the ass kneel down. She did it readily enough, as if she were accustomed to it, and understood the need now. Then he laid his warm cheek against the girl's and breathed into her lips and called to her, and strove in every way to rouse her.

She stirred, but did not open her eyes. The baby, however, awoke and cried. That cry did more to fully arouse the mother's consciousness than anything else, and to Léon's joy she murmured, "Hush, my darling!" Then he called aloud to her, and at last tried to take the baby from her arms. She opened her eyes then, but half understandingly, and with great difficulty obeyed Léon's words when he told her to rise. She could not stand, but Léon got her upon the saddle, and putting one arm around her to hold her firmly there, he guided the ass down the road and over the bridge to the gate. They arrived there safely, though many times on the way Léon thought they would not.

He ran into the house and woke Annette and his grandmother. It was some time before he could make them understand, but at last they did. Fortunately there were still hot embers on the hearth, and Annette heated a little milk, which they poured down the poor woman's throat. This brought her to herself enough for them to lead her into the house, where the warmth soon revived her. Léon put more wood on the fire, which soon gave out a good heat, while Annette and the grandmother warmed blankets and put about the woman and child, and rubbed the mother's cold limbs. When they had quite recovered, and had partaken of bread and milk, Mère Maturin would not allow

them to speak, but put them in her own bed and left them to sleep.

The first red streaks of dawn were seen in the eastern sky before Léon had quite satisfied his grandmother and sister on this wonderful adventure. Then he went back to bed, and did not wake till the Christmas sun streamed in at his window, and he heard Annette calling out her greeting to him from the foot of the stairs.

Their strange visitors slept till quite late in the morning, and had not yet appeared when the father and mother came home. You may be sure there was much to tell and hear about this odd adventure of Léon's, and then Père Maturin held up a letter from Louis, a Christmas letter, which made the children dance with joy. In the midst of it all, their visitor came into the kitchen from the inner room, her baby in her arms, and looking quite bright again after her rest. She was very small, so tiny that Léon wondered that such a stout boy as he was should have had so much trouble in lifting her on to the ass, and she looked very young indeed. Then she told them her story.

Her husband was a soldier. He had met her at Toulon, her native place, and married her there. She had continued to live at her father's till he died, leaving her a little money. Her husband's regiment was ordered to Algeria soon after, and as she had no relations in Toulon or anywhere else, he thought it best to send her and her child to his mother in Brittany. He had written home some time before he left, and said he knew his father would meet her at St. Malo, as he had requested in his letter. But when she reached there after her long journey, she did not find him, and, being a stranger in the place, she thought the best thing she could do would be to hire an ass, and take the straight road to her husband's home. The landlord at the inn in the town where she had stopped to inquire the way, had told her that she could not fail to find the house; but the snow had come on and hidden the path, and she grew wearied. They wandered out of the way many times, sometimes finding the road, and then losing it again, till, worn out, she had fallen from the ass right below the shrine in the road. "When I looked up, and saw the gentle face smiling down upon me, I thought," said she, "Heaven would have pity on me and my baby, and I said my prayers, and had just fallen asleep, when the good God sent you, Léon, to wake me. And now, dear friends, I will not trouble you more; if you will kindly tell me where the Père Maturin lives I will go and find him, and my Louis and I will bless you always in our prayers."

"Père Maturin! Louis!" they all exclaimed; and then followed such explaining, and laughing,

and crying, and kissing as never was known before. At last, when all was quiet, the father read Louis' letter to them, and it was the one they ought to have received long before, telling them his Marie was coming to them, and would they love and care for her and the baby for his sake?

Oh, how happy they all were together, and how pleasant that the joy should come to them on Christmas Day!

When dinner was over, and they had said everything they could think of about this wonderful adventure, and had admired little Marguerite, Annette suddenly exclaimed:

"Léon! did the ass and the cow speak?"

"I did n't hear them," said Léon, shaking his head ruefully; "but the ass did everything but speak when she looked at me over the gate, and then took me to Marie."

"Yes," said his mother, "and though there is nothing in the idle tale to speak of, you may be sure God led the ass to you, Léon, and taught her how to make her wants known to you, though it was not by speech; and He cared for Marie and her babe, for the sake of the Holy Child, laid in His mother's arms in the stable among oxen and asses that first Christmas Night."

## SOME ORIENTAL SPORTS THAT I SAW.

BY FANNY ROPER FEUDGE.

"I SHOULD like see a boy beat *me* at catching; or a man either, as for that," were the boastful words I heard uttered by a twelve-year old lad, as he tossed aloft two balls at once, and caught them as they descended, one with each hand. That was certainly very well done; but let me tell the boys who read the ST. NICHOLAS of some "catching" that I have seen in far-off lands,—catching with the mouth instead of the hands,—and they shall judge whether my boastful young friend of the two balls would be likely to carry off the palm amid *all* competitors.

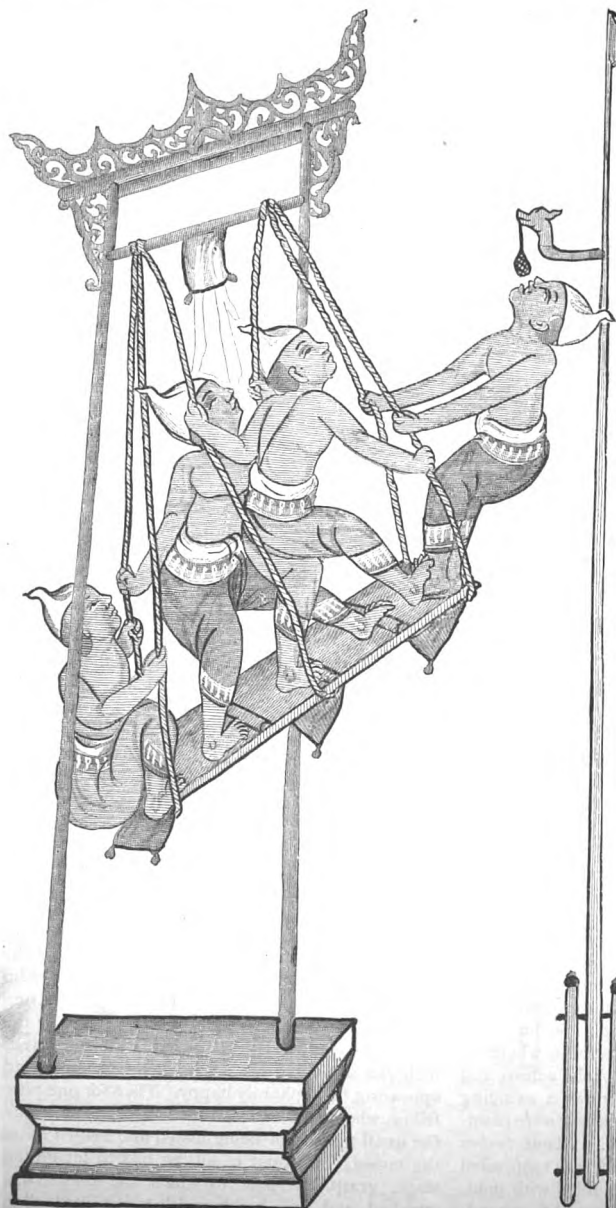
The first time I witnessed these feats of agility was at the palace of the King of Siam, where I had been dining. His favorite band of gymnasts were in attendance that day, and he challenged us to see their exploits, and then tell him whether our countrymen could do anything more wonderful in the way of climbing and catching. So he seated our little party on an elevated platform, where we could see readily the movements of the actors, and the first thing that met our view was a swinging stage attached to two slender poles that were planted perpendicularly in the ground. About twelve paces off was another pole, to which was suspended by a funny hook a silk net purse filled with gold. The purse was full forty feet above the ground, while the stage swung about five feet lower, and was kept swaying to and from the pole that held the purse, by the action of a long rope pulled by men

standing on the ground. On the stage stood four men, and as it veered toward the money purse, he who stood nearest was allowed one trial of his skill at catching the purse with his mouth. If he succeeded, the money (about sixty dollars in gold) was to be his reward, and he might descend, as he had mounted, by a rope ladder; when the next one would take his turn, till all who wished to do so had made the attempt; a new purse being supplied each time one was carried off by the teeth of a victor.

I thought it a fearful risk, and almost held my breath in dismay; but everybody around me was laughing, and the gymnasts themselves did not seem to think of danger. As easily and naturally as you would catch a ball tossed toward you by your companion, the first man opened his mouth just at the right instant, touched the purse with his lower lip to dislodge it from the peg, and caught the string between his teeth, just as his time was up, by the veering away of the stage. Several others followed, with the same success, each loudly cheered, and appearing triumphantly happy. Then for one poor fellow, who failed to catch the coveted prize, came the usual penalty of being hissed and hooted at by the crowd; but worst of all, he had to let go the stage, grasp the pole to which the purse was attached, and, with hands and legs entwined, slide down as best he could to the ground. I thought, of course, he would fall; but he let himself down as readily as a monkey or a squirrel could have done,







CATCHING THE PURSE. (DRAWN BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.)

and appeared too crestfallen at the disgrace he had incurred to care about the loss of the money, and sometimes four others. These walked, jumped and danced upon the body of their prostrate com-

or even the danger of a descent by that bare pole. Of course there were

only a few seconds of time for him to seize the pole as the stage swung away, and had he halted or hesitated at all, he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces.

A native artist drew the scene for me, but failed in giving an idea of the great height of the poles.

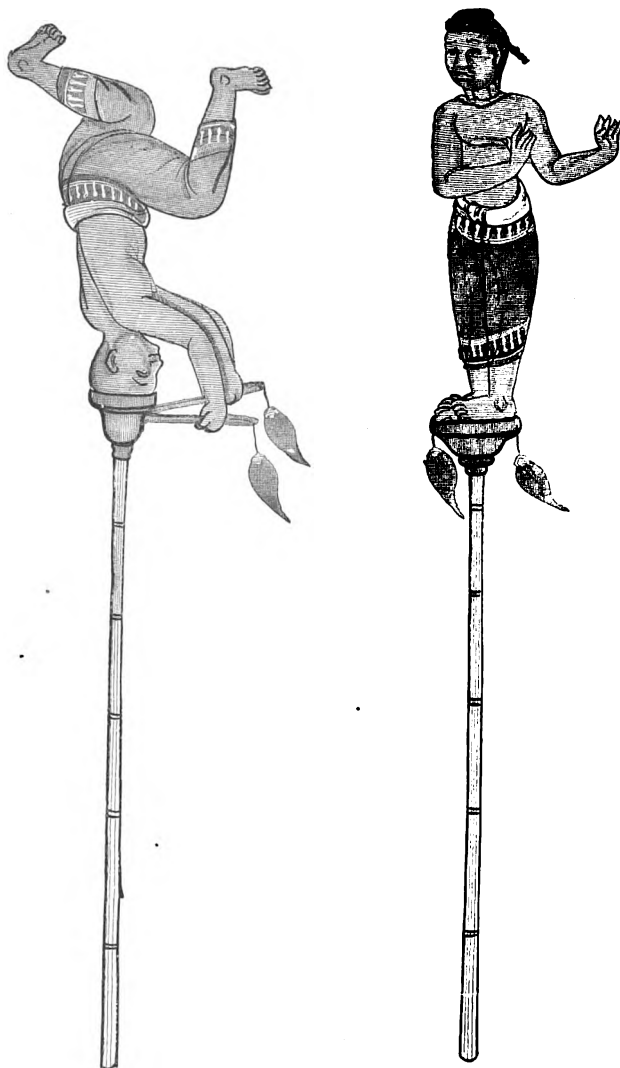
In another game, two poles forty feet high were erected five feet apart. On the top of each was a small platform sufficient to afford standing-room for a single man. When the performance began, a man stood on one platform with his feet upward, and on the other stood one in his natural position. As soon as the signal was given, the two actors changed places and positions at the same time; so that the one who had stood on his head on the platform nearest to me, passed his comrade and came down on his feet on the platform farther off. This exchange was repeated some twenty times or more, without the pause of a single moment; and when these retired, the same feat was repeated by other gymnasts.

Then came a game in which four lances or spears were placed points upward, at the four corners of a bench or table, sixteen inches wide and about four feet long. At regular intervals along the center, were eight or ten shorter spears, immediately over which, with the points touching his bare back, lay a man, who in this position supported the weight of two,

rade. Sometimes they turned somersaults, and at last they coolly seated themselves on his head and knees, called for tea and drank it, then lighted cheroots from a brand which one of them reached over and stuck in the mouth of the prostrate man, as they all jumped off together. The man, as he lay motionless over the spears, seemed not to feel any pain from these jarring movements, and I was told that no sign of a wound was ever left. The weight was borne mainly by the heels and palms bent backward, and the center of gravity must have been perfectly maintained. Occasionally, swords were used instead of spears, and when this was done, they were placed horizontally, with the edges upward toward the actor's body.

Some of the feats in rope-dancing were odd enough. The dancer always had a metallic wire fastened firmly about his waist, and to this wire one end of a strong cord was attached. The other end of the string was made fast to an iron ring, and through this was passed the rope upon which the actor performed his various feats. He turned somersaults, danced, fenced, and put his body into all manner of ludicrous attitudes; and finally astonished us all by leaping from the rope and floating about in mid-air, like a huge fish floundering in shallow water, the ring and cord preventing him from touching the ground. Then he threw himself back on the rope, and walked up and down, carelessly fanning himself with a bunch of feathers which he held in each hand. Presently the feathers were thrown down, and the actor rushed up and down the rope as if running for a wager, but pausing every now and then to toss a joke or a bon-bon at those nearest to him; and, when we least expected it, he leaped from his rope and disappeared with a bound.

VOL. IV.—9.



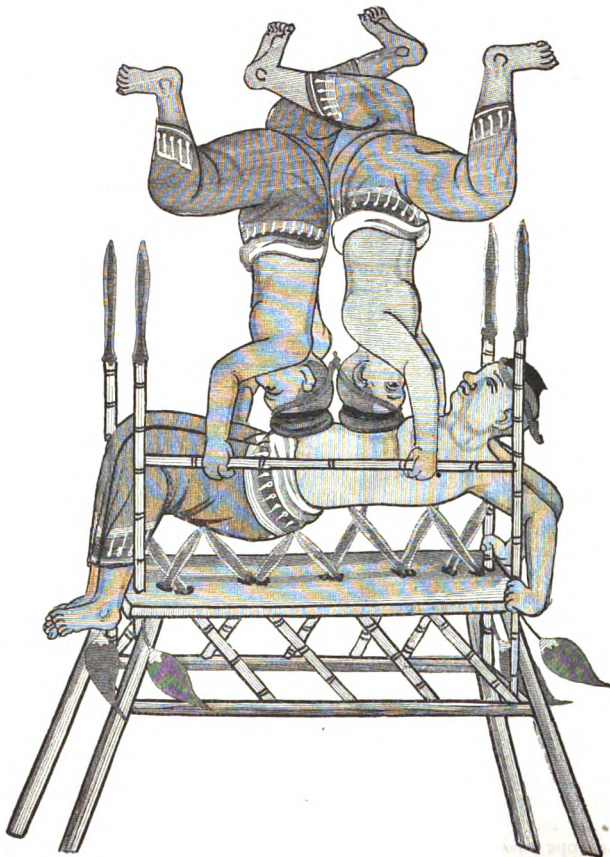
THE PERFORMERS ON THE POLES. (DRAWN BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.)

Next, feats in tumbling and fencing were performed with great dexterity. Some walked on their hands, others on their elbows, and all were capable of putting their limbs into attitudes that seemed, to our Western eyes, equally ludicrous and impossible. One man defended himself against half a dozen others, though his only weapon was a staff about as long and as thick as an ordinary



yard-stick, while his opponents had short swords to use against him. But by his dexterity in parrying their weapons, jumping over their heads, and occasionally putting his feet on their shoulders,

among the gymnasts of our own country. Indeed, it is hard to conceive of gymnastic skill and daring superior to that shown on this occasion. All of the feats I have mentioned, and many similar ones,



THE PERFORMANCE ON THE SPEAR-POINTS. (DRAWN BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.)

and turning a somersault backward, he succeeded in disarming several, and driving all from the stage.

You may judge that after witnessing these exploits, we had to admit to the king that we had never seen the equals of these Siamese performers

are performed by the bands of trained gymnasts belonging to royal and noble Siamese households. But these performers are never seen elsewhere. They are regarded as a necessary part of a great man's household, but as not suitable for the entertainment of the laboring class.

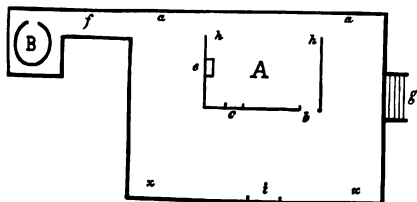
## THE HOUSE OF SANTA CLAUS.

*(A Christmas Fairy Show for Sunday-schools.)*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

## ARRANGEMENT OF THE STAGE.

The stage, shown in the diagram, is about fifteen feet deep by twenty in width in its main portions. It may vary considerably from these dimensions, according to the size of the hall or Sunday-



Front of Stage.

PLAN OF THE STAGE.

school room. The room in this diagram is supposed to be forty feet wide. The stage should not be less than twelve feet in depth nor less than fifteen in width. The portions of the stage represented at B and f may be on the same level of the main platform, or B may be higher or lower, and f an incline. The beauty of the stage is greatly enhanced by surrounding it with a fence of pop-corn. The upright posts should be bits of lath eighteen inches high, the lower end nailed to the edge of the platform, and the whole wrapped with strings of pop-corn. Then draw two strands of the corn from post to post, to represent the horizontal rails. At i there should be a gate with a pointed arch over the top. This should also be of lath, wrapped with pop-corn. There should be three strands in the gate and a diagonal brace. The pop-corn fence is not essential, but it is a great addition to the beauty of the scene, giving the stage a weird and fairy-like appearance, and contrasting finely with the dark green behind. At x, x, two small Christmas-trees may be planted.

The house, A, is nine feet in length and six in depth. It should be about six feet high at the eaves. The frame is of studding, and it is first covered with lath nailed six inches or more apart. Cedar boughs are then so interwoven as to entirely cover it. The roof is thatched in the same way. At e there is a chimney made by knocking out both ends of a packing-box, such as is used for shoes. The box is kalsomined or

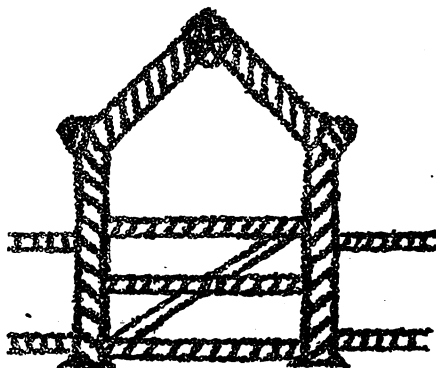
painted to look like stone;\* cleats are nailed around this chimney near the top, to imitate ornamental stone-work. The box is securely nailed to the timbers of the house, and there is a ladder inside the house, so arranged that the lad who represents Santa Claus can put his head and shoulders out at the top. At b there is a door-way two feet wide, in which is a door on hinges. Make it an open frame covered with pink tissue paper. The window, c, is two feet square and made like the door, but intersected with strings of pop-corn for sashes. Over the door-way, b, is a transparency like a lantern behind. The house should be provided with a door-bell. Every precaution must be taken against fire. The house should stand about two feet from the wall, and the back may be left open.

At a, a, two pumpkin faces illuminated are suspended or put upon any support that may be found convenient.

At B there should be either a miniature tent or a dense arbor of evergreens. If the tent is used, a Chinese lantern may be suspended on the top outside.

## CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

SANTA CLAUS should be a boy of fourteen or sixteen years of age, with good acting qualities,



THE GATE.

especially a sense of drollery. He should have any appropriate costume, wig, mask, etc. He carries a

\* See "Letter-Box."—Ed.

snuff-box, and a red or yellow handkerchief. He is also provided with a whistle.

THE DWARFS are boys of ten or twelve years of age. They wear masks and a red tunic of paper-muslin, stuffed, to give them a hunchback appearance. They carry staffs, little tin trumpets, stoop as they walk, and speak in a squeaky falsetto. Their stations are just inside the house, at *A*, *B*. They appear from behind the house in every case except the very last.

THE FAIRY QUEEN should be a little girl of from six to nine years of age, dressed in gauze, with wings of the same material. Stripes or stars, or spangles of gold paper, add to the effect of her dress. She wears a coronet and carries a wand.

THE COMMITTEE should consist of three girls in ordinary dress. They are represented by *X*., *Y*. and *Z*. in the following dialogue, but their real names should be used instead of the letters. *Z*. should be a rather small girl.

#### PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The superintendent or pastor conducts the introductory exercises from some point in front of the stage. No one must be seen on the stage until the dialogue begins.

At the time of beginning, the house, *A*, conceals Santa Claus and his two dwarfs, and a grown person who has charge of the lights and who acts as prompter. There is no light on the stage except that in the transparency over the door, and that in the pumpkin faces. There are a large number of tapers or lamps inside the house, carefully arranged to avoid the danger of fire. These are not lighted until the signal is given in the dialogue. The fairy queen is concealed in her bower at *B*, with some one who has charge of her, and an automatic music-box, which sits upon the floor of the platform, wound up and ready to be started at the proper time. The committee of girls sit in the audience, and not together.

#### DIALOGUE.

After appropriate introductory exercises, a teacher rises in his place and speaks in substance as follows:

*Teacher.* Mr. Superintendent, I see some very pleasant decorations here, but no presents or refreshments for the scholars. I move that a committee of three be appointed to go up to Fairyland and inquire of Santa Claus. I would like to know why this Sunday-school has been left out.

*Another teacher.* I second that motion.

*[Superintendent puts this question to vote, and declares it carried, in due form.]*

*Superintendent.* I would appoint—let me see—girls are better at coaxing than boys, I think—I will

appoint *X*., *Y*. and *Z*. [*calling the girls by their real names*], who will please come forward.

*[X., Y. and Z. rise from their places in their several classes, and come forward to the superintendent.]*

*Superintendent.* Girls, you see we are without any candy or anything of the sort for our scholars. Old Santa Claus has forgotten us. He never did so before. Now I want you three to proceed to Fairyland and see if you can find him. Tell him we must have something. Don't come down without something. We can't have all these children disappointed.

*[The committee proceed by the steps to the stage.]*

*They stop to examine the first pumpkin face.*

*Z.* What a strange face! Wonder who it is!

*Y.* One of Santa's tricks, I suppose.

*X.* They do say that he's full of fun. But this must be his house. Let's find the door. *[All proceed to the front.]* Here it is.

*Y.* Is n't it 'cute? I'd like to live here.

*Z.* And play dolly-house?

*X.* Here's a door-bell. Santa Claus has all the latest improvements, I declare.

*Y.* Ring it.

*Z.* No, don't; I'm afraid.

*X.* Pshaw! Santa never hurts anybody. Don't you see his name over the door? *[Rings.] [After a pause.]* I wonder he don't answer. May be he is n't at home.

*Y.* Gone sleigh-riding, as sure as I live!

*Z.* I guess he's gone to bed. May be his mamma would n't let him sit up late.

*X.* Let's look around, and see what we can find. You two go around that side, and I'll go around this. See if you can't find him in behind the face that's hanging up there.

*[X. goes to the left, around the house, while Y. and Z. go around to the right. They proceed timidly to the back of the house, out of sight of the audience, whereupon the dwarfs blow sharp blasts upon their horns, and the girls all rush back to the front of the house.]*

*X.* I'm so scared!

*Y. and Z.* Oh, dear! I'm so scared!

*X.* What could it be? Guess old Santa Claus made that noise just for fun. I wish the superintendent had come himself, or sent some of the boys.

*Y.* I'll bet the boys would run from that noise. Don't you?

*X.* Yes. Boys never are as brave as girls, anyhow. But let's go back again, and see what there is there.

*Z.* I'm afraid.

*X.* Well, you stay here, and *Y.* will go that way, and I will go this way.

[X. again goes to the right, Y. to the left. They proceed more timidly than before to the rear of the house, disappearing behind it. The dwarfs blow their horns, the girls re-appear, crying out in alarm, and the dwarfs run out after them. The girls hurry back to the front of the house, followed by the dwarfs—one coming round one end of the house, the other round the other. They speak in high, squeaky tones.]

First Dwarf. What do you want?

Second Dwarf. What are you doing here?

X. We want Santa Claus. But we did not know there were two Santa Clauses.

[The dwarfs laugh long and loud.]

First Dwarf. We are not Santa Clauses. We are the dwarfs that take care of Santa Claus's store-rooms, full of goodies and presents.

Second Dwarf. But there's nothing left to take care of now. Santa's given away all he had this Christmas.

X. But we must see old Santa. Our Sunday-school has been left without anything, and we want to see good old Claus himself.

First Dwarf. But you can't. He's asleep.

Second Dwarf. He was out all night last night, and now he's tired to death and sleeping like a top. Thunder would n't wake him.

X. But we must see him.

Y. and Z. Yes, we must.

Second Dwarf. If you'd been riding over roofs all night —

First Dwarf. And climbing down chimneys —

Second Dwarf. And filling stockings —

First Dwarf. And Christmas-trees —

Second Dwarf. And climbing up chimneys again —

First Dwarf. And getting your hands and face all over soot —

Second Dwarf. And driving reindeer,—they do pull —

Both Dwarfs. I guess you'd be sleepy too.

X. But we must have something for the children.

Y. and Z. We must have something.

First Dwarf. There is n't a thing left.

Second Dwarf. Not a thing.

X. What will the superintendent say?

Y. What will the children say?

Z. What will the infant class say?

X. And what will the deacons say?

Y. and Z. Yes, what will the deacons say?

Both Dwarfs. Deacons! Oh, my! Ha! ha!

[The dwarfs now give a blast apiece, and retreat into their hiding-places.]

X. Well, I'm going to wake up old Santa Claus.

Y. May be he'll be cross.

X. But we must have something. [Rings.] I wonder he does n't answer.

Z. Ring louder.

X. Well, here goes. [Rings three or four times.]

[Santa Claus, appearing at the top of the chimney, blows his whistle.]

X. Y. and Z. Oh, dear!

Santa Claus. Who's there? Who rang my bell, I'd like to know? Pity if I can't sleep Christmas Night, when I'm tired to death. Who's there, I say?

X. Oh, you dear old Santa Claus! Don't be angry. Some of your little friends have come to Fairyland to see you. Come down.

Santa Claus. Ha! ha! ha! Some of my little friends come to see me! Well, well! [Blows his whistle.] Light up the house, fairies, light up the house. [Whistles again, and then descends the chimney and re-appears at the front door. The house is lighted within.] How do you do, girls? how do you do? [Shakes hands all round, and then, with great deliberation, takes a pinch of snuff.] Well, I'm glad to see you. What can I do for you?

X. Why, you see, Santa Claus, our Sunday-school is left without anything this Christmas.

Santa Claus [sneezes and uses his bandana]. What? You don't tell me so? What's the name of your school?

X. The — Sunday-school.

Santa Claus. Oh, yes! and your superintendent is Mr. —? I know him, like a book. I've filled his stockings many a time when he was a little fellow. I don't know how I came to miss that school. But you see I'm getting old and forgetful.

Y. How old are you, Santa?

Santa Claus. O, now! Do you think I'd tell you that?

Z. You must be as old as the Centennial.

Santa Claus. Pshaw! I used to fill George Washington's stockings when he was a little boy.

Y. No! Now, did you?

Santa Claus. Of course I did.

Y. What did you put in them?

Santa Claus. What did I put in little Georgie Washington's stockings? Well, now, that's more than a hundred years ago, and an old man's memory is n't strong. I can't remember but one thing.

X. What's that?

Santa Claus. A hatchet.

Y. Oh, my!

Z. That same little hatchet?

Santa Claus. The very same little hatchet. [Laughs.] But I did not give him the cherry-tree.

X. Yes, but we must have something for our school, good Santa Claus.

Santa Claus. But you can't. I've given away all

I had, and turned the reindeer out on the mountains to pasture, and the times are so hard that I can't afford to hire a livery team.

X. Yes, but we must have something.

Y. Yes, we must, dear old Santa.

Z. Yes, indeed.

*Santa Claus [takes snuff and sneezes].* Well, what is to be done? How many scholars have you got this year?

X. About —.

*Santa Claus.* So many? Why, you must be growing. I hope you have n't any Christmas bummers among them—folks that come to Sunday-school to get something to eat. I hate that kind.

Y. I don't think we have many of that sort.

*Santa Claus.* Well, I always did like that school, and now I've gone and forgotten it. I wish something could be done. [*Blows his whistle long and loud, and shouts:*] Dwarfs! here! Drako, where are you? Krako, come! Wake up! [*Whistles again.*] [*Enter dwarfs, each blowing his horn.*]

*Santa Claus.* Now, my little rascals, what have you got for the — Sunday-school?

*Both dwarfs [bowing very low].* Nothing, my lord.

*Santa Claus [takes snuff and sneezes].* I don't see that I can do anything for you.

X. But we cannot go back without something. The children will cry.

*Santa Claus.* Dwarfs, go and look again.

[*They go back behind the house as before.*]

*After a time they re-appear.*

*First dwarf.* We cannot find a thing.

*Second dwarf.* Not one thing.

*Santa Claus [takes snuff].* Well, my little friends, this is very embarrassing—very—but I have n't a thing left.

X. But we can't go back. What will the superintendent say? We must have something.

Y. Something or other.

Z. Yes, something.

*Santa Claus.* I'll go and see myself. [*Exit into house. After a considerable delay re-enters.*] Yes, I find a box of candy, nuts, and pop-corn in the closet.

X., Y. and Z. Candy, nuts, and pop-corn! Good!

*Santa Claus.* What have you got to put the things in?

X. Why we have n't got anything.

*Santa Claus.* Well, then, the children will have to take off their stockings and let me fill them.

X., Y. and Z. Oh, Santa Claus! we could n't, such a cold night as this.

*Santa Claus [takes snuff, looks perplexed, walks about the stage].* Well, I don't know what to do.

X. Oh dear!

Y. Oh dear!

Z. Oh dear! dear! dear!

*Santa Claus [starting up].* Now I have it.

X. Have what?

*Santa Claus.* An idea.

Z. An idea? [*Addressing X.*] What's an idea? Can you put candy into an idea?

X. Be still, Z. Let's hear what Santa Claus's idea may be.

*Santa Claus.* I know who will help me out of this trouble. There's my friend the Fairy Queen.

X. The Fairy Queen!

Y. Oh, my!

Z. Goody! goody! goody!

[*Santa Claus blows three blasts on his whistle and listens. The music-box in the fairy bower begins to play.*]

*Santa Claus.* Listen! She's coming!

X. Fairy music.

Y. and Z. Sh-h!

[*The fairy comes down from B, skipping and reciting or singing:*]

In the secret rocky dell,

There the fairies love to dwell;

Where the stars on dew-drops glance,

There the fairies love to dance.

*Both dwarfs [bowing to Santa Claus].* The Fairy Queen, my lord!

*Santa Claus [bowing].* Hail, Queen of the Fairies!

X., Y. and Z. [*bowing*]. Hail, Queen of the Fairies!

*Fairy Queen [bowing].* Hail, Santa Claus! Hail, little friends!

Oh, stocking-filler, Santa Claus,

I heard you whistle—what's the cause?

You rough and shaggy children's friend,

Why did you for a fairy send?

*Santa Claus [taking snuff].* Why, you see, here's a Sunday-school forgotten, — hundred children! I want to give them something: But they have n't got anything to put it in.

*Fairy Queen.* How would fairy stockings do? White or black or pink or blue?

X. Fairy stockings!

Y. Oh, my!

Z. Goody! goody! goody!

*Fairy Queen [waving her hand toward B]:*

Whatever Santa Claus shall say,

That let Fairyland obey.

*Santa Claus [entering the house and blowing his whistle.]* Fill up the stockings, fairies; fill up the stockings.

[*The dwarfs enter, this time by the front door, and return carrying between them a basket full of little pink tarlatan stockings filled with candy, nuts, etc., which are then distributed to the children.*]

## THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.



ITTLE Nona and her mother were walking together through the wood on their way home from market. The wood was a wild, lonely place enough, but that was not the reason why Nona suddenly turned, ran back to her mother's side, and clutched her gown with a frightened air. No, it was because Gerstein, the huntsman, had become visible in a side-path.

"Why do you always run away from Gerstein? He is a good, kind fellow," said the mother.

"Oh, no, mother! he cannot be good, he is so dreadfully ugly, and has a hump on his back," answered Nona, shuddering.

"His hump is not his fault; the good God gave it him," said the mother severely. "And do you suppose that only handsome and straight people are virtuous and respectable?"

Nona felt ashamed, but she nodded her little head.

"That shows what a silly child you are," went on the mother, "silly and thoughtless, too. When you are older and wiser, you will see your mistake, and discover that ugly forms often cover kind hearts, and that a beautiful person is sometimes the cloak to a bad nature. Now you are but a child and we must forgive you for being foolish."

Nona shook her short golden curls and looked unconvinced. Gerstein had now disappeared, so she ran forward gayly and without fear, till the woods were passed, and they neared the brook and the mill, close to which was her home, for Nona was the miller's little daughter.

"Ho, ho!" cried an elf as the mother and child passed out of view. "So you don't believe in ugly people, fraulein Nona? And you think all pretty people are good, do you? Just give me the chance, and I'll show you the difference." And the elf twisted his legs together, and doubled himself up in a long fit of chuckling laughter which sounded through the wood like the clink of tiny castanets.

"What are you laughing at, friend Greenjacket?" asked a doe who, with her fawn beside her, was

cropping the grass close to the bough on which the elf sat astride, swinging to and fro.

"At the folly of a mortal child," responded the elf. "Not the first one I have laughed at either. Mortal children are uncommonly silly. This little fool now, because she happens to be pretty herself, imagines that every one who is not pretty must be wicked. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Dear me," sighed the doe, raising her beautiful head with a sniff. "Lightfoot," turning to the fawn, "I hope, dear, you have more sense than that, young as you are."

"Oh, yes, mamma," said the fawn. "I thought the wild cat we saw was so pretty, you remember, till you told me what a cruel beast it is. Now I am wiser."

"I'll teach her a lesson," said the chuckling elf, balancing himself on his thumbs, and flourishing his legs. Then he nodded to the doe, and with a rapid movement vanished into a crack in the ground.

Nona had no idea that the creatures of the forest were discussing her thus. She was a good, helpful child in spite of the small flaws of character which we have seen; and having many things to do about the house, it was several days after this conversation with her mother before she again walked in the wood. This time she went alone. The forest had a bad reputation among the country people, who considered it the home of sprites, dwarfs, goblins, and other unearthly beings. But Nona had lived close to it all her life, and was not in the least afraid. She had never seen a goblin, and did not believe there were any in the wood. So she tripped gayly along the shady paths, gathering flowers, and singing a little song so sweetly that the birds flew after, perching on way-side trees, and joining their shrill pipes to the melody of her voice till the leafy aisles rang with the noisy concert.

Thus Nona wandered on. Hour after hour passed; more birds, more flowers, more distance measured by the busy feet, till suddenly the sun dropped out of sight, the shadows of the trees mingled into one, and Nona aroused as from a dream, to find herself in a new and strange place which she did not recognize at all.

She was not frightened at first; it seemed as though it must be easy to return to the accustomed path, but when moment after moment went by, each bringing fresh bewilderment, deeper twilight, she lost courage. To and fro she ran; searched this





way, that. All was of no use. At last she sat down on a moss-covered log, and began to cry. The wind rose and made strange sounds in the boughs above; her sobs echoed through the lonely wood, and every now and then a queer noise as of soft chuckling laughter mingled with these echoes, and perplexed her. Her eyes were too dim with tears to see where, not far off, an odd little sharp face, surmounted by a pointed cap, was poked from beneath a grass tuft to watch her movements. It was naughty Green-jacket, who, having led Nona into this trap, was enjoying his success.

Presently the moon rose, and Greenjacket drew in his head, afraid of detection. The stars came out in the sky, and twinkled in a friendly manner, which was cheering. Then the moon reached down a long ray like a hand, touched Nona's hand, and seemed to draw her along. She went for a few paces, then paused affrighted, for a small figure stopped the way, and a keen little voice said, "This is the path, Nona, I'll guide you."

"Oh, dear, what is it?" she gasped.

"This way," repeated the voice; and Nona following quite bewildered, Greenjacket led her down a narrow path beset with brambles, which plucked and caught at her dress as though they wished to detain her. Suddenly the path ended in a great rock in which was a black, gaping cave-mouth.

"Oh, what is that? Why did you bring me here?" cried Nona.

"It is the cave of Bruin the bear. He is the ugliest bear in the wood, so you can fancy how bad he must be," replied the mocking sprite. "Ho, Bruin! Come out of your house and see what a nice little tidbit I've brought you."

With these words, the fairy vanished, while Nona, with a moan of despair, sank on the ground, sobbing to herself, "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Ugh! ugh!" growled a deep voice from the depths inside. "Who is that? Ugh! ugh!"

Nona's heart stood still with fear as she heard a heavy footstep approaching, and saw the red glare of a torch. Presently out of the cave-mouth came a huge black bear, lumbering on his clumsy toes, and growling dreadfully. Another bear followed, carrying in his paws a torch which he held respectfully to light the big bear along.

"Ho, ho!" said the big bear. "Who have we got here, I should like to know?" and he put his nose so close that Nona thought he was going to eat her at once, and shivered with fright.

"You are cold," said the bear, misunderstanding this motion. "It is a chilly night, but inside my house you'll find it nice and warm. Come in, come in, you're just in time for supper."

"Oh dear! he means me. I am the supper,"

thought Nona, and she began to cry bitterly, much to the surprise of the kind old bear.

"Heyday!" he exclaimed. "What's all this! I never saw such a child for crying. Come in and warm yourself, and let me see if I can't find something you can fancy to eat."

"Don't you eat little girls ever?" inquired Nona, still drawing back.

"Little girls! Nonsense! They're not good to eat. We like potatoes and ground-nuts much better," said Bruin, and Nona, quite reassured at his tone, resisted no longer, but took his paw, which he offered politely, and let him lead her into the cave. It was light inside. A big fire burned on the ground, over which hung pots and kettles, from which issued all sorts of savory smells. But Nona shuddered a little as she perceived, seated round the crimson fire, a number of strange and ugly creatures, who all rose and saluted as she entered with the bear.

There were brown elves no bigger than a man's thumb, with spindle legs and green, shining eyes. There were dwarfs with heads like pumpkins, and bodies as thin and wiry as that of a daddy-long-legs; hairy creatures who carried brooms in their hands; moon-faced goblins, sprites, wrapped in green little sheets; and tiny men in green, armed with canes tipped with bee-stings. All of these bowed and smiled pleasantly as they made room for Nona beside the fire, and after a few minutes she ceased to be afraid, so easily do we accustom ourselves to what is amiable and harmless even when it takes a hideous form.

The pots and pans held some odd food which looked unlike anything Nona was used to eat, but one of the bears supplied her with a bowl of nice milk and a honey-comb, both of which articles she knew all about. So the supper passed off merrily with her as with the rest.

Supper ended, the company remained by the fire conversing pleasantly. Not a cross word was spoken by any one. The very ugliest of the goblins seemed to have the wish to be agreeable. Nona saw an elf with spider-claws get up to offer his seat to a little dwarf whose corner was chilly, and noticed that in spite of his gruff voice and clumsy movements, the big bear was the life of the party, and seemed to have but one wish, that of making all about him comfortable and at home. She began quite to love the old fellow with his shaggy head and blunt muzzle, and when he asked her to sing them a song, she made no objections, but lifted her voice and sang even more sweetly than when that afternoon she had charmed the birds. The bears and all the assemblage were delighted, and begged for another and another, till Nona had finished all the songs she knew.

After that the big bear himself volunteered a song, which ran as follows :

"Though I'm a rough old fellow,  
With a shaggy coat,  
With a voice which comes like thunder  
From my wide, red throat,  
With little eyes and fishy,  
And a pair of great brown paws  
Finished and ornamented  
By strong, sharp claws.  
Although I'm very ugly

allowed to light Nona home, so they trimmed their glow-worm lamps, and the good old bear, placing her on his back, trotted through the woods in the direction of the mill. The elves flew beside, amusing themselves with all sorts of droll pranks, pinching the squirrels as they lay asleep in their nests, wakening the birds, and rousing the dreaming owl on the bough by a crack and a loud whoop in his ear. Some of the gentler ones filled Nona's basket with wood-flowers wet with dew ; and one



BRUIN LEADS NONA INTO THE CAVE.

If you judge me by my shell,  
Still my heart is kind and tender,  
And I love all things well.  
And there's a good old saying,  
Admit it friends and foes,  
That only he is handsome  
Who always handsome does."

Though Bruin's voice was rough as his coat, this song was much applauded by the company, and he was begged to favor them with another, which he did. Then a great clock struck, and it was time for the party to break up. The elves begged to be

little darling brought her a rose-cup in which were cuddled two tiny butterflies, side by side. So they went along.

As they gained the edge of the forest, a horn was sounded close to them, and Bruin set Nona hastily down on the ground.

"Here we part," he said, "for that is the horn of Gerstein, the huntsman. And a wise bear will keep out of his way, though he's a good fellow and a kind one. Good-bye, dear Nona. Don't forget your friends, the bears, and remember [here

Bruin's voice grew impressive], remember that an ugly creature may have as kind a heart, and be as worthy of regard, as a handsome one."

Nona blushed deeply and felt abashed, for she now understood that her foolish words had been overheard, and that the bear wished to give her a lesson.

"Good-bye. You've all been so good," she faltered; and even as she spoke, Bruin and the elves vanished, and she stood alone in the forest.

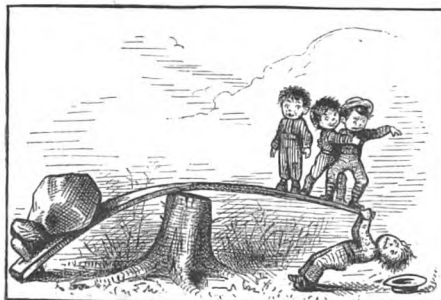
Not alone for long, however. In another moment Gerstein broke through the boughs, and the joyful smile which lit his face when he saw her, made him seem almost beautiful.

"Here is the dear little maiden," he cried.

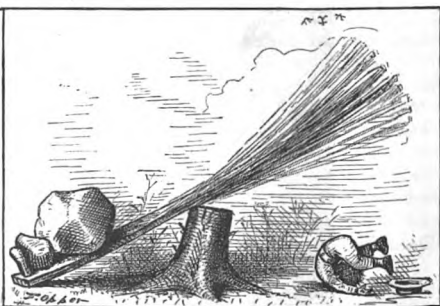
"Well, there will be joy at the mill. Thy mother has wept much, Nona; thy father has searched all night, but now all will be forgotten, for thou art safe, praise be to God." Then he lifted Nona in his strong arms, and as she clung to his rough shoulder she thought of the good bear, and it seemed to her that Gerstein was of kin to him, strong and ugly, but kind of deed and tender of heart.

Ever after that day she loved Gerstein. And when her mother saw her run to meet him, and jump for joy at the sound of the horn which told of his coming, she would smile and say:

"Thou art grown wiser, Nona. I told thee one day that so it would be. Dost thou not remember? It was the day we walked together in the wood."



THREE LITTLE BOYS ON A SPRING-BOARD,  
JUST GETTING READY TO FLY;



ONE, TWO, THREE! AND NOW YOU CAN SEE  
THOSE THREE LITTLE SPECKS IN THE SKY.

## THE TRUE STORY OF A DOLL.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

It is a single little doll, laid away by itself in a box—a cheap china doll, such as you buy for a few cents, but dressed in a gay slip, with lace; the sewing on the dress very bad indeed—in some places the stitches long and gaping. I want to tell the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* the story of the doll and the sewing on it.

A year ago, a young girl, one of the teachers in a school in a great city, bade good-bye to the children and went home. The children laughed a

great deal, and the story went about how that Miss Nelly was going to be married soon, and was going home to learn to keep house.

Nelly was one of the merriest girls in the world. In school or at home, everybody tried to sit next to her, to hear her laugh. Nobody was ever so friendly or so full of life, they said. But she was not strong; and when she went home, instead of learning to keep house, she grew thinner and weaker day by day, while the doctors stood help-

lessly looking on. The marriage was put off again and again. At last she could not leave her room. Yet still people tried to come close to her; the laugh was always ready on her lips, and the big blue eyes grew more friendly with each fading day. The valley of the shadow of death was sunnier to her than life is to most people. She held the hands of all her friends as she went through it, and the best Friend of all was close beside her.

It began to be noticed, however, that she was anxious to sew or knit all the time, to make something for little children—soft, white little shirts, or baby's socks. It may be that the thought of a little child which never should rest on her own bosom was the tenderest memory in the world she was leaving. In the city where she lived there is a hospital for sick children, in which there are many "memorial beds" given as legacies by dying women, or in remembrance of them by their friends. Nelly had no money to endow a memorial bed, but her thoughts were busy with the sick babies.

"I will dress a box of dolls," she said, "so that each can have one on Christmas morning."

They gave her the doll, and scraps of silk and lace, and she worked faithfully at it with her trembling fingers.

"I will have them ready," she would say.

But it seemed as if she would not have even one ready, she was forced so often to lay it down. One September night she was awake all night, and by dawn made them wash and dress her and give her her work-box and scissors.

By noon the doll was dressed, and she laid it down, smiling.

An hour or two later, they told her that the end was near. She kissed them all good-bye. Her face was that of one who goes upon a pleasant journey; and, holding her mother's hand, she closed her eyes and went away.

There is the little doll, alone in its box. I thought if each little girl who reads this story in ST. NICHOLAS would dress a doll and send it to a poor child in some asylum or hospital on Christmas morning, that Nelly would surely know of it, and be glad that she and her loving fancy had not been forgotten.

## THE PETERKINS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

PRETTY early in the autumn the Peterkins began to prepare for their Christmas-tree. Everything was done in great privacy, as it was to be a surprise to the neighbors, as well as to the rest of the family. Mr. Peterkin had been up to Mr. Bromwich's wood-lot, and, with his consent, selected the tree. Agamemnon went to look at it occasionally after dark, and Solomon John made frequent visits to it, mornings, just after sunrise. Mr. Peterkin drove Elizabeth Eliza and her mother that way, and pointed furtively to it with his whip, but none of them ever spoke of it aloud to each other. It was suspected that the little boys had been to see it Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. But they came home with their pockets full of chestnuts, and said nothing about it.

At length Mr. Peterkin had it cut down, and brought secretly into the Larkins's barn. A week or two before Christmas, a measurement was made of it, with Elizabeth Eliza's yard-measure. To Mr. Peterkin's great dismay, it was discovered that it was too high to stand in the back parlor. This fact was brought out at a secret council of Mr.

and Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, and Agamemnon.

Agamemnon suggested that it might be set up slanting, but Mrs. Peterkin was very sure it would make her dizzy, and the candles would drip.

But a brilliant idea came to Mr. Peterkin. He proposed that the ceiling of the parlor should be raised to make room for the top of the tree.

Elizabeth Eliza thought the space would need to be quite large. It must not be like a small box, or you could not see the tree.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "I should have the ceiling lifted all across the room; the effect would be finer."

Elizabeth Eliza objected to having the whole ceiling raised, because her room was over the back parlor, and she would have no floor while the alteration was going on, which would be very awkward. Besides, her room was not very high now, and if the floor were raised, perhaps she could not walk in it upright.

Mr. Peterkin explained that he did not propose altering the whole ceiling, but to lift up a ridge



across the room at the back part where the tree was to stand. This would make a hump, to be sure, in Elizabeth Eliza's room; but it would go across the whole room.

Elizabeth Eliza said she would not mind that. It would be like the cuddy thing that comes up on the deck of a ship, that you sit against, only here you would not have the seasickness. She thought she should like it for a rarity. She might use it for a divan.

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would come in the worn place of the carpet, and might be a convenience in making the carpet over.

Agamemnon was afraid there would be trouble in keeping the matter secret, for it would be a long piece of work for a carpenter; but Mr. Peterkin proposed having the carpenter for a day or two, for a number of other jobs.

One of them was to make all the chairs in the house of the same height, for Mrs. Peterkin had nearly broken her spine, by sitting down in a chair that she had supposed was her own rocking-chair, and it had proved to be two inches lower. The little boys were now large enough to sit in any chair; so a medium was fixed upon to satisfy all the family, and the chairs were made uniformly of the same height.

On consulting the carpenter, however, he insisted that the tree could be cut off at the lower end to suit the height of the parlor, and demurred at so great a change as altering the ceiling. But Mr. Peterkin had set his mind upon the improvement, and Elizabeth Eliza had cut her carpet in preparation for it.

So the folding-doors into the back parlor were closed, and for nearly a fortnight before Christmas there was great litter of fallen plastering, and laths, and chips, and shavings; and Elizabeth Eliza's carpet was taken up, and the furniture had to be changed, and one night she had to sleep at the Bromwich's, for there was a long hole in her floor that might be dangerous.

All this delighted the little boys. They could not understand what was going on. Perhaps they suspected a Christmas-tree, but they did not know why a Christmas-tree should have so many chips, and were still more astonished at the hump that appeared in Elizabeth Eliza's room. It must be a Christmas present, or else the tree in a box.

Some aunts and uncles, too, arrived a day or two before Christmas, with some small cousins. These cousins occupied the attention of the little boys, and there was a great deal of whispering and mystery, behind doors, and under the stairs, and in the corners of the entry.

Solomon John was busy, privately making some candles for the tree. He had been collecting some

bayberries, as he understood they made very nice candles, so that it would not be necessary to buy any.

The elders of the family never all went into the back parlor together, and all tried not to see what was going on. Mrs. Peterkin would go in with Solomon John, or Mr. Peterkin with Elizabeth Eliza, or Elizabeth Eliza and Agamemnon and Solomon John. The little boys and the small cousins were never allowed even to look inside the room.

Elizabeth Eliza meanwhile went into town a number of times. She wanted to consult Amanda as to how much ice-cream they should need, and whether they could make it at home, as they had cream and ice. She was pretty busy in her own room; the furniture had to be changed, and the carpet altered. The "hump" was higher than she had expected. There was danger of bumping her own head whenever she crossed it. She had to nail some padding on the ceiling for fear of accidents.

The afternoon before Christmas, Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and their father, collected in the back parlor for a council. The carpenters had done their work, and the tree stood at its full height at the back of the room, the top stretching up into the space arranged for it. All the chips and shavings were cleared away, and it stood on a neat box.

But what were they to put upon the tree?

Solomon John had brought in his supply of candles, but they proved to be very "stringy" and very few of them. It was strange how many bayberries it took to make a few candles! The little boys had helped him, and he had gathered as much as a bushel of bayberries. He had put them in water, and skimmed off the wax, according to the directions, but there was so little wax!

Solomon John had given the little boys some of the bits sawed off from the legs of the chairs. He had suggested they should cover them with gilt paper, to answer for gilt apples, without telling them what they were for.

These apples, a little blunt at the end, and the candles, were all they had for the tree.

After all her trips into town, Elizabeth Eliza had forgotten to bring anything for it.

"I thought of candies and sugar-plums," she said, "but I concluded if we made caramels ourselves we should not need them. But, then, we have not made caramels. The fact is, that day my head was full of my carpet. I had bumped it pretty badly, too."

Mr. Peterkin wished he had taken, instead of a fir-tree, an apple-tree he had seen in October, full of red fruit.

"But the leaves would have fallen off by this time," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And the apples too," said Solomon John.

"It is odd I should have forgotten, that day I went in on purpose to get the things," said Elizabeth Eliza, musingly. "But I went from shop to shop, and did n't know exactly what to get. I saw a great many gilt things for Christmas-trees, but I knew the little boys were making the gilt apples; there were plenty of candles in the shops, but I knew Solomon John was making the candles."

Mr. Peterkin thought it was quite natural.

Solomon John wondered if it were too late for them to go into town now.

Elizabeth Eliza could not go in the next morning, for there was to be a grand Christmas dinner, and Mr. Peterkin could not be spared, and Solomon John was sure he and Agamemnon would not know what to buy. Besides, they would want to try the candles to-night.

Mr. Peterkin asked if the presents everybody had been preparing would not answer? But Elizabeth Eliza knew they would be too heavy.

A gloom came over the room. There was only a flickering gleam from one of Solomon John's candles that he had lighted by way of trial.

Solomon John again proposed going into town. He lighted a match to examine the newspaper about the trains. There were plenty of trains coming out at that hour, but none going in except a very late one. That would not leave time to do anything and come back.

"We could go in, Elizabeth Eliza and I," said Solomon John, "but we should not have time to buy anything."

Agamemnon was summoned in. Mrs. Peterkin was entertaining the uncles and aunts in the front parlor. Agamemnon wished there was time to study up something about electric lights. If they could only have a calcium light! Solomon John's candle sputtered and went out.

At this moment there was a loud knocking at the front door. The little boys, and the small cousins,

and the uncles and aunts, and Mrs. Peterkin, hastened to see what was the matter.

The uncles and aunts thought somebody's house must be on fire. The door was opened, and there was a man, white with flakes, for it was beginning to snow, and he was pulling in a large box.

Mrs. Peterkin supposed it contained some of Elizabeth Eliza's purchases, so she ordered it to be pushed into the back parlor, and hastily called back her guests and the little boys into the other room. The little boys and the small cousins were sure they had seen Santa Claus himself.

Mr. Peterkin lighted the gas. The box was addressed to Elizabeth Eliza. It was from the lady from Philadelphia! She had gathered a hint from Elizabeth Eliza's letters that there was to be a Christmas-tree, and had filled this box with all that would be needed.

It was opened directly. There was every kind of gilt hanging thing, from gilt pea-pods to butterflies on springs. There were shining flags and lanterns, and bird-cages, and nests with birds sitting on them, baskets of fruit, gilt apples and bunches of grapes, and, at the bottom of the whole, a large box of candles and a box of Philadelphia bonbons!

Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John could scarcely keep from screaming. The little boys and the small cousins knocked on the folding-doors to ask what was the matter.

Hastily Mr. Peterkin and the rest took out the things and hung them on the tree, and put on the candles.

When all was done, it looked so well that Mr. Peterkin exclaimed:

"Let us light the candles now, and send to invite all the neighbors to-night, and have the tree on Christmas Eve!"

And so it was that the Peterkins had their Christmas-tree the day before, and on Christmas night could go and visit their neighbors.

## A RIDDLE.

JOHNNY looked down in the spring, one night,

And what did he see but a dipper!

The handle crooked, the bottom out,

Yet floating as trim as a clipper.

It was n't broken; 't was good as new;

Yes, fit for a monarch's daughter.

"Ho! you're a funny old dipper!" said John;

"You can't hold a drop of water."



## THE CHRISTMAS PUTZ AT BETHLEHEM.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A BUSY December to you, my youngsters! A busy December, full of plans for making other people happy; and then a merry Christmas! The holiday ST. NICHOLAS, I'm told, will reach you this year before Christmas Day. If that's the case, why Christmas, too, will come in ahead of time, that's all.

The fact is, Christmas is n't a golden flash in the children's sky. No, it's a sort of goldy way, bright, beautiful, and holy, that shimmers into view early in December, grows brightest on The Day, and then fades slowly into the New Year. Christmas shines in some hearts as soon as they know it is coming.

Let's see. We must start off with a holiday subject this time. Ha! I have it!

## A BIG PLUM-PUDDING.

Now and then, the Little Schoolma'am reads things to the children that make your Jack almost jump out of his pulpit. Now what do you think of this account which the little lady lately read out of an old book to a hungry group of youngsters who had crowded about her because they had seen her "laughing at something in the book?" She said the June referred to was the summer of 1819.

"On June 8th, at Paignton fair, near Exeter, the ancient custom of drawing through the town a plum-pudding of an immense size, and afterward distributing it to the populace, was revived. The ingredients which composed this enormous pudding were 400 pounds of flour, 170 pounds of beef suet, 140 pounds of raisins, and 240 eggs. It was kept constantly boiling in a brewer's copper from Saturday morning to Tuesday, when it was placed on a car, decorated with ribbons, evergreens, &c., and drawn along the street by eight oxen."

There was a pudding for you, almost as grand as Mother Mitchel's! But they should have saved it for Christmas.

MY DEAR JACK: Will you please let me tell the other girls, and their brothers, how to make something pretty for Christmas?

In Bethlehem, Pa., where mother and I passed considerable time, there is a large Moravian settlement, and some of their customs are very interesting, particularly during the Christmas season. At that time, the Moravians make what they call a Putz, not only for the amusement of their children, but for all who may come to see it.

A Putz is a miniature landscape, with whatever figures you may like to put in it. Some of these scenes are made on a grand scale; but smaller ones, equally pretty, and not so difficult to manage, are made at the foot of the Christmas-tree. The tree is placed on a table, or, better still, it is set in a large dry-goods box, and then boards are put across the top of the box, as a foundation for the Putz.

If you wish to make one, girls, you have only to go into the woods for your materials. Pieces of rock, large and small, mosses, ferns, lichens, vines, and whatever you may think pretty, will answer the purpose. The large rocks, you use for mountains, interspersed with small branches of cedar and pine for trees. A narrow piece of tin-foil, bent into various shapes, will do for a water-fall, across which a card-board bridge can be laid. Lower down, you can have a looking-glass lake, or, better still, a tin pan, filled with water, on which artificial ducks, geese, fish, boats, etc., can float. Conceal the edge of the glass or pan with-moss, and put gravel at the bottom of your real lake, as well as gravel walks around it.

With card-board houses, and fences, and miniature sheep, horses, etc., you can make very pretty scenes. Or you can represent the birth of the Christ-child, with small toy figures that come expressly for such scenes. You will find it easy to make a pretty design for Christmas with very little material.

The Moravians at Bethlehem welcome all visitors, whether strangers or not, who choose to go into any of the houses to examine the Putz, and it certainly is a very interesting sight.

I am your sincere young friend,

MAMIE H.

## EAST OR WEST?

"DEACON GREEN, please sir, Tom Scott says Aspinwall is west of Panama, and I say it is n't."

"Well, my man, what are your grounds for disputing him?" said the Deacon, mildly, seeing that some reply was expected.

"Why, good grounds enough, sir. He admits that Aspinwall is on the Atlantic Ocean side of the isthmus, and Panama is on the Pacific Ocean, or that part of it known as Panama Bay. Humph! guess 'most anybody ought to know that the Pacific Ocean is west of this continent, and the Atlantic is east of it; and yet he sticks to it that Panama is east of Aspinwall!"

"Well, Thomas is generally pretty sure of a statement before he makes it," put in the Deacon.

"But, sir," proceeded the boy, growing redder as he began to suspect that the Deacon might be on Tom's side, "I don't see any sense in going right against geography. He need n't try to make out that the Pacific Ocean is east of the Atlantic—not on *this* side of the world, sir."

"That's true," said the Deacon. "And now, Joe, I'll tell you what I'll do. You just run home and examine the map closely, and then if you find, on careful inspection, that Thomas is wrong, come to me and I'll fill your hat with the finest apples you ever tasted in your life."

Joe *did* run home; he *did* examine the map closely—and to this day he never has said a word to the Deacon about those apples.

## ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

DEAR JACK: I wish to tell you a little story about a canary and a sparrow. One morning, while my little brother and myself were sitting on the piazza, a sparrow came and perched on my canary's cage, and began eating the seed it found on the outside. My bird was very glad to see a friend, and immediately began singing. My

Germantown, August 10th, 1876.

little brother happened to be eating a piece of bread, and he threw a few crumbs to the sparrow, which it soon picked up and carried to the canary. It was very funny to see it put the crumbs in the canary's beak. I think it gave them to the canary because it was thankful for the seed my bird had given him.—Yours truly,

EDITH M. DARRACH.

#### A LITTLE HOLLANDER'S BIRD-CAGE.

New York, Oct. 12, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once, when I was in Holland, waiting in an Amsterdam railroad station for the train to come along, I saw something so very pretty that I made a drawing of it on purpose for you, knowing you would like to show it to your boys and girls. Here it is—a bird-cage, and the very finest bird-cage I ever saw in my life. There is no need of describing it. The children will see the beautiful stand embellished with moss and flowers, the two houses set in the midst of the green, the connecting gallery covered with fine wire gauze, and the birds skipping to and fro enjoying every inch of it. They can see, too, the bell in the pagoda tower which rings sweetly whenever the little inmates choose to pull the string. In fact, while I was looking, one of the birds *did* pull the string, so I sketched him in the act.

I did not draw the railroad station, you see, Jack, because the person who was taking the cage home

Warren, the ST. NICHOLAS artist. He has done it so beautifully and accurately that if ever I make any more drawings I shall ask him to copy them for the credit of the family.

I am, dear Mr. Jack, yours very truly,

JOEL STACY.

#### THE SAFETY LAMP.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1876.

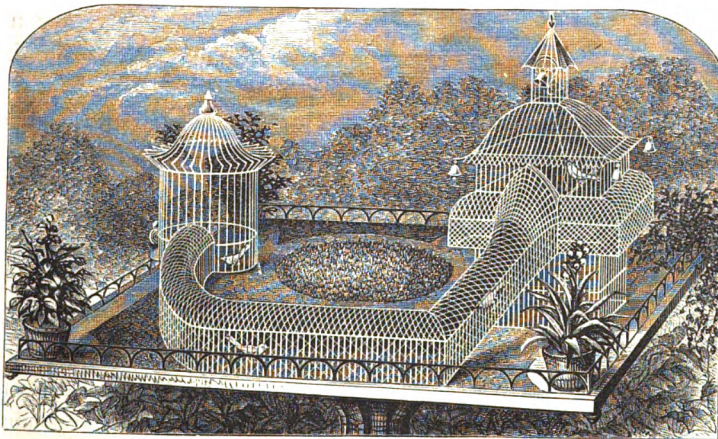
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think the omission in C. A. D.'s letter, page 798, of the October ST. NICHOLAS, is the safety lamp that Sir Humphrey Davy invented, by means of which many lives have been saved. In May, 1812, an explosion of gas took place in the Felling Colliery, near Newcastle, which caused the death of ninety-two persons. This prompted a committee of proprietors of mines to wait upon Davy to see if he could devise any way of preventing similar accidents.

Davy had observed that combustion was not communicated through tubes of small dimensions, and, by experimenting, he gradually reduced the size of the tubes till he found that a metallic gauge, with apertures not exceeding one twenty-second part of an inch, was sufficient to prevent the flame inside of the lamp from igniting the explosive gas on the outside. He therefore devised a lamp with a wire screen, which the miners could use with safety.

Your friend,

FRANCIS H. JACKSON, JR.

The Little Schoolma'am wishes Jack to thank Master Jackson, Nelly M. Sherwin, Martie S. D., "Ned," R. S. S., and all other young friends who have correctly given the important fact omitted by C. A. D. She wishes you also to know that a new



as a birthday present to his little daughter, said it was to be set upon a pedestal in the garden. I could n't help thinking how delighted the little girl would be with his beautiful gift, and how easily the thing could be copied (from the drawing) by some American cage-maker in case I ever should want to give my little girl a superb Christmas present.

Then I thought of your thousands of young folks, and how some of their fathers, who could spare the requisite money, might like to have such cages made for them. The wire-work can be so delicate that the birds inside will almost think they are not caged at all. Perhaps I ought to tell you that the drawing I send was made from my sketch by Mr.

safety lamp, called Landau's New Safety Lamp, for use in mines, promises to be an improvement even on Sir Humphrey Davy's. She says, "Tell them that the chief peculiarity of the invention is that, by an ingenious arrangement, the admission of gas extinguishes the flame, so that it cannot under any circumstances be exploded by the lamp."

Humph! The dear Little Schoolma'am does n't tell us how the miners will feel when they are left in the dark. I should n't like that part of the invention; still, it is better than being blown up. Any intelligent miner would rather have a whole body in the dark, than to be scattered about in fragments in a good light.





## THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

ONCE a robin flew into a pretty room; and just as he went in, the wind banged the window-blinds shut, so he could not get out again.

At first he did not mind, but flew about and lit on the bright picture-frames, and wished his pretty wife were with him to enjoy the pleasant place. Then he rested on the back of a small chair, and then he saw another robin!

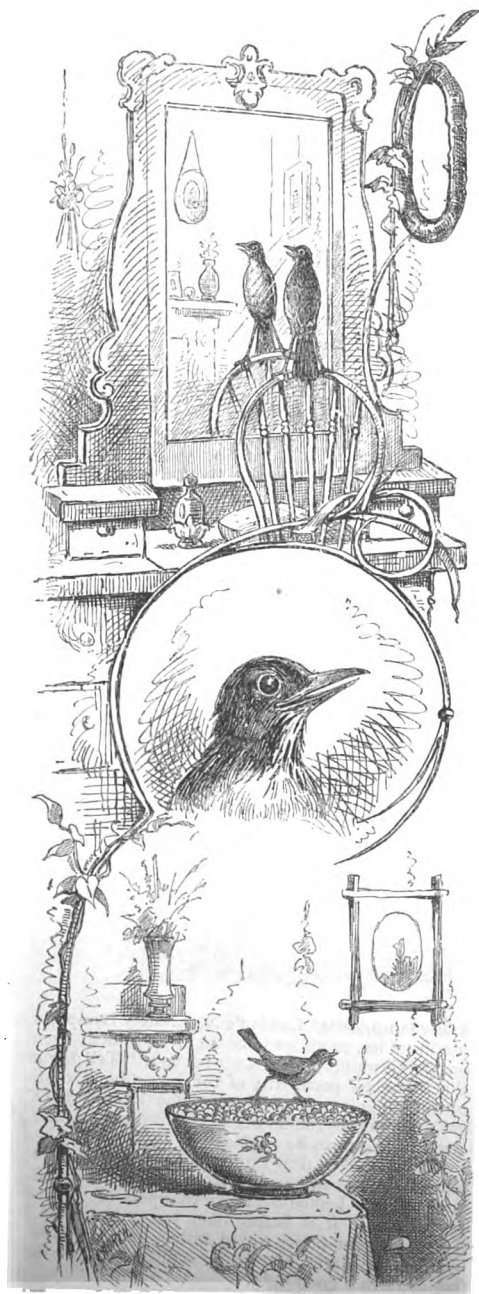
"O-ho!" sang he to himself,—  
"here is some one else. I must speak to him: 'Whew! Mr. Robin, glad to meet you. My name is Cock Robin. What do they call this place?'"

But the other robin did not answer. He only opened his mouth and jerked his head from side to side just as Mr. Cock Robin did. You see the other robin lived in the looking-glass, and could not speak.

"A rude fellow!" chirped Mr. Cock Robin to himself. "Not worth talking to! Ah! yonder are some fine cherries! I'll eat some."

The cherries were in a bowl on the table. Mr. Cock Robin helped himself. Then he decided to try the other bird once more.

"My friend," sang he softly, as he caught the stem of a fine cherry in his beak and flew to the chair again, "here is a fine cherry for you — Oh! oh!"



Well might Mr. Cock Robin say "Oh!" for there stood the other robin on just such a chair, offering him a cherry in the most polite manner!

"Thanks!" said Mr. Cock Robin. "But, my deaf and dumb friend, as we each have one, we need not stand on cer-e-mo-ny."

So both began to eat.

"He is a fine, sociable fellow, after all," said Mr. Cock Robin.

The door opened, and in came a little girl.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Cock Robin faintly to himself.

The girl clapped her hands for joy, and ran toward him.

Up flew Mr. Cock Robin in a great fright. He whisked past the looking-glass and saw that the other robin was badly scared also. Then he tried to fly out of a closed window where there were no blinds; but he only dashed against some very hard kind of air that hurt his sides. If he had been like you, he would have known that it was window-glass, and not hard air.

"Poor birdie!" said the little girl, as she threw open the window. "You shall go out if you want to."

In an instant, Mr. Cock Robin was flying through the sunlight to his little wife.

"Where *have* you been?" chirped she, as he reached the nest.

"Oh, I've been on a visit," said Mr. Cock Robin—and he told her all about it.

Soon Mrs. Cock Robin said, softly: "I *should* like to see that other one. Was he very handsome, my dear?"

"Handsome!" cried Mr. Robin, sharply. "Handsome! Not at all, my dear—a *very* homely bird, indeed! Yes, ma'am—very homely, and as deaf as a post."

"How dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Cock Robin.

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## WHAT MY LITTLE BROTHER THINKS.

My little brother is—oh, so funny!  
He thinks that a king is made of money;  
He thinks little cherubs, overhead,  
Hold up the stars to light us to bed.

He thinks that near those cherubs, but under,  
Are other cherubs who cause the thunder;



They roll great tables and chairs around,  
And growl and roar with an awful sound.

He thinks some quick little cherub scratches,  
To make the lightning, a million matches;  
Another carries a watering-pot  
To wet the earth when it gets too hot.

He thinks—my brother is, oh, so knowing!—  
A feather-bed cherub does all the snowing;  
He thinks the feathers come sailing down,  
And make the snow that whitens the town.

He thinks that a painted mask can eat him;  
Or pull his hair; or chase and beat him.  
Yes, really thinks a mask is alive!  
But my little brother is only five.

He thinks little fairies make the clamor  
In grandpa's watch, with a tiny hammer.  
He thinks *some* fairies can live in a book;  
Or dance in kettles, to frighten cook.

He thinks the grasshoppers bring molasses;  
That a fairy over the bright moon passes;  
He thinks my Jack-in-the-box is alive,  
Like witches who go to the sky for a drive.

He thinks our "sis" is her dolly's mother—  
My dear, absurd little baby brother!  
Yes, thinks he is UNCLE, and feels quite grand  
To lead his niece about by the hand!

But, the best of all, he is really certain  
He once saw Santa Claus through the curtain;  
And he thinks Old Santy'll come by and by,  
On Christmas Eve—and so do I.



## CHRISTMAS CAROL.\*

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE.

Music by F. BOOTT.

*SOP. SOLO. Allegro Moderato.*

1. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren dear! For Christ, once born in the  
 2. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren sweet! The way to find the

*TENOR OR BARITONE SOLO, ad lib.*

3. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren glad! Rare gifts are yours to  
 4. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren fair! Still doth the one Good

Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren  
 Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren

give the Lord, As ev-er wise men had. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren  
 Shep-herd hold, The feeb-lest in his care. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren

dear! For Christ, for Christ, once born in Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here.... For Christ, once born in  
 sweet! The way, the way to find the Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet.... The way to find the

glad! Rare gifts, rare gifts are yours to give the Lord. As ev-er wise men had.... Rare gifts are yours to  
 fair! Still doth, still doth the one Good Shep-herd hold The feeb-lest in his care.... Still doth the one Good

*CHORUS.*

Good news, good news, good news, good news.  
 Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here. Good news, good news, good news, good news.  
 Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet. Good news, good news, good news, good news.  
 give the Lord, As ev-er wise men had. Good news, good news, good news, good news, good news, good news.  
 Shep-herd hold, The feeb-lest In his care. Good news, good news, good news, good news, good news, good news.

*dim. a tempo. rall. D. S.*

\* Words from ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1896.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

## HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE best response we can make to correspondents who ask us for help in devising Christmas presents that they can make with their own hands, is to refer them to the article called "ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875. A new supply of this back number is ready, and any one, by inclosing twenty-five cents with full post-office address to the publishers, will receive a copy of the article by return mail. It is so full, so clear, and so copiously illustrated, that we do not feel able to improve upon it. Our "Letter-Box" in last month's ST. NICHOLAS contains directions for making a few articles for Christmas gifts. In fact, suggestions for pretty handiwork abound in ST. NICHOLAS, and we always are glad when correspondents kindly add to our stock.

Berlin, Mass., August 29, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your March number an account of a doll claimed to be the oldest in America.

A friend of mine, Mary L. Whitcomb, has in her possession a doll which is much older. This, the first doll brought to America, was presented, in 1733, by Captain George Girdler to his daughter, Hannah Girdler, then two years of age.

The doll's body is of wood, to which the legs and arms are tacked with small nails. The doll's head is of wood, painted or coated with something giving it an appearance not so much unlike that of those of our day as might be expected.

It was last dressed about thirty-five years ago, and now wears a white lace cap, dress of brown satin, white stockings, and velvet slippers, and looks very like the little old lady it is. I intended writing long before now on this subject, but have neglected to do so. I think ST. NICHOLAS is a splendid magazine.—Very truly yours,

CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

New York, Oct. 16, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cut this out of the newspaper, and I do wish you would put it in the "Letter-Box." It is so nice, and it makes me feel as if Cinderella, and Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and all those old stories might be true:

"Two exceedingly tall people are Captain Bates and wife, the giant and giantess, who were married in London some years ago. The captain and spouse have retired from public life, and built a house near Rochester, New York. He is seven and a half feet high, and she is an inch taller, and each weighs more than four hundred pounds. The rooms of their house are eighteen feet high, and the doors twelve feet high. Their bedstead is ten feet long, and all the furniture is proportionately large."

Just to think of it! I should n't be surprised if there were a great big knocker on the street-door, made like a man's face, and if it snapped its teeth at people when they went to knock.—Yours truly,

SALLY G. CLARK.

Orange, N. J., August 20, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen a great many things about girls improving themselves and learning to be housekeepers, and so on; but not a word about boys. Now I think that somebody ought to write something for us fellows.—Yours truly,

ARTHUR ROPES.

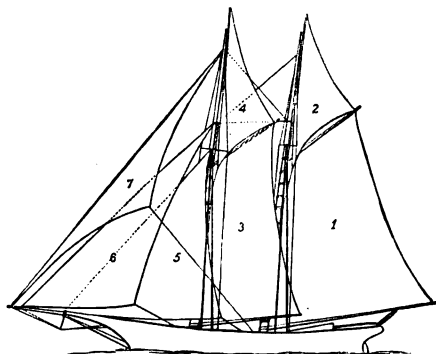
Arthur, and hundreds of other boys, will be glad to know that his hint has been anticipated. There are to be nine familiar and friendly "Talks with Boys" during the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS, and all of them from men who know just what the boys ought to hear. Mr. Bryant tells you this month of the ways of boys when he was a boy himself, and beneath his pleasant narrative you will find many a lesson of true manliness. Every word of Mr. Bryant's has value for you, boys, because it comes from one who, by an upright, noble life, and the worthy cultivation of fine gifts, has proved an honor to his time and his country. Soon you shall hear from the others. Your own Trowbridge has a hearty word to say, and friends from the other side of the Atlantic are coming to have a friendly talk with you. George MacDonald, who wrote that wonderful fairy tale, "The Princess and the Goblin," and the rhyme beginning "Where did you come from, baby dear?" will soon be heard from, and before long you shall have a word from the school-boy's friend, Tom Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "School-days at Rugby."

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in St. Louis, and get your Magazine every month. I have got the hull of a boat, about two feet long, with places for two masts: and I have rigged her like a schooner and have great fun sailing her on a pond near where I live. But I never saw a vessel; only pictures, and don't know how to rig her right. I wish some boy, who lives on the sea-coast, would tell me how to rig her like a yacht. I saw a picture of the "Countess of Duffin," but I can't make it all out. My father has been to sea, and tries to explain it to me; but he has forgotten, it was so long ago. Do yachts have fore-top-masts, and top-sails? and how is the top-sail hoisted? And do they have ratlines? and do the stays come down over the ends of the cross-trees to the side of the vessel, or are they made fast to the mast? I don't see how they can be made fast to the mast, for then you can't raise the gaff; and I don't see how there can be a foretop-sail, because it would foul the maintop-stay. I am going to take my schooner to pieces, and rig it up right after school hours, and if you would like, I will tell you more about it some other time.—

LEWIS G. CONANT.

Miniature yachts, when rigged as schooners, have foretop-masts and maintop-masts, and foretop-sails, and maintop-sails. Both topsails are secured to short "sprits" or poles, and are hoisted from deck. The stay from the foremast to the mainmast is called the



"spring-stay," and in changing the vessel's-course, the foretop-sail is lowered till it can pass under the spring-stay, and then it is brought up on the other side. Ratlines are never used on the shrouds. Only the larger vessels use cross-trees, or "spreaders" as they are called; and in every case the top-mast back-stays always come to the deck, and are fastened just abaft (to the rear) of the shroud. Such schooners also have a stay from the top of the maintop-mast to the top of the mainmast.

This outline drawing gives the position of the sails commonly used in miniature yachts: 1 is the mainsail, 2 the maintop-sail, 3 the foresail, 4 the foretop-sail, 5 the stay-sail, 6 the jib, 7 the flying-jib. The first mast is called the foremast; the short mast above, the foretop-mast. The second mast is the mainmast, and the one above it is the maintop-mast. Two shrouds are given to each mast, and one back-stay to each topmast. The dotted lines show how the foretop-sail passes the spring-stay, and the top of the foresails, and shows how the jibs pass each other, one lapping over the other. This is an outline of the sails and standing rigging only, the running rigging being omitted to save room.

Providence, R. I., October 23d, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The lady with the cold in her head, mentioned in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, called to the person who was coming, "Caduceus"—Can you see us?

The Caduceus was the rod of Mercury, the messenger of the gods,

and God of Trade, and also of thieves. It consisted of a short staff, around which two snakes twined, and which bore a pair of wings.—  
Yours truly,  
CHARLES HART PAYNE.

Annie Manning also answers the question correctly.

We are sure that all our readers who admire a fine dialogue, or parlor-play, will heartily welcome Mr. Eggleston's "fairly show" in the present number, entitled "The House of Santa Claus." The play has been publicly tried in Brooklyn, and has proven a complete success. With only slight changes, it can be readily adapted to home or parlor representation. In its present form, therefore, it commands itself equally to those who are seeking an effective and lively composition for school or public exhibition, and to those who may desire an aid of this sort in the entertainment of a social or family gathering.

Boys and girls wishing to imitate stone, when making scenery such as is described in the "House of Santa Claus," or when making card-houses, etc., can do so by covering the object which is to represent stone with a coating of glue, or mucilage, and then throwing common sand upon it, before the glue has dried. If the sand is applied liberally, a very close resemblance to stone may thus be produced.

Buckland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've meant to write to you for ever so long, and to join with the rest of the girls and boys in telling how I love you,—yes, I believe I almost love you. I think you're just the freshest, cheeryest, jolliest, and altogether loveliest magazine I know of. I've taken you ever since you were born, and we all enjoy you so much, from grandma to my little three-year-old brother, who looks at the pictures, and takes a great deal of delight in having "Sister Lizzie" read the short, big-print stories to him. There was one in a

previous number—I think the May one—which especially pleased him, and which he is never tired of hearing read. I can't remember its name; but it's about some little chickens, whose mother told them to fly, but, as their wings were not grown, could n't; and none of them tried, except one, who did his best, although he did n't succeed, and was afterward rewarded because he really tried. "Brave Tim, our Centennial Cat," also delighted him very much. For my part, I liked "The Queen of the Moles," and Miss Thaxter's bear story as well as any, though I don't know but Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Spinning and Weaving," "Midsummer and the Poets," and—well, I keep thinking of more and more of them,—and all I can say is to repeat what I said before, and that is, that I think the whole number is just as nice as it could possibly be.—Yours always,  
L. W. S.

St. Albans.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you a story about my uncle when he was a little boy. He told his mother he was sick, and didn't want to go to school. She said he could take some castor-oil and go to bed. He went to school.  
FRANKIE WEBBER.

"The Boy Emigrants," which has so delighted our readers during the past year, is soon to be published in book form by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Mr. Brooks knows a boy's heart through and through, and his fine story, with its wealth of strong narrative, exciting scenes and incidents, and true lessons of self-reliance, ought to be read by every boy in the land. No better picture of the gold-seeker's life can be found anywhere in literature than this stirring, straightforward, manly story of "The Boy Emigrants." We know, young friends, that all of you will rejoice at its publication in separate form, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Brooks, and the host of boys who will be eager to own it, on the handsome appearance of the volume. The binding is neat and tasteful, and the pictures are the same that have appeared in ST. NICHOLAS. For you who read the magazine, the book needs no word of praise or introduction, but we feel it both a pleasure and a duty to commend it earnestly to all.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Dame Durden, Little Nell

D —affodi— L  
A —lkal— I  
M —in— T  
E —lephan— T  
D —amse— L  
U —sag— E  
R —ave— N  
D —im— E  
E —l— L  
N —icke— L

ANAGRAMS.—1. Boston. 2. New York. 3. Rochester. 4. Washington. 5. Charleston. 6. Mobile. 7. St. Paul.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Marry, Mary. 2. Lucky, Lucy. 3. Norma, Nora.

REVERSALS.—1. Brag, garb. 2. Room, moor. 3. Flow, wolf. 4. Mode, Edom. 5. Note, Elon. 6. Strop, ports. 7. Animal, lamina.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Bread, red. 2. Cedar, ear. 3. Dirge, ire. 4. Iliad, lad. 5. Jewel, eel. 6. Maple, alc. 7. Niece, ice. 8. Olive, lie. 9. Spire, pic. 10. Wheat, hat.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Baronet, Coronet.

B A A L B E C  
B A L L O O N  
B A R T R A M  
R E D O U I N  
C A N O N R Y  
L E A F L E T  
T A B O R E T

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—London.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Chimney-piece.

SQUARE-WORD.—

I R O N  
R O M E  
O M I T  
N E T S

GRAMMATICAL COMPARISONS.—1. Bee, beer, beast. 2. Bow, bore, boast. 3. Fee, fear, feast. 4. Row, roar, roast.

RIDDLE.—Cricket.

APOCOPES.—1. Cockade, cock. 2. Hamper, ham. 3. Rattle, rat. 4. Rushlight, rush. 5. Rueful, rue.

REBUS.—"Great expectations bring great disappointments."

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Table, Easel.

T —un— E  
A —mm— A  
B —ook— S  
L —yr— E  
E —l— L

EASY ENIGMA.—Man, hat, tan—Manhattan.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Eye-lash.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

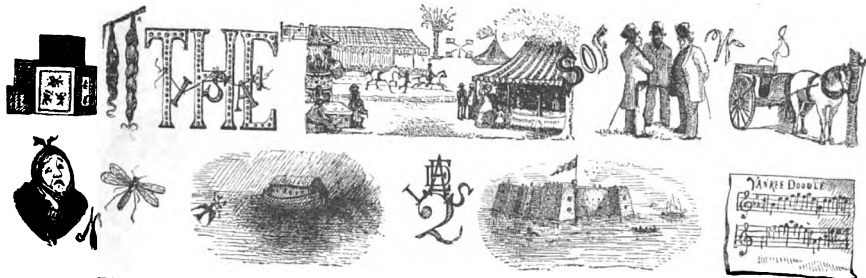
R  
N O T  
R O M E O  
T E N

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Aurora Borealis.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Stream: Star, arm, ram, aster, mast, mate, tar, mat, rat, rest, meat, ear.

Clarence M. Trowbridge and Robert L. Groendycke answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the October number. ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER were received, previous to October 18, from Walter Raymond Spalding, Fiddie Mossman, Brainerd P. Emery, Lou L. Richards, John B. Greiner, Emma Elliott, "Ajax and Alex," Bessie T. B. Benedict, Virginia Davage, A. Carter, Sheldon Emery, Mary P. Johnson, Howard Steel Rodgers, Lena Devereux, Willie Dibblee, C. H. Delaney, J. M. Delaney, Allie Bertram, Ella M. Kirkendall, Leila Allen, Millie Thompson, Charles N. Wilkinson, Mary N. Wadsworth, "Juno," Annie B. Balmann, Howard Steel Rodgers, Osman Abbott, Jessie E. Stevens, Charles F. Cook, C. A. Montague, A. G. Cameron, "Scarsdale," Susie F. Cobb, Eleanor N. Hughes, Frank P. Nagel, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green.

## REBUS.



## EASY ENIGMA STORY.

FOURTEEN letters. My whole is a fragrant flower. I went to pick wild 1, 5, 7, 9, 2, 6, 14, 11, 10, 8, 3, 13, and found it blooming in the field where they grew. The 7, 12, 1, 3, 1 made the 9, 8, 7 very 13, 2, 14, 3, 5; and I did not care if the 6, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1 pricked my fingers. 1, 13, 9, 2 a sheep or 5, 2, 12 come and 6, 11, 12, 2, 1, 14 some of 8, 5, 1 leaves. A boy with a sly look (who 11, 12, 6, 1 birds' nests) came by, trundling a 6, 9, 11, 7, 12, 2. He had also a 6, 12, 2 and 9, 11, 10, 12, 2, and aimed at the 6, 11, 4, 9, 13, 5 I can tell that he hit 8, 5. Then I took my 10, 12, 13, 4, 1 and 6, 14, 7, 11, 8, 4, 1, and went home.

## CHARADE.

My first is never out;  
My second's but a letter;  
My third will waste your ink,—  
Or, if you like it better,  
My third will hold your sheep;  
My last is impress deep.

My whole is free and bold,  
And will not be controlled.

L. W. H.

## DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

NINE letters. Diagonals.—From left to right: A sportive insect. From right to left: A genus of plants which one handsome species of this insect lives upon.

1. An ancient kingdom. 2. A very useful household article. 3. A yellow flower. 4. Small fleets. 5. To attract strongly. 6. Making companions. 7. Gay. 8. A small flag on a vessel's mast. 9. A useful piece of furniture.

P.

## HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.

1. My sister Rebecca detests both pickles and pears. 2. Then are naughty children not allowed to go? 3. We made bark frames and baskets for the fair. 4. The great door is broken, actually broken in pieces. 5. Those were the first arts that we learned.

Concealed in the above are five words having the following significations: 1. A student at a military school. 2. A place of public contest. 3. To shut out or exclude. 4. To decree or establish as law. 5. Specimens of a kind of pastry.

The five words, when found and properly arranged, will form a square-word.

J. J. T.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(The whole is a word dear to all Americans.)

My first is in flour, but not in wheat;  
My second is in dine, but not in eat;  
My third is in bench, but not in seat;  
My fourth is in fence, and also in gate;  
My fifth is in number, but not in date;  
My sixth is in stop, but not in go;  
My seventh is in yes, but not in no.

L. P.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. She — her assertion that among all her pets the one valued most was —. 2. The tired Arab joyfully exclaimed, "The Indian said of himself, " — through tangled bushes, and the thorniest thickets. 4. Her — found vent —. 5. He could not — propensity for writing —. B.

## SQUARE-WORD.

FILL the blanks in their order with words making sense, and which, placed under each other in the same order, will form the square-word. I saw a violet and gold — growing beside a wild — on a little — in the river, and wondered if birds carried the — there. J.

## WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from out another without changing the order of the letters, and find a complete word remaining.

1. Take to sin from a small dog and leave a row. 2. Take always from a young hare and leave to allow. 3. Take a shoemaker's instrument from unrestrained by law and leave smaller. 4. Take a tree from showy and leave an insect. 5. Take an era from a show and leave a short breath. 6. Take cunning from a checked cloth and leave to brown. 7. Take the last from a cord and leave a weight. 8. Take part of a bird from vibrating and leave to utter melodious sounds.

C. D.

## ANAGRAM PROVERBS.

MAKE a proverb from each sentence. Thus the letters of "Earns sage's rags" may be transposed into "As green as grass."

1. Earns sage's rags. 2. A bul says, "Ease!" 3. Scold a shy cat, Ira. 4. Asa has a dream charm. 5. Again Sam says a nice ace.

CYRIL DEANE.

## RIDDLE.

FIVE of a party of seven are we—

With our respects to you.

Now, a part of each of our names we'll tell,

In a tale both new and true:

Two friends who longed to wed, would fry

Some fish—so down they sat;

By set of sun the fish were done,—

Now what do you make of that?

## EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a small hound and leave a large American bird. 2. Behead a North American beast of prey and leave a part of his head. 3. Behead a sly, thievish animal and leave a common beast of burden. 4. Behead a common, lively, horned quadruped and leave a grain. 5. Behead common farm animals and leave a beverage. 6. Behead a small, spry animal and leave part of an artist's outfit. 7. Behead an early bird and leave a ship mentioned in the Bible. 8. Behead a wild aquatic game bird and leave one who is in love.

S.

## EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A domestic animal. 3. Glossy silk. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant.

C. N. W.

## CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A BEAUTIFUL Roman girl, whose father slew her rather than have her made a slave. 2. The Grecian: Goddess of Peace. 3. A dramatic poet of Syracuse, who flourished during the reign of Ptolemy I. 4. A daughter of King Creon of Corinth, whom Jason married after deserting Medea. 5. A name given to Pluto, Persephone, the Erinyes, and others. 6. A contracted form of the name of the king to whose court Theius sent Achilles in disguise. The initials form the name of a celebrated Roman poet, and the finals his masterpiece.

SEDGWICK.



## A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.



The twenty-six numbered designs in the show-window represent as many articles suitable for Christmas gifts, including one or more for each member of the family. Nos. 1 and 2 are for grandfather; 3, 4, 6, 12 for grandmother; 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 for mother; 11, 13, 14 for father; 15, 16, 17, 18, 23 for sister; 19, 20, 21, 22 for brother; 24 for baby; 25, 26 for the one who is most fond of music. What are the gifts?

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two bays in the western part of Europe.  
1. A title of nobility. 2. One of the United States. 3. Part of a saddle. 4. A monk's hood. 5. A fruit. 6. An affirmative.

F. L. O.

## MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of five letters, the sum of which is 157.

My 1, - (my 2, + my 4), = my 5; my 5, + my 3, = 11 of my  
1; my 3, - my 2, × my 5, = my 1, × (my 3 + my 4).

BEDGWICK.



including the 1000  
11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.  
that are the 1000  
TABLE  
ch is 100.  
+ 100 = 1000  
1000  
1000



THE MINUET.

[Engraved by J. G. Smithwick, from a picture by J. E. Millais.]

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1877.

No. 3.

[Copyright, 1876, by Scribner & Co.]

## THE MINUET.

By M. M. D.

GRANDMA told me all about it,  
Told me, so I could n't doubt it,  
How she danced—my grandma danced!—  
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,  
How her dainty skirt she spread,  
How she turned her little toes—  
Smiling little human rose!—  
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;  
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!  
Really quite a pretty girl,  
Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,  
Grandma does, and takes a nap  
Every single day; and yet  
Grandma danced the minuet  
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,  
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking—  
(Every girl was taught to knit,  
Long ago).

Yet her figure is so neat,  
And her way so staid and sweet,  
I can almost see her now  
Bending to her partner's bow,  
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,  
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,  
Would have shocked the gentle folk  
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,

Everything in proper place,  
Gliding slowly forward, then  
Slowly courtseying back again,  
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,  
Grandma says; but boys were charming—  
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—  
Long ago.  
Bravely modest, grandly shy—  
What if all of us should try  
Just to feel like those who met  
In the graceful minuet  
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,  
Who could fly into a passion?  
All would wear the calm they wore  
Long ago.  
In time to come, if I, perchance,  
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,  
I should really like to say,  
“We did it, dear, in some such way,  
Long ago.”

## A LETTER TO A YOUNG NATURALIST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

ROME, April 9, 1876.



Y DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: It gave me much pleasure to receive your letter. I am much obliged by your kind offer of sending me specimens of American insects and birds, of which you seem already to have a promising collection; but I do not make collections of any kind of natural history objects. If I can be called a naturalist at all, it must be a very *natural* one, for I never studied any branch of natural history in books, excepting botany, and only the botany of the British Isles. That was to me a great delight and source of health in my early youth as it led me to range far and wide over the country, over hills and fields, through woods and marshes, and along the sea-coasts. But even that branch of natural history was superseded by other constant pursuits, and I have never renewed it me-

thodically. Nevertheless, the acquaintance which I then, and in still earlier years, made with trees, flowers, grapes, and various forms of vegetable life, remains with me. There are few British plants that I do not know familiarly, though their scientific names I should sometimes have to look for. This acquaintance gives me a good guess at many species of foreign plants that I see, and adds to my pleasure in the country wherever I am.

As to animals of all sorts, quadrupeds, bipeds, reptiles, insects, I have a wide acquaintance with them by sight, not by science. The appearance, notes, and habits of most British birds, are as familiar to me as possible. I never hear a song or a twitter of one, as I am walking anywhere, but I recognize it as the voice of an old friend, to the great astonishment of my human friends. Such are the pleasures of an habitual intimacy with the works of God in this his wonderful world. I therefore congratulate you on the taste for *natural his-*

tory, and hope you will, in classifying and preserving your various specimens, keep alive in your heart all the poetry of nature connected with these innumerable and charming inventions of the Great Mechanist. He must surely be the best naturalist who carries into his cabinet the consciousness of all the freshness, loveliness, and indescribable harmonies of the magnificent world in which God has given them places to live for our mutual pleasure and advantage,—that world which we are too fond of calling “this wretched world,” “this vale of tears,” and the like.

What a vast and varied field you have in the American continent for your inquiries and acquisitions. I have seen something of the beauties of your ornithology in Audubon and Wilson, and of your trees in some handsomely illustrated works. When you have mastered the northern portion of your immense continent, what a second one there is, swarming with all the forms of life, and *such* life! I never had but a few days' view of South America, but it was to me a glimpse of wonder and delight. A land of palms, cocoa-nut trees, bananas, mangoes and bread-fruits! The trees, the flowers, the birds and insects! Those blue-green butterflies, large as my hand, and the margin of their wings studded, as it were, with jewels, floating amid magnolias and a world of other trees, new to me, with the quaint chameleons lurking in the thickets below!

When you have completed the ornithology and entomology of total America, there is Australia, which by that time will be brought very near to you by steam. That, of course, will be a great while hence, and I shall be glad to think that you will extend your researches thither, because you must be then an old man and will have enjoyed a long life of pleasure in the accumulation of knowledge.

In Australia (to say nothing of India and the isles of the Southern Ocean) there is a totally new world of creatures,—the kangaroo, a whole race of marsupials; that queer nondescript, the platypus (*Ornithorynchus paradoxus*), with a head and bill like a duck, the body of an otter, and a tail like a beaver, which is carnivorous and lays eggs. These creatures, which are quick as lightning, disappearing like a flash under water, we yet managed to shoot sometimes, but never found anything in their stomachs but a little fine black mud; probably macerated infusoria. The impossibility of furnishing this food has defeated all attempts to convey them to other countries. There you would find the swan black; emus, ibises, native companions, a sort of tall adjutant or crane, of most comical and jocular habits. The gorgeous lyre-bird and the tower-bird, which amuses itself not only in building a tower, but of making little inclosures of shining

stones or shells, as children do. You have there trees occasionally arriving at a height of 500 feet, and nettles, real *urtica*, growing into large and very dangerous trees. As for insects, they are as the sands of the sea. There is a mole-cricket, which makes a lid to its hole, with a hinge, and as you approach ceases its noise, drops the lid, and shuts itself in. Amongst the oddities, though not insects, you have fish that hop about on land,—I have seen them; and crawfish of a bright red, as if already boiled. But let me tell you about the mantis, and the ants. You have no doubt seen the mantises of South America and India, which are precisely like leaves, with the leaf ribs and foot stalks, too; but the Australian ones that I saw were different. We caught one with a body like a straw of about four inches long, and a pair of small but lovely Psyche-like wings, with rainbow colors. As we had no chloroform, or anything to kill it with, we kept it under water for more than twelve hours. When taken out, as fast as it dried it became lively again as ever. It continued all day just as lively, although pinned down upon a piece of bark. At night a mouse ate off its head and the legs on one side. The next night the mouse ate off its tail and more legs, but it continued as lively as ever. On the third day a bird scooped down upon the table before our tent and carried it away, and *possibly* managed to extinguish the vivacious remains of the mantis in its stomach, but I would not say.

We had in one part of the country a small house-ant of not half an inch long, that was found on almost every twig of a bush, or hole of a tree. It would jump down our backs, when, as often was the case in hot weather, we had our shirt-necks open, and would kick and sting away until we had destroyed him. This ant was an admirable fly-catcher, and would dart at a fly many yards, and would strike it with unerring precision. Frequently it would dart down from the roof of the tent, as I sat reading, and strike at a capital letter on my open book, taking it for a fly. The ants by myriads, and of many species, are always traveling up and down the Australian trees. I suppose they puncture the tender shoots at the top and suck the juices. Probably this is the cause that at a particular season of the year the manna gum-tree scatters down its manna. As many of these trees are some hundreds of feet high, the daily journeys of these ants is considerable, but as the concentric rings in the stems of these trees make it probable that some of them have lived for 1,000 years or more, I expect such armies of ants have been marching up and down them for the same long period. It would require a large volume to give you an idea of the various and showy birds of Australia. I may tell you two little facts.



We used to be much amused with the family life of a gray bird, I believe a sort of gray magpie. These birds seemed never to produce more than one young one at a time, but then father and mother, uncles and aunts, joined in feeding it, and making a great fuss over it. You could always know where one of these much-rejoiced-over young birds was, by the clamor and cackling of the assembled relatives, as of a lot of barn-door fowl.

In once digging for gold, that lay near the surface, we came upon a small bush containing the nest of a little bird called the "splendid warbler;" it was full of young ones; the father, a gay, fine fellow, brilliant with a variety of colors, but a very great coward, scarcely dared come near us, but three or four brown little birds—I suppose the mother and her sisters, or eldest daughters—fed the young without caring for us. We were so much amused by them that we would not disturb the bush till they had flown, but went on to another place. As soon as we thought the young ones had flown we returned to dig up the bush, but a party of Mormons, from California, had saved us that trouble. We asked them how much gold they found under the bush, and they said four ounces. Four ounces at four pounds sterling an ounce. So we had lost sixteen pounds sterling, not wishing to disturb the warbler's family; but we did not regret it, for they had given us more than that amount of amusement by their proceedings.

Sir John Lubbock of late years has been studying the habits and instincts of bees and ants. I am afraid, however, that he has been doing in entomology what Niebuhr did in history, and rent away a good deal of fact along with actual myth. I think that there is a vast deal that is wonderful in these insects. It always astonishes me to see a young swarm of bees one day put into a new hive, and perhaps carried away to a new place; the next day fly off far and wide over the fields, load themselves with wax and honey, and come back with the rapidity almost of rays of light—come direct to the new hive, though it stand among a dozen others, without mistake or circumlocution; dart past, not only houses among trees, but moving objects;—pass you as you stand near the hive, hundreds of them at a time, yet neither strike you nor each other, though thus concentrating their flight to a point. Independently of their geometric skill in constructing their cells, this seems to me marvelous. And if they fly, as Sir John Lubbock supposes, by scent, what noses they must have!

An old friend of mine, an enthusiastic philo-apian, told me that being at a friend's house one dry summer, when all the field flowers were nearly scorched up, he saw thousands of bees busy in a field of clover then in bloom.

"I wish my bees were here," said my friend.  
 "Probably they are," replied the gentleman.  
 "What, at forty miles distance?"  
 "Yes," said his friend. "On your return home dredge the backs of your bees with flour as they issue from the hives in the morning, and we shall see."

This was done, and his friend wrote to him directly: "There are plenty of your white-jacket bees here in the clover."

But whatever is the fact with bees, ants follow their noses much more than their eyes. In my garden I saw a train of ants ascending an apple-tree; go up by one track, and descend by another. As in ascending they passed between two small shoots that sprung from the bole, I stopped their passage with a piece of bark. The ants did not see this obstruction with their eyes, but ran bump against it, and stood still, astonished. Soon a crowd of them had thus been suddenly stopped, and were anxiously searching about for a passage. By various successive starts forward, they eventually got around the obstruction and reached the track on the other side. The line of scent was renewed, and thenceforward, on arriving at the barricade, they went, without a moment's hesitation, by the circular track. I then took my penknife and pared away a piece of the outer bark on the open bole where the ants were descending. The effect was the same. The scent being taken away, the ants came to a dead stand, and there was the same confounded crowd, and the same spasmodic attempts to regain the road, which being effected in the same way, the scent was carried over the shaven part of the bark, and the train ran on as freely as before.

We have a large black wood-ant in England, and probably you have one similar in America. It makes in the woods heaps of small dead twigs, as large as a cart-load. This mound of twigs is a city of ants, almost one living mass. Turn aside a few of the outer twigs, and hundreds of ants are made visible, in a state of great agitation. Put the point of your stick near them, and they will sit up, as if sitting in chairs, and bite and fight your stick lustily.

In my teens I went to ramble much about Sherwood Forest, the scene of Robin Hood's exploits. Near the town of Mansfield, on the forest, was a wood called Harlowe Wood. In this I saw a line of these wood-ants following a track burnt quite bare, as if by the formic acid of their bodies. I followed this line for about a furlong, to ascertain whither the ants were going. At that distance they wheeled around and returned to their nest, without any apparent cause for this march that I could discover. There must, of course, have been a motive

for it,—of food or moisture, or something,—but I could detect none. Nearly twenty years afterward, having paid a casual visit to my old haunts, in crossing this wood, to my astonishment, I came upon this line of ants proceeding from their nest to this very same spot, and back again, with as little visible cause as ever; and though it is very many years since that last visit, I feel persuaded that if that wood be not destroyed, the same line of ants is at this day making the same march to the same spot, and thence returning.

Probably the object may be to capture insects that cross their line of march; but they never

seemed to pause or quit the exact track, or to show any disorder, as if engaged in looking out for or securing prey.

I send these desultory remarks, knowing the interest that a young naturalist takes in the smallest characteristics of animal life. A son of ours, as a boy, could tell you every mason-bee's abode in an old wall where there were hundreds; and, afterward, had a pleasure in, and sympathy with, every creature that existed near him.

May you live, learn, enjoy, and make known much of the hidden knowledge of God's humble creatures.—Your friend, WILLIAM HOWITT.

## KATINKA.

(A Russian Story.)

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.



"SHE WOULD CATCH UP HER LITTLE SISTER LISA AND RUN HOME."

KATINKA was tired, and lonely too. All day long, and for many days together, she had plied her distaff busily, drawing out the thread finer and finer from the great bunches of flax, which she herself had gathered and dried, till the birch-bark basket at her feet was almost filled with firm, well-shaped "twists," and the sticks in the great earthen pipkin, upon which the thread must be wound, grew fewer and fewer.

The tips of her fingers were sore, and it was dull work with no one to speak to except her faithful cat, Dimitri, who was never content when he saw his mistress working, unless he had a ball of thread for himself; and as she looked about her cheerless little room, so lonely now, she thought of the days when a kind mother had been near to lighten every duty; and joyous, merry children had been her companions in all childish sports. She hated the



tiresome flax now, but *then* the happiest days were spent in the great flax-fields, playing at "hide-and-seek" up and down the paths the reapers made. And when the summer showers came pelting down, how she would catch up her little sister Lisa and run home with her "pick-a-back," while neighbor Voscovitch's children laughed and shouted after her as she ran. Ah, those were happy days! But now mother and sister were gone! Only she and her father were left in the little home, and she had to work so hard! She did wish that her life was different; that she was not poor, lonely Katinka, the peasant maid, any more. Oh! why could she not be like the rich Lady Feodorovna instead, whose father, Count Vassilivitch, owned nearly all the houses and land from Tver to Torjok, and had more than three hundred serfs on his estate.

Now, Katinka's father, Ivan Rassaloff, was only an *istroatchick*\* (sneeze, my dears, and you can say it nicely), and owned nothing but a rickety old *drosky*† and Todeloff, a sturdy little Cossack pony, and drove travelers here and there for a few *kopecks*‡ a trip. But he saved money, and Katinka helped him to earn more; and one of these days, when they could sell the beautiful lace flounce, on which she had been working during all her odd moments for three years, and which was very nearly finished, they would be rich indeed. Besides, the *isba* (cottage) was not really so bad, and it was all their own; and then there was always Dimitri to talk to, who surely seemed to understand everything she said. So a smile chased away the gathering frown, and this time she looked around the little room quite contentedly.

Shall I tell you what the *isba* was like, that you may know how the poor people live in Russia? It was built of *balks* (great beams or rafters), laid horizontally one above the other, the ends crossing at each corner of the building; and it had a pointed roof, somewhat like that of a Swiss *châlet*. Inside, the chinks were filled with moss and lime, to keep out the cold. It contained only one room; but a great canvas curtain hung from the roof, which by night divided the room in two, but by day was drawn aside.

There was a deal table, holding some earthenware pipkins, jars, and a *samorar* (tea-urn),—for even the poorest peasants have an urn, and drink tea at least three times a day; a deal settle, on which lay the winter store of flax; Katinka's distaff, and the curious candlestick which Russian peasants use. This is a tall wooden upright, fastened to a sort of trough, or hollowed log of birchwood, to keep it erect. To the top an iron cross-bar is attached (which can be raised or lowered at

will), having at the end a small bowl containing oil and a floating wick, which burns brightly for several hours, and is easily lowered and refilled; while the wooden trough below catches the drip.

But the most curious thing in the room was the stove. It was made of sheet-iron, and very large, with a door at one end, into which whole logs of wood could be put at once; it was oblong, and flat on the top, like a great black trunk; and on this flat top, with the fire smoldering away beneath him, Ivan always slept at night in winter; and sometimes, when it was very cold, Katinka would bring her sheepskin blanket and sleep there too! Not one Russian *isba* in fifty contains a bed; when there is a large family, father, mother, and little children all crowd upon the top of the stove in winter, and in summer they roll themselves up in their blankets and sleep outside, by the door!

The lamp was lighted and shone brightly on Katinka, who made quite a pretty picture as she rested awhile from her work to speak to Dimitri. She wore a white chemise with very full, long sleeves, and over it a *sarafane* of red linen with a short boddice and shoulder straps of dark blue. On her head she had tied a gay-colored kerchief, to keep the dust of the flax from her glossy black hair, which hung in a single heavy braid far down her back. One of these days, if she should marry, she would have to divide it in two braids, and wear a kerchief always.

Her shoes were braided, in a kind of basket-work, of strips of birch-bark, very pliant and comfortable, though rather clumsy in appearance.

All the day Katinka had been thinking of something which Ivan had told her in the morning about their neighbor, Nicholas Paloffsky, and his poor, motherless little ones. The mother had been ill for a long, long time, and Nicholas had spent all he could earn in buying medicines and good food for her, but they could not save her life. Then, when she died, Nicholas was both father and mother to the little ones for months; but, at last, he too fell ill, and now there was no one to assist him.

Besides, he did not own his *isba*, and, if the rent were not paid the very next day, the *starosta* (landlord) would turn him and his little ones out-of-doors, bitter winter though it was.

That was fearful! But what could she do to help him? Suddenly there flashed across her mind a thought of her beautiful lace flounce, on which she had worked till she loved every thread of it, and in whose meshes she had woven many a bright fancy about the spending of the silver roubles that would be hers when she sold it. She had intended to buy a scarlet *cusackan* (jacket) with gold em-

\* Drosky-driver, or cab-man.

† Drosky, or droitzschka, a four-wheeled pleasure carriage.

‡ A kopeck is a coin worth about a cent of American money.

broidery, and a new drosky for her father, so that his passengers might give him more kopecks for a ride. But other plans came to her mind now.

Just then, Ivan came home hungry; and as she hastened to prepare his supper of tea and black bread and raw carrots, and a kind of mushroom stewed in oil, she almost forgot neighbor Nicholas

hands, and a silver crucifix hanging from his girdle, who, on reaching the church to which he bade Ivan drive quickly, gave him his blessing—and nothing more! So Ivan's pockets were empty, and the pony must go without his supper, unless Katinka had some dried fish for him.

Katinka, who had a tender heart for all animals,



KATINKA AND DIMITRI.

while waiting on her father, who was always so glad to come home to her and his snug, warm room.

But to-night, for a wonder, he was cross. All day he had waited in the cold, bleak public square of Torjok, beating his arms and feet to keep himself warm; and occasionally, I fear, beating his patient little pony for the same reason. Not a "fare" had come near him, except a fat priest, in a purple silk gown and broad-brimmed hat, with long, flowing hair and beard, a gold-mounted staff in his

carried a great bowlful of fish out to Todeloff, who nibbled it eagerly; for ponies in Russia, especially those that are brought from Iceland, consider dried fish a great delicacy, and in winter often live on it for weeks together. Then she gave him a "good-night kiss" on the little white spot on his nose, and he whispered, "Now I don't mind the beatings I had to day!"—at least I think he must have meant to say that when he whinnied so close to her ear.

When she went back to the house, Ivan was already wrapped up in his sheep-skin blanket on top of the stove, and snoring lustily; so she lowered the curtain and crept softly into her little corner behind it. But she could not sleep, for her mind was disturbed by thoughts of neighbor Nicholas, whose little ones perhaps were hungry; and at last she arose, filled and lighted the tall lamp, then unrolled her precious flounce, and worked steadily at it till, when morning came, only one little sprig remained undone, and her doubts as to what she should do with it were dispelled in the bright sunlight.

After breakfast, which she made ready as briskly as though she had slept soundly all night, she said:

"Father, let me be your first fare to-day, and perhaps I may bring you good luck. Will you drive me to the Lady Feodorovna's?"

"What in the world do you want there, Katinka?" said her father, wondering.

"To ask if she will buy my lace," said Katinka. "She has so many beautiful dresses, surely she will find a place on one for my flounce."

"Ha!" said Ivan, "then we will have a feast. You shall make a cake of white flour and honey, and we will not eat 'black-brod' for a month! But what will we do with so much money, my child?"

Katinka hesitated a moment; then said, shyly: "Pay Nicholas Palofsky's rent, and send the Torjok doctor to cure him. May I, father?" she added, entreatingly, forgetting that the money would be her own.

"Hum-m-m!" said Ivan; "we shall see. But go now and prepare for your drive, for Todcliff does not like to wait."

Katinka was soon ready. With her sheep-skin jacket, hat and boots, she did not fear the cold; and mounting the drosky, they drove rapidly toward Count Vassilivitch's beautiful home, not fearing to leave their little isba alone, for the neighbors all were honest, and, besides, there was nothing to steal!

A drive of four versts (about three miles) brought them to their journey's end, and Katinka's heart beat anxiously as the old drosky rattled up through the court-yard to the grand hall-door; but she went bravely up to the fine porter, and asked to see Lady Feodorovna.

"*Bosja moia!*" (bless me) "what do you want with my lady?" asked the gorgeous Russ who, in his crimson and gold livery, serf though he was, looked scornfully down on free Katinka, in her poor little sheep-skin jacket.

I think Katinka would scarcely have found courage to answer him, but, luckily, his lady crossed the hall just then, and seeing Katinka, kindly

beckoned her to enter, leading the way to her own especial apartment.

"What do you wish with me?" she asked, kindly. But Katinka was too bewildered by the splendor on every side to answer as she should.

Truly it appeared like fairy-land to the young peasant maid. The room was long and very lofty; the ceiling, one great beautiful picture; the floor had no carpet, but was inlaid with different kinds of wood in many curious patterns; the walls were covered with blue flowered silk, on which mirrors and lovely pictures were hung alternately; while beautiful statues, and luxurious couches covered with blue damask, added to the elegance and comfort of the room.

There was no big, clumsy stove to be seen (for in the houses of the rich, in a recess in each room, is a kind of oven, in which a great wood fire is allowed to smolder all day), but a delicious feeling of warmth prevailed, and a soft, sweet perfume floated on the air.

At last, Katinka's eyes rested on the fair lady in her soft, fleecy gown of white (for even in winter Russian ladies wear the thinnest summer dresses in the house), and she said, softly:

"I think this is heaven, and surely you are like an angel!"

"Not an angel," said Lady Feodorovna, smiling, "but perhaps a good fairy. Have you a wish, pretty maid?"

"Indeed, yes," replied Katinka. "I wish, wish, wish (for you must always make a wish to a fairy three times) you would buy my lace flounce. See!"—and she unrolled it hurriedly from out the clean linen cloth in which it was wrapped. "It is fair and white, though I have worked on it for three years, and it is all finished but this one little sprig. I could not wait for that; I want the money so much. Will you buy it?"

"What is the price?" asked the lady, who saw that it was indeed a beautiful piece of work.

"Ninety roubles" (about seventy-five dollars), said Katinka, almost in a whisper, as if she feared to name so great a sum aloud, though she knew the lace was worth it.

"Why, what will you do with so many roubles?" asked the lady, not curiously, but in such a good-fairy way, that Katinka said:

"Surely I need not fear to tell you. But it is a long story. Will you kindly listen to it all?"

"Yes, gladly; sit here," and Feodorovna pointed to one of the beautiful blue couches, on the extreme edge of which Katinka sat down timidly, making a very funny picture in her gray sheep-skin jacket and scarlet gown. "Now tell me, first, your name."

"Katinka Rassaloff, *barishna* (lady), daughter

of Ivan, peasants from beyond Torjok. Beside us lives a good man, Nicholas Paloffsky, who is ill and so poor. He has four little children, and many a day I have divided my supper with them, and yet I fear they are often hungry. The baby cries all day, for there is no mother to care for it, and the cries trouble the poor father, who can do nothing to help. Besides, unless the rent is paid to-morrow, they must leave their isba. Think of that, lady!—no home in this bitter winter weather! no shelter for the baby! Ah, buy my lace, that I may help them!" replied Katinka, earnestly.

Without speaking, Lady Feodorovna rose and

that he could not get it shut in time to say a word, but opened his eyes instead to keep it company, and stood looking after her till she was seated in the drosky. Then Ivan "flicked" Todeloff, who kicked up his heels and rattled out of the courtyard in fine style. When they were out of sight, the porter found he could say "*bosja moja*" again, so he said it; and feeling much relieved, was gradually getting back to his usual dignified manner, when his lady came tripping down the stairs, wrapped in a beautiful long sable mantle, bidding him order her sledge, and one for her maid, to be brought to the door at once.



ON THE WAY TO POLOFFSKY'S COTTAGE.

went to a beautiful cabinet, unlocked the door with a tiny gold key, which was suspended by a chain to her girdle, took out a roll of silver roubles, and laid them in Katinka's lap.

"There," said she, "are one hundred roubles. Are you content?"

Katinka took the soft white hand in hers and kissed it, while such a happy smile lighted up her face that the "good fairy" needed no other answer.

"Hasten away, Katinka," she said; "perhaps you may see me soon again."

Katinka courtesied deeply, then almost flew out of the great hall-door, so startling the grand porter, who had his mouth wide open ready to scold her,

When the sledges were brought, Lady Feodorovna entered hers and drew the soft, white bear-skin robe around her, while her maid threw over her fur hood a fine, fleecy scarf of white wool. Then the maid put numberless packages, small and great, into the foot of the other sledge, leaving only just room to put herself in afterward.

While they are waiting there, I must tell you what Lady Feodorovna's sledge was like. It was built something like our "one seat Boston cutters," except that the back was higher, with a carved wooden ornament on top; there was no "dash-board," but the runners came far up in a curve at the front, and where they joined was another splen-

did ornament of wood gilded, and surmounted by a gilded eagle with outspread wings.

The body of the sledge was of rosewood, and in the front was a beautiful painting of Cupid, the little "love-god," and his mamma. The other sledge, which had a silver swan at the front, was not quite so fine, though the shape was the same.

There were no horses to draw these sledges, but behind each stood a servant in fur jacket, cap and boots, with a pair of skates hung over his shoulder.

"I wish to go to the isba of Palofsky, the peasant, beyond Torjok; we will go the shorter way, by the river," said Lady Feodorovna. "Hasten!"

Then the servants each gave a great push, and the sledges started off so quickly and lightly down the slope to the river that they could scarcely keep up with them. When they reached the banks of the Blankow, which flowed past the Count's grounds, and was frozen over for miles, the servants stooped and put on their skates, binding them by long straps over their feet and round and round their ankles. Then they started down the river, and, oh! how they flew! while the sledges, with their gorgeous birds, fairly sparkled in the sunlight.

Sooner almost than I can tell it they had reached their journey's end; the skates were unstrapped, and the sledges drawn up the bank to the door of the little isba, which Lady Feodorovna entered, followed by the maid with the bundles.

A sad picture met their eyes. Poor Nicholas sat on a bench by the stove, wrapped up in his sheep-skin blanket, looking so pale and thin that he scarcely seemed alive; on his knee lay the hungry baby, biting his little fist because he had nothing else to bite, while on the floor beside him sat a little three-year-old fellow crying bitterly, whom a sad little elder sister was trying to comfort.

Nicholas looked up as the door opened, but did not speak, as the strange lady advanced, and bade her maid open the packages and put their contents on the table. How the children stared! The little one stopped crying and crept up to the table, followed shyly by his sister. Then the maid put a dainty white bread roll in each little hand. Then she took the baby gently from off the poor, tired father's knee, and gave it spoonful after spoonful of sweet, pure milk, till its little pinched cheeks seemed fairly to grow full and rosy, and it gave a satisfied little "coo-o," that would have done your hearts good to hear.

Meanwhile, Lady Feodorovna went up to Nicholas and said, softly:

"Look at your little ones! they are happy now! Can you not rouse up and drink this good bowl of soup? It is warm yet, and will do you good. Drink, then I will tell you some good news."

Nicholas took the bowl which she held toward him, but his hand trembled so that it would have fallen if she had not herself held it to his lips. As he tasted the warm, nourishing soup, new life seemed to come to him, and he grasped the bowl eagerly, drinking till the last drop was gone, then, looking up with a grateful smile, he said, simply:

"Ah! we were *so* hungry, my little ones and I! Thanks, *barishna*."

"Now for my good news!" said the lady. "Here is the money for your rent; and here are ten roubles more, for clothes for your little ones. The food there is sufficient for to-day; to-morrow I will send you more. Do not thank me," she added, as Nicholas tried to speak; "you must thank Katinka Rassaloff for it all."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and little Todeloff came prancing merrily up to the door, shaking his head and rattling the little bells on his *douga* (the great wooden arch that all Russian horses have attached to their collars), as proudly as if he had the finest drosky in all St. Petersburg behind him.

Katinka jumped quickly down, and entering the little isba, stood fairly speechless at seeing Lady Feodorovna, whom she had left so shortly before in her own beautiful home.

"Ah, Katinka! I have stolen a march on you," said the good fairy. "There is nothing you can do here."

"Is there not?" said Katinka. "See! here is the *starosta's* receipt for a year's rent, and there," turning toward the door as a venerable old man entered, "is the Torjok doctor, who has come to make neighbor Nicholas well."

I must tell you what the doctor was like. He wore a long, fur coat with wide sleeves, fur boots, and a great pair of fur gloves, so that he looked almost like a big bear standing up. He wore queer blue spectacles, and from under a little black velvet cap, long, silky, white hair fell over his shoulders, and his white beard nearly reached to his waist.

The doctor walked up to Nicholas, put his hands on his knees, stooped and looked gravely at him, then rising, turned sharply to Katinka, saying:

"There is no sick one here! Why did you bring me so far for nothing? But it is two roubles, all the same."

"Here are the roubles," said Katinka, "and I am very glad we do not want you;" which was not at all polite of her.

Then, too, Ivan had driven off in search of passengers, so the poor doctor had to walk nearly a verst (about three-fourths of a mile), through the snow, back to Torjok, which made him growl like a real bear all the way.

Katinka went shyly up to Nicholas, who was frowning crossly at her, and said :

"Are you angry with me? Do not frown so, I beg. Well, frown if you will! the children do not, and I did it all for them; I love them!" and she caught up baby Demetrius and buried her face in his curly hair to hide a tear that would come; for she felt grieved that Nicholas did not thank her, even with a smile, for what she had done.

When she looked up Lady Feodorovna and her maid were gone, and Nicholas stood before her holding little Noviska by one hand, while two-year-old Tottleben (that is a real Russian name, though perhaps you did not know it), clung to his knee.

"Katinka," said Nicholas, gently, "now I can thank you with all my heart, though I cannot find words to speak my thanks. Let the children kiss you for it all; that is best."

Katinka kissed the children heartily, then she put down the baby and opened the door, but Nich-

Then Katinka hastened to brush her pretty hair, and put on her best *sarafane* (dress), with the scarlet embroidered boddice and straps, and was all ready when Ivan came in, to tell him of their invitation, and help him make his toilet.

"I must have my hair cut," said Ivan, seating himself on a bench, while Katinka tied a band around his head, fastening it over his forehead, then got a great pair of shears and cut his hair straight round by the band. (Even the barbers always cut by these bands, and I do not think one of them could have done it better.) Then, like a good little Russian daughter that she was, Katinka took a bit of tallow candle and rubbed it on her father's hair to keep it smooth, belted down his gray flannel blouse, and handed him his sheepskin jacket, with a hint that it was high time for them to be off.

When the guests entered his isba, Nicholas kissed Ivan,—for that is always the custom be-



THE FEAST.

olas's face was sober then, though his eyes still smiled as he said :

"Come back to tea, Katinka, and bring Ivan also, and our young neighbor Alexis, who often is hungry, we will have a feast of all these good things."

"*Horro sha*" (very well), said Katinka, then ran quickly home.

Dimitri met her at the door, crying piteously.

"Poor pussy!" cried Katinka; "you have had nothing to eat all day! What a shame!"

"*Miauw!*" said Dimitri to that.

"Never mind, pussy; you shall have all my supper, and father's too, for we are invited out to tea, so must not eat anything now."

"*Miauw, miauw,*" said pussy to that, and scampered away to his bowl to be all ready for his fish, and milk, and sour cabbage soup (think of that for a puss! but he liked it), that he knew was coming.

tween Russian men who are friends,—then he called to Alexis :

"Heads up, my boy! and help me with the supper."

Alexis, who was turning somersaults in his joy, came right side up with a spring, and soon the feast was on the table, and the four wooden benches drawn up around it.

Ivan and Nicholas had each a bench for himself; Alexis sat beside Katinka, while Noviska and Tottleben were placed on the remaining bench.

Katinka had wrapped baby Demetrius up in his little lamb-skin blanket, and laid him on the top of the stove, where he fell asleep while she was patting his soft cheek.

What appetites they all had! and how quickly the good things disappeared! wine-soup and grouse; cheese-cakes and honey; white rolls and sweet cream cakes ("Charlotte de Russe" perhaps—what

do *you* think?) vanished almost as if by magic, till at last there was only a bowl of cream left. Alexis—who had acted as waiter, removing all the empty dishes in turn—placed this in the middle of the table, giving to each one a birch-wood spoon and refilling the *glasses* with tea; then he sat down by Katinka again at the plain uncovered table.

(Do you know anything about Russian tea, children? It is made very strong and is drunk always from glasses instead of cups, and so hot that it would bring tears from the eyes of any one but a Russian. Milk is not used; a slice of lemon instead floats on the top. Sugar is never put in the glass, but tea-drinkers hold a lump between their teeth, and then drink the tea through the sugar! Even very little children are given strong tea to drink as

soon as they have teeth to hold the sugar, and they seem to thrive on it.)

There was much to talk about. Nicholas had a very, very hard time in persuading Katinka to take the rent money which the grand lady had left, and which he protested he no longer needed, since the landlord was paid, and he already felt well enough to work. Katinka, in her turn, had to laugh at the jokes of Alexis, who was really a funny boy when he was not hungry; Tottleben had to sing a funny little child-song; and Ivan had to tell Nicholas of Todeloff's wonderful ways.

And here we must leave them—a happy, grateful party, though Nicholas still looked pale and feeble, and the company-boy had eaten so tremendously that Ivan still was staring at him with astonishment.

## BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."



H, Toddie,—where *do you* think I've been? I've been to the Centennial! Papa woke me up when it was all dark, and we rode in railroad-cars and horse-cars before it was light; that's the way *men* do, Tod, an' it's lots of fun. My! did n't I do lots of railroad-riding before I got to the Centennial! An' all along the road I saw piles of big sticks laid crosswise ever so nice,

so they looked just like the picture in the big Bible of the altar that Abraham put Isaac on, you know, and I thought they *was* altars, an' after I thought about what lots of little boys there must be going to be burned up in that country, and asked papa about it, he said they was n't altars at all, but only just piles of railroad ties—was n't it too bad! And I crossed the Delaware at Trenton, too, just like George Washington, but 't was n't a bit like the pictures in the history-book that papa reads out of, and nobody there had on hats a bit like Washington's.

But I tell *you* the Centennial was nice; every little while we'd come right up to a place where they sold pop-corn balls, and they made 'em as

easy—why, a little thing went down, an' a little thing came up, and there was a pop-corn ball all in a second. An' then they made people pay five cents for 'em! I think 't was real mean; I work a hundred times that much for a penny when I keep my clothes clean all day.

But, oh, if you only could see the big engine in Machinery Hall! I don't see how the Lord *could* do more than *that* engine; it turns all sorts of wheels and machines, an' don't make a bit of noise about it, an' it don't ever get tired. An' the water—my! if *we* lived in Machinery Hall I guess papa would n't ever scold us for leaving faucets open an' wastin' water, for there's dozens of great big pipes that don't do anything but spout out water. An' there was a whole lot of locomotives, but they had n't any men in 'em, so you could walk around 'em an' look at 'em without anybody sizzin' steam out at you.

An' do you know, papa says all the steam-engines and locomotives in the world began by a little Watts boy playing with the tea-kettle on his mamma's stove; he saw that when there got to be a lot of steam inside of the kettle, it pushed the top up, an' that little boy thought to himself, Why could n't steam push up something that was useful? But if we was to go in the kitchen an' see what the tea-



kettle would do, then Bridget would say, "Ah, go 'way an' don't ye be meddlin' wid fings." I guess the world was a nicer place for boys when that little Watts boy was alive.

I was awful disappointed at the Centennial, though; I thought there'd be lots of color there, cos my centennial garters is *all* color,—red, an' white, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, but the houses was most all just the color of mud-pies, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of that was only green, an' I don't think that's a very pretty color. It was nicer inside of the houses, though; there was one of them that papa said had more than twenty-two miles of walks in it; I guess there was, cos we was in it more than an hour, an' *such* funny things! You ought to see a mummy, Tod,—I guess you would n't ever want to die after *that*, but papa said their spirits was n't in 'em any more,—I should n't think they would be, if they wanted to look nice. You know mamma's opal ring?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the biggest opal in the world, and 't was nearly as pretty as the inside of our big sea-shell.

I know what *you'd* have liked,—there was a picture of Goliath, an' David had chopped his head off an' he was a-holdin' it up,—I think he *ought* to have had his head chopped off if he looked as horrid as that. An' I saw Circe, and the pigs all squealing to her to turn 'em back into men again,—I really believe I *heard* 'em squeal,—an' Circe just sat there lookin' like Bridget does when she wont give us more cake. It made me feel *dreadful* to think there was men inside of those pigs.

But what bothered *me* was, every once in a while we would come to a place where they sold cakes, an' then papa would hurry right past; I kept showing him the cakes, but he would go along, and he did just the same thing at the places where they made candy, only he stopped at one place where they was making chocolate candy, an' grindin' the chocolate all up so that it looked like mud, an' he said, "*Is n't* that disgustin'?" Well, it *did n't* look *very* nice.

There was a whole lot of things from Egypt, where Joseph and Moses lived, you know, and all around the wall was pictures of houses in Egypt, an' I asked papa which of 'em Pharaoh lived in, an' then two or three people close to us looked at me an' laughed out loud, an' I asked papa what they laughed for, an' he said he guessed it was because I talked so loud; I *do* think little boys have an awful lot of bothers in this world, an' big people are real ugly to 'em; but papa took me away from them, an' I got some candy at last, an' I think 't was about time.

Then we saw lots of animals, an' birds, an' fishes, only they was n't alive, an' I was walkin' along

thinkin' that I wished we could see somebody we knew, when all of a sudden I saw a turtle, just like ours. I just screamed right out, an' I liked to have cried, I was so glad. That was in the Gov'ment Building, I believe papa called it; an' I saw all the kinds of things they kill people with in wars, an' a man on a horse that was just like papa was when he was a soldier,—I guess you would n't want to run up to *him* an' ask him what he'd brought you, he looked so awful. An' just outside the door of that house was a big god like the heathens make an' pray to. I should think they *would* keep him out-of-doors, he was so awful ugly—why, I would n't say my prayers to him if I did n't *ever* get anything. I asked papa if the god was standin' there while he made a heaven for himself, an' papa said I'd have to ask Mr. Huxley about that; I don't know any Mr. Huxley, do you?

Then we saw the Japanese things,—I knew *them* right away, cos they always look like things that you don't ever see anywhere else. One of the things was a man sittin' on a cow, an' papa read a card hangin' on it—"Shoki, punisher of imps and bad boys," an' then he said, "You'd better behave yourself, Budge, for that old chap is looking for *you*." I did n't think he looked *shocky* a bit, an' I just told papa so, and then a lady laughed an' said I was a smart boy, as if it was anything very smart not to be afraid of a little old iron man on an iron cow!

You just ought to see how people looks inside of 'em; I saw some people that was cutted open, only they was n't real people, but just made of mortar. You'd just get tired to see what lots of funny places bread an' butter an' apples have to go in us before they turn into little boy, and how there's four little boxes in our hearts that keep openin' an' shuttin' lots of times every minute without the hinges ever comin' loose an' lettin' the covers drop off, like they do in our toy-boxes.

You never saw such lots of pictures; there was rooms, an' rooms, an' rooms, an' each one of them was as lovely as Mr. Brown's barn was when the circus pictures was all over it. There was one big picture that papa said was all about a lady named Cornaro, that was stole away from her home, and the people that stole her tried to make her happy by givin' her nice things, but the picture looked so much like a lovely big rug that I wanted to get up there an' lie down an' roll on it. An' then there was the *awfullest* picture of a whole lot of little boys—not so very little, either—that was crucified to keep the Lord from bein' angry. I tell *you*, I just said a little prayer right away, an' told the Lord that I was glad I was n't a little boy then, if that was the kind of things they done to 'em. I guess I know what people mean now, when they say





they 've got the blues, cos that dreadful picture was blue all over.

I think comin' home was about as nice as anything, though, cos boys kept comin' through the cars with bananas, an' figs, an' peanuts, an' apples, an' cakes, an' papa bought me everything I wanted, an' a lovely lady sat in the seat with us an' told about a picture of Columbus's sailors kneelin' down an' beggin' him to forgive 'em for bein' so bad, just like mamma reads to us out of the history-book. An' then another lady sat in the seat with us, but she was n't so nice, cos she said "Sonton-nial,"—I think big folks ought to know how to talk plainer than that. An' papa said he'd go out a minute or two, an' I was thinkin' what a great traveler I was gettin' to be, an' how I knew most every-thing now I'd been to the Centennial, an' how I was smart enough to be a big man right away, an' what lots of things I'd do, and how I'd have every-

thing nice I wanted to, like big men do, when all at once I got afraid we'd gone off an' left papa, an' then I got to be a little boy right away again, an' I cried, an' when papa got back I just jumped in his lap an' thought I'd rather stay a little boy.

I'm awful sorry you was n't there, too, Tod, but papa said such a little boy as you could n't do so much walkin'. An' I asked papa when there'd be one that you'd be big enough to go to, and he said, "Not for a hundred years." Gracious Peter! I knew you'd be dead before then. But you'll see a centennial even if you die, cos the Lord has everything nice in heaven, an' centennials are nice, so there'll be lots of 'em there, an' you wont get tired a bit lookin' at 'em, an' I don't believe the *angels* 'll laugh at you when you say things, an' you wont be dragged past all the cake and candy places, so I guess you'll have a good time, even if you was n't with us.

## THE STARS FOR JANUARY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

### INTRODUCTION.

IT is very pleasant to know the stars—to be able, like Milton's hermit, to

"Sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth show."

And it is not at all difficult to learn all the chief star-groups,—or constellations, as they are called,—if only the learner goes properly to work. Perhaps I ought rather to say, if the *teacher* goes properly to work. I remember, when I was a boy about twelve years old, being very much perplexed by the books of astronomy, and the star-charts, from which I tried to learn the stars. There was "Bonny-castle's Astronomy," with a very pretty picture of one constellation,—Andromeda,—in which, if one looked very carefully, one could perceive stars, though these were nearly lost in the carefully shaded picture of the Chained Lady herself. Another book which I found in my father's library showed a series of neat pictures of all the chief constellations, but gave no clear information as to their whereabouts. And the charts which I found

were not at all easy to understand, being, in fact, the usual star-charts, which give no information



FIG. 1.

whatever about the places of star-  
of any place or at any time. So

working my way from the Great Bear to constellations close by it, then to others close by these, and so on, that I slowly learned the chief star-groups. The object of the series of maps which are now about to be given, month by month (in pairs), is to remove this difficulty for the young astronomers of America. The maps are made specially for America, and for the particular month to which each pair belongs. For instance, they would not be right for London (as, in-



FIG. 2.

deed, some writing on each map shows); nor would the January maps which appear in the present number of this magazine be of the least use for June or July.

The two maps printed on pages 168 and 169 show what stars can be seen toward the north, and what stars toward the south, at a certain convenient hour during every night in January. This hour varies, night by night. On January 1st. the hour at which the stars shown in these maps can be seen in the position shown will be about a quarter past nine in the evening; on January 2, about eleven minutes past nine; on January 3, about seven minutes past nine, and so on earlier and earlier each night: on January 5, at nine; January 8, at a quarter to nine; January 12, half past eight; January 16, a quarter past eight; January 20, eight o'clock; January 23, a quarter to eight; January 27, half past seven; and January 31, a quarter past seven.

Before describing the maps for the month, it will be well for me to note that the black part of each map shows the sky as it would be seen (toward the north in Map I., toward the south in Map II.) by observers living in Philadelphia or in the same latitude. This is nearly correct (quite sufficiently so for the purpose of these maps) for New York, St. Louis, Washington, Cincinnati, and all places on or nearly on the same latitude as any of those cities. The horizon for Boston, Chicago, and other places nearly in that latitude, is shown *below* the horizon of Philadelphia in the northern map, and above that horizon in the southern map. The horizon for Louisville, and places nearly in the same latitude, is shown *above* the horizon of Philadelphia in the northern map, and *below* that horizon in the southern map. The horizon of New Orleans forms the lower limit of the southern map, and is seen in the northern map high above the horizon of Boston. Lastly, to show the young American astronomer how notably American skies differ from English, the horizon of London is shown below the lower limit of the northern map, and high above the

horizon of Boston in the southern map. The point overhead, of course, varies just as the horizon varies. Its position for Philadelphia and Boston is shown in each map; its position for London (England) in the northern map, and for New Orleans in the southern.

In each map the Latin names of the constellations are given; but in the description of each map the English names will be given, and a few remarks on each constellation. The Greek letters used by astronomers are also given; and the young learner who may not happen to know the Greek alphabet, will do well to learn the names of the Greek letters, as follows:

$\alpha$	is called	Alpha	$\nu$	is called	Nu
$\beta$	"	Bêta	$\xi$	"	Xi
$\gamma$	"	Gamma	$\omicron$	"	Omicron
$\delta$	"	Delta	$\pi$	"	Pi
$\epsilon$	"	Epsilon	$\rho$	"	Rho
$\zeta$	"	Zêta	$\sigma$	"	Sigma
$\eta$	"	Eta	$\tau$	"	Tau
$\theta$	"	Thêta	$\upsilon$	"	Upsilon
$\iota$	"	Iôta	$\phi$	"	Phi
$\kappa$	"	Kappa	$\chi$	"	Chi (Ki)
$\lambda$	"	Lambda	$\psi$	"	Psi
$\mu$	"	Mu	$\omega$	"	Omêga

Most of the bright stars have proper names, chiefly derived from the Arabic. Many of these will be mentioned as our survey proceeds.

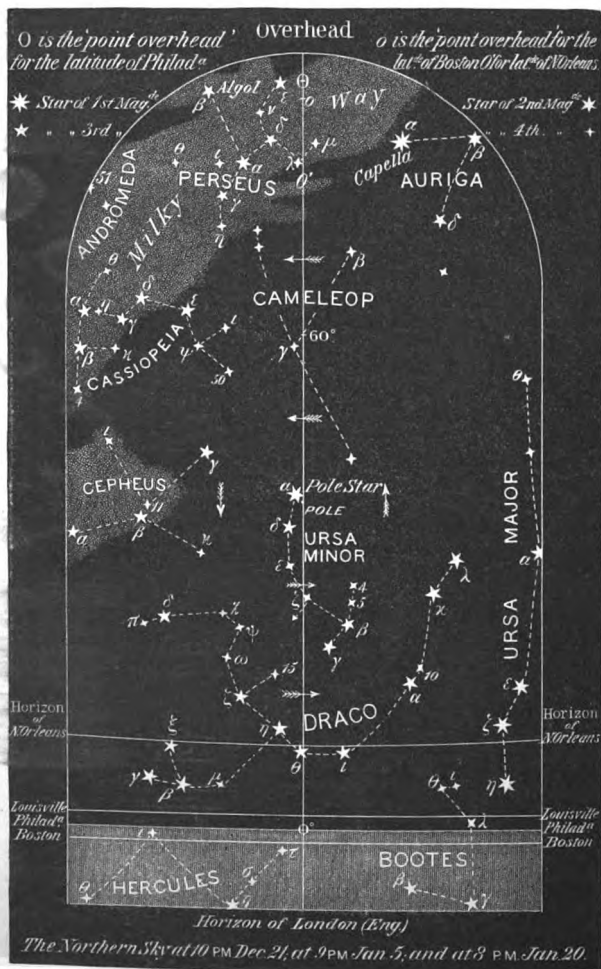


FIG. 3.

Looking northward, we see that Draco, "the dragon," has usurped the region due north immediately under Ursa Minor, the "little bear." The full proportions of the dragon are now clearly and conveniently shown, except in the southern parts of the United States,—for the horizon of New

Orleans conceals from view the two bright stars  $\gamma$  and  $\beta$ , which anciently formed the head of the great monster. In those modern maps which show the constellation figures, the dragon is represented differently, and generally somewhat as in Fig. 1 (knots and all). But you cannot *imagine* the stars

of familiar objects out of the stars; but this is certainly a mistake, for I know that when I was a lad, and before I had learned to associate the stars with the constellations at present in use, I used to imagine among the stars the figures of such objects as I was most familiar with. In the constellation of

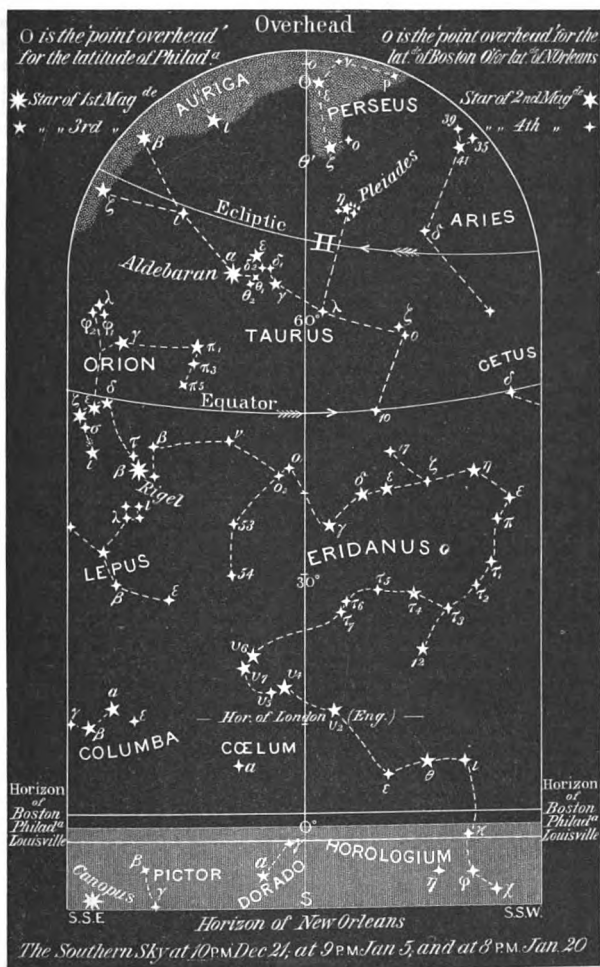


to form a dragon, or snake, in that way. Now we may be sure that the ancients, when they called a group of stars by any name, really imagined some resemblance between the star-group and the figure after which they named it. I have heard it said that the liveliest imagination cannot form figures

the Swan, I saw a capital kite (it is there to this day). In the Great Bear, I saw the figure of a toy very common at that time in England, representing a monkey that passed over the top of a pole. The three stars forming the handle of the Dipper ( $\eta$ ,  $\zeta$  and  $\epsilon$ ) made the tail of the monkey; and if you

look at the Dipper in the position it now occupies in the early evening, you will readily see the figure of a climbing monkey. In Perseus I could see a garland of flowers such as my sisters used to make. Orion was a climbing giant when rising, but took the attitude of a giant going down hill as he passed

groups really seemed pictured in the heavens. Add to this the consideration that it would not be among the stars overhead, but among those toward the horizon, that they would imagine such shapes, and I think we can understand where and how they saw a dragon in the stars shown in the lower part of our



over to the west. In the Serpent-Bearer and Serpent I saw a monstrous sword, shaped like the curved saber which Saladin wielded; and so forth. No doubt, in the infancy of astronomy, or perhaps of the world itself, men were fanciful in the same way, and the figures they assigned to the star-

northern map. It was not such a nondescript as Fig. 1 which they saw, but a really snake-like figure; and, for my own part, I have no doubt whatever that the stars  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$  were the eyes of the dragon they imagined, and that its head was pictured in their imagination somewhat as shown in

Fig. 2.\* On referring to the northern map, you will see that I have borrowed a star from Hercules to make the snake's head complete. But that does not trouble my mind in the least. The idea of separating the constellations one from another was a much later one than that of merely naming the more remarkable star-groups. If one set of stars seemed to resemble any object, and another set to resemble another object, I think the corresponding names would have been given even though some stars of one set were included within the other set. In fact, I think this very constellation of the Dragon seems to me to show that our modern constellation figures have been largely reduced in extent. When I look northward at the Dragon placed as in the northern map, I see not a mere snake with his head as in Fig. 2, but a monstrous winged serpent, as in Fig. 3; only, to make the figure complete, I have to take in a large piece from the Little Bear. The stars thus borrowed make a great wing for the dragon; the stars  $\omega$ ,  $\psi$ , 15, etc., of the dragon make another wing; and the neck, body, and tail run from  $\zeta$  through  $\eta$ ,  $\theta$ ,  $\iota$  and  $\alpha$  to  $\lambda$ .

You may, perhaps, think that it matters very little what figures the ancients really imagined among the stars. But you will be disposed to think differently when I mention that the supposed want of resemblance *now* between the star-groups and the figures assigned to them, has led some to form the bold idea that there was *once* a strong resemblance, but that some stars have gone out, others have shone forth more strongly or are altogether new, and that thus the resemblance has been destroyed. When we remember that our sun is only one among the vast number of suns, it becomes rather a serious matter for the inhabitants of the earth if so many suns have really changed. For, in that case, our sun may soon change in his turn, and either broil us up with excess of heat, or leave us to perish miserably from extremity of cold. However, I think the explanation which I have given shows that the resemblance formerly imagined still remains, and that it is only because modern astronomy has docked the dimensions of the old figures that they no longer correspond with their names.

Above the Dragon we see the Lesser Bear, the two guardians of the pole,  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$ , having swung round a little past the lowest part of their circuit. Approaching the north from the left are the stars of Cepheus, which will in a month or two be more favorably placed for study. Notice the glory of the "milky way" overhead. Looking that way, also, the very bright star Capella will attract your notice. It belongs to the constellation Auriga, or "the

charioteer." There is a nearly vacant space between Auriga and Ursa Minor, which seems to show that in that direction the system of stars to which our sun belongs is not so richly strewn with suns as elsewhere. And although, when a telescope is turned toward this region, hundreds and thousands of stars are brought into view, yet not nearly so many are seen as when the same telescope is directed toward Perseus or Cassiopeia.

And now turning our back upon the pole-star, let us look toward the south. A month ago, the "great whale," Cetus, occupied the greater part of the southern mid-sky; but now (at the same hours) that constellation has passed away westward (where it can still be seen), and the mighty river Eridanus occupies nearly the whole space between the equator and the southern horizon. This constellation is a great deal too large; it has not room to turn itself. Observe how poor Bayer (the astronomer who first gave to the stars of each constellation the letters of the Greek alphabet) was perplexed by the large number of stars he had to deal with. There are seven Taus (in reality there are nine, but the other two are small), and five Upsilons are shown (out of seven), while several stars which ought to have received their proper Greek letters, have been only numbered.

Above Eridanus is the fine constellation Taurus, or "the bull," belonging to the zodiacal twelve which mark the road-way of the sun and planets. The sun's path, or ecliptic, is marked on the map, the portion shown being that which he traverses in May and June. The symbol  $\Pi$  represents the sign of "the twins," the sun entering that sign, on his course toward the left shown by the arrow, about the 21st of May—which is, therefore, *not* the time to look for Taurus or the Pleiades, seeing that the sun is shining in the midst of their region of the heavens. The sign of Gemini, or "the twins," used formerly to agree with the constellation of "the twins," but now, as the map shows, falls upon Taurus.

The group of stars called the Pleiades is one of the most interesting objects in the heavens. In former times they were thought to exert very important influences on the weather, probably because when the sun was in Taurus, which then corresponded with the end of April, it was a time when all nature seemed to spring into activity. Admiral Smyth says that the passage in Job, translated, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" etc., should be rendered thus:

"Canst thou shut up the delightful teemings of Chimah?  
Or the contractions of Chesil canst thou open?"

\* Aratus, in describing the constellations, speaks of the Dragon as "with eyes oblique retorted, that askant cast gleaming fire."

Chimah representing Taurus, or the constellation occupied by the sun (in Job's time) in spring (April and May); while Chesil is not Orion, but Scorpio, the constellation which in Job's time was occupied by the sun in autumn (October and November). It is interesting to notice the ancients thus regarding the stellar influences, as exerted, not when the stars in question are visible in the night-time, but when their rays are combined with those of the sun, which also was the way in which astrologers regarded the stars. Taurus now shines highest in the skies at midnight toward the end of November; but in Job's time, six or seven weeks earlier. Hesiod, speaking of their return to the night skies after being lost in the sun's rays, which in his day would be in early autumn, says:

"There is a time when forty days they lie,  
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye:  
But in the course of the revolving year,  
When the swain sharp's the scythe, again appear."

With the telescope, more than two hundred stars can be seen in this group. To ordinary vision, six only are said to be visible. Yet many persons see seven, not a few can see nine or ten, and Kepler tells us that Moestlin could count no less than fourteen stars, without telescopic aid.

The bright and somewhat ruddy star Aldebaran is in the head of "the bull," formed by the closely clustering group between Aldebaran,  $\epsilon$  and  $\gamma$ . This group is called the Hyades, from a Greek word signifying rain, the influence of these stars being considered showery. The two stars  $\beta$  and  $\zeta$  form the tips of the bull's horns.

Facing the bull, we see on the left the glorious constellation Orion. But this constellation is far too important to be dealt with in the short space now left me; and therefore I must defer my account of this splendid group to next month, when, at the hours selected for our evening observations, he shines in full glory upon the meridian.

## HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER V

#### PINKEY MAKES A SUDDEN MOVE.

THE pleasant excitement of the auction passed with the afternoon, and with the approach of evening came more serious thoughts to Jacob.

Nearly everything had by that time been removed from the house, and he felt that he no longer had a home. Friend David had led away the cow. Two men were lifting his aunt's bureau into a wagon at the gate. Another was ruthlessly cutting up by the roots the corn which the boy had planted and hoed that summer, in the pleasant anticipation of roasted ears in August. The ears were not yet large enough to eat, and the whole must go for fodder. The half-sized potatoes would also have to be dug; for everything left growing in the garden when he gave up the cottage would belong to the owner. The small price which these things brought at auction had not troubled him, but it made him wince to see so much of his summer's work rudely swept away.

Alphonse, who had stood at the gate, whittling a stick, while the men were loading up the furniture, now returned to the door where Jacob was gloomily surveying the scene of desolation.

"Jacob, my boy," cried the professor, gayly, "I have whittled out another idea."

"What is it?" asked Jacob, trying to look cheerful.

"I leave here to-night—in half an hour."

"Where for?"

"For Cincinnati."

Jacob turned pale.

"You can't; there's no stage."

"I've hired one of these men to take me over to the other road in his wagon; there's a Sunday stage on that road."

Jacob could scarcely speak, so great was his agitation. He had sold out his home, and now he seemed about to lose his only friend.

"What's to become of me?"

"You are to go with me, of course."

That brought back a gleam of hope to his darkened soul.

"But—how can I? It is so sudden!" he said.

"Everything happens suddenly with me, as I told you," laughed Professor Pinky. "Listen. Though you've arranged to have your bed and a few things left in the house, it won't be pleasant to remain here till Monday. We might stand it one night; but two nights and Sunday—bah! I don't

know how I've endured it as long as I have, under the most favorable circumstances; it was only to keep you company and put through the auction. Now everything is ready. You've got your money. Hurrah!"

"But there are some people I ought to see first."

"Who, for one?"

"The man who owns the cottage. I shall owe him a month's rent on Monday."

"You can send it to him. Besides, there's garden stuff enough left on the place to pay him. Moreover," added Pinkey, "he should have been present at the auction, and bid in something to secure his debt."



JACOB WEARS HIS BEST CLOTHES.

"Then the doctor has n't been paid. His bill for attending my aunt will be ten or twelve dollars."

"That can wait. It is boyish to be in such haste to pay bills!" cried Alphonse with some contempt. "Pay bills always—at *your own convenience*; that's the rule. Come, put on your Sunday clothes; hang up your old ones for the landlord—they'll be something toward his rent!" Pinkey rattled away. "What do you stand staring there for? I tell you I've whittled it all out; it can't be improved."

He drew Jacob into the house, and, taking down from a nail a small black traveling-bag, which they had saved for the purpose from the old lady's

assets, called for the boy's shirts and stockings to be stuffed into it.

Jacob, bewildered, hardly knowing what he did, began to put on his best clothes, and empty the pockets of his old ones.

"Here's all this money!" he exclaimed in despair. "I have n't got my belt made yet!"

"I'll lend you mine," said Alphonse.

"What will you do with *your* money?"

"Why, leave it in the belt, and let you carry it; you look out for the belt, and I'll look out for you."

"I should n't dare!" said Jacob, frightened at the idea of losing both his own money and his friend's. "I wish you would put my money into the belt, and wear it yourself; I shall feel better about it."

"No, I won't! I'm not going to have anything to do with that money; I've said so, and I'll stick to it," declared the virtuous Pinkey. "I can make a belt for you in ten minutes—only give me a piece of sheepskin, or strong cloth."

Unfortunately, no material of the kind was to be found in a house which had just been cleared by an auction sale.

"Might tear up a sheet," suggested Alphonse. "That won't do though; the sheets are sold with the other bedding. I don't see but that I shall have to take your money in my belt, after all."

Jacob thought it very kind in the professor, thus to relieve his inexperienced mind of a great care.

Alphonse disposed of the money while Jacob was dressing. When the traveling-bag was packed, the professor said, throwing out scornfully some things his young friend wished to put into it:

"That old jacket? You never will want that, my boy! You are to be a gentleman now,—at least you are to travel with a gentleman, and be as much like one as circumstances will allow. Your best clothes are bad enough. Ha, ha!" And Alphonse laughed at Jacob's outfit.

"May be you will be ashamed to travel with me," said the boy, blushing, as he looked down at his pepper-and-salt "go-to-meeting trousers," as he called them, and surveyed his tight coat-sleeves.

He had always thought it a very proper suit for a lad of his years; but now, as he began to view it with the eyes of the elegant Mr. Pinkey, it looked ridiculous enough. He tried to pull down his vest, which was made too short; then to button his coat at the waist, as Alphonse did, but it was too small, and he only made things worse.

"No matter! you are all right!" said the professor, laughing merrily. "What you lack in elegance of attire, you make up in personal beauty."

"I don't know what you mean by that," pouted Jacob, with a strong suspicion that he was made fun of.

"I mean that you are a right good-looking young chap, in any clothes."

"Pshaw!" said Jacob, coloring redder than before.

"Oh, but I'm in earnest now!"

And, indeed, if you had seen our young friend washed and combed, and with his clean "shirtie" on (as he called the false bosom and collar which he put over his coarse cotton shirt), you would have thought the professor not far wrong.

Jacob, however,—who had been bred up by his aunt to the wholesome belief that he was a very homely boy,—did not agree with him; and declared that, even if the dancing-master was not ashamed of his traveling companion, he would be ashamed for him.

"I'll tell you how we'll manage that," replied Alphonse. "You can travel as my servant,—if that will suit your idea of the fitness of things any better."

Jacob did n't know whether it would or not; but before he could make a reply, Alphonse appeared to have settled the matter in that way.

"There comes our wagon! Now are we all ready?" said the professor, taking up his violin-case.

"I want to look around a little first!" said Jacob, surveying with a sad heart the old house which had been so long his home, and which he was now to quit forever.

"What's the use of looking around? There's nothing you want here, is there?"

"Yes—I want a last drink out of the old well-bucket, 'fore I go!"

Jacob was almost choking as he spoke,—with thirst, probably, for he had been eating a hasty supper. He went to the well, drew up a brimming bucket with the long sweep, set it on the curb, and stooped over it, spattering his newly-blackened shoes with the drippings as he drank. Then, having replaced the bucket on the curb, he wiped his mouth, also giving a little dash at one eye with a corner of his handkerchief, and said he was quite ready.

"Well, bring the baggage;" and Alphonse marched off with his violin, leaving Jacob to follow with the bag and valise.

As they went out, they noticed Joe Berry and another of the boys who had stoned Jacob, hanging around the gate. His heart relented toward them, and he wanted to give them a friendly hand at parting. But Joe, moved by envy and malice, called out to his companion:

"Some folks feel mighty big since they've had an auction and sold off their old duds!"

That provoked Jacob, I am sorry to say; and he called out, in reply:

"See here, Joe Berry! There's some cast-off clothes of mine in the house, that I don't want; they're a good deal better than any you've got, or are likely ever to have again, and I'll give 'em to you, if you'll be a good boy and keep your face washed."

This retort had the desired effect; but Joe's angry reply was lost in the loud laughter of Alphonse and the driver of the wagon, as the three rode away.

Having locked up the cottage, Jacob stopped to leave the key at the nearest neighbor's house. The people there had been very kind to him, and it cost him a good deal of pain to bid them good-bye. The professor would not let him make any more stops, although Jacob thought he ought to give warning of his departure to the buyers of some of the things still left in the old home.

"What's the use?" said Alphonse. "They'll find it out soon enough."

And he would not hear a word about their going a little out of their way to see the landlord and the doctor and pay their bills.

Jacob yielded to him in this as he did in everything, but with a heart full of misgivings.

Night was now coming on; the road wound among shadowy hills, and the evening crickets were beginning to sing. Jacob looked back, and thought of his lost home, and of all the friends he was leaving, probably never to see one of them again. Then he looked forward into the future and the on-coming night, with feelings which Joe Berry would not have envied so much, could he have looked into his heart.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DOWN THE OHIO RIVER.

THE home Jacob was leaving was in one of the easterly counties of Ohio, about thirty miles from the Ohio River.

But the river he had never seen. He had never, in fact, been a dozen miles from home. Everything was new and strange to him on that first journey; and when, late Sunday afternoon, the stage-coach, on the top of which he rode with Mr. Pinky, came out of a pleasant grove on the brow of a hill that overlooked the broad stream winding between woods and farms, and shining miles away by the beautiful Virginia shore, he thought it the finest sight in the world.

They stopped that night at a village on the banks, and on Monday forenoon went on board a steam-boat going down the river.

It was the first steam-boat Jacob had ever seen; and his heart beat high with joy and pride as he stood on the deck and heard the rushing of the



paddles, and beheld the boat swing off from the shore and go gliding away on the stream, bearing him and his fortunes.

"Now you see how it is," said Alphonse. "Who would stay cooped up in a wretched little town like that you've left, when he can put out and see the world as you are doing?" And he added, spreading his hands to the river and horizon to give effect to his eloquence: "Lives there the man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land?'"

Jacob did not quite see the relevancy of this last remark, which sounded very much like a quotation; but he felt that it was something fine.

"Now for our state-room," said the professor, taking up his violin-case from the deck, and walking off, followed by Jacob with their baggage.

The boy was surprised to see how perfectly at home Mr. Pinkey appeared on the boat. He was at once on familiar terms with the captain; and he walked in among the passengers, lifting his hat to the ladies, and making pleasant off-hand remarks, like any old acquaintance. With his trim figure, his wide trousers, his coat buttoned with one button at the waist, and falling carelessly open above, displaying an expansive shirt-front and blue necktie,—his pretty mustache, which he occasionally stroked, his hair in ringlets, and his graceful, vivacious ways,—it was no wonder the ladies regarded him admiringly, and seemed pleased with his attentions.

Jacob, too diffident to put himself forward and share his fine friend's triumphs, would have felt quite lonely and neglected if he had not had the novel scenes on the river to divert him, and the passengers to study.

Some of these interested him because they seemed so suddenly to have become intimate with Alphonse,—two young ladies particularly. They were evidently sisters, and looked so much alike that he could not have told them apart, but that one was dressed in green silk and the other in pink. They were rather handsome, and full of gay talk and laughter. In half an hour they were talking familiarly to Alphonse; while a certain tall, dark man, with a black beard, whom Jacob had first seen talking with the sisters, kept aloof from them and paced the deck, frowning frequently at the favored Pinkey.

Jacob was seated on a bench by the rail, looking sometimes at the river and shores, and sometimes at the passengers, and listening to the sounds of merriment in which he could not share, when Alphonse called out to him.

"Oh, Jacob, my boy, bring up my violin, will you?"

Jacob seemed quite to have forgotten that he

was now his own master. He started to obey with the alacrity of a servant, and had reached the state-room before he remembered that Pinkey had the key. He was going back for it, when he met Pinkey coming to bring it.

"Where did you first know all those people?" Jacob asked, as Alphonse stood at the glass, touching up his toilet before returning to the deck.

"I never saw one of them before, you green-horn!" laughed the professor.

"Why, how could you get acquainted with them so soon?"

"That's the Pinkey style; that's the way to do, slow-coach! Walk right in; care for nobody; push yourself—push yourself; that's my motto. Though, of course, *you* can't do that in pepper-and-salt pantaloons. Ha, ha! Come, bring the fiddle."

So saying, Pinkey locked the door again, and tripped airily back to the group awaiting him under the pillared roof of the deck; Jacob following obediently with the instrument.

"There; thank ye, Jacob, my boy; put it down," said the professor, with a condescending smile.

Jacob felt all eyes on him as he awkwardly withdrew, and, rolling his own in distress, saw a bright young girl with merry blue eyes fairly laughing at him.

He had noticed her before. She was sitting with a lady who, as Jacob had noticed, called her Florie, while the young girl had called her, "mamma." She was full of fun, and seemed to know everybody, and to be a favorite with everybody. She was not quite so old as Jacob; and he had thought, as he watched her, that he would give anything in the world if he but had the courage to speak to her. She had looked at him curiously once or twice, and given him no further notice till now.

She was laughing, and her mother was trying to stop her, though she was smiling herself at the time. It was a moment of bitter chagrin to Jacob. He believed that he hated Florie, though only a little while before she had appeared to him so good and beautiful. He returned to his place by the rail, and gazed off upon the water, with a face which was very red indeed.

Professor Pinkey played some merry tunes on his violin, and the sisters in green and pink sang some lively songs. The passengers applauded, and everybody seemed happy except the tall, dark man, who continued to pace the deck dismally. We must also except Jacob. He was entertained, but by no means blissfully at ease in his mind, as he sat there, in the distressing consciousness of an ill-fitting coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, and watched the sport, and wondered—as many another sensitive young person has done on

a like occasion—if he could ever get to feel at home in “company.”

He did not receive another word or look from Alphonse until they met in their state-room after supper. Then the professor overflowed with affability and extravagant praises of “the heiresses.”

“What heiresses?” said Jacob, much astonished.

“Why, the sisters, the twins—the Misses Chipperly; the girls in green and pink, with the big ear-rings. They are the only daughters of the richest man in St. Louis. One’s name is Theodora, and the other’s, Theodosia; ‘Dory’ and ‘Doshy’ is what their mother calls them. That’s the stout old lady with the double chin. I’ve learned all about them, and am dead in love!” said Alphonse.

“With which one?” Jacob inquired.

“I don’t know yet,” replied Alphonse, carelessly. “But I’m resolved to offer myself to one or both of them before we leave the boat.”

“Wont that be—rather—sudden?” said Jacob.

“I tell you, things happen sudden with me. How do you like ‘em?”

Jacob felt bound to like ladies whom his elegant friend admired. He could not help saying, however, that he thought them rather rough in their manners.

“That’s Western style,” Pinkey replied. “Did you notice how mad that fellow was at me?”

“The tall, black-bearded man? I saw him looking daggers!”

“He’s a Kentuckian—Colonel Corkright, a notorious duelist!” said Alphonse, confidentially. “But I’m not afraid of him.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### NIGHT ON THE STEAM-BOAT.

MATTERS took a singular turn that evening.

Jacob saw Colonel Corkright throw the stump of his cigar into the river, and deliberately walk over to where Alphonse was telling stories that made the young ladies in pink and green scream with laughter. He expected nothing less than to see the tall Kentuckian pick up the slight professor and fling him over into the water, after his cigar-stump. But nothing of the kind occurred.

Corkright treated Alphonse with courtesy, deigning even to smile while the sisters laughed. Still Jacob was alarmed on his friend’s account, and he longed to get word with him, to warn him of his danger.

It was a warm moonlight evening, and the company kept the deck, enjoying songs and stories. The fresh breeze, and the beautiful play of light on the water between the boat and the Virginia shore.

“You seem lonesome here by yourself,” said a gentle voice to Jacob as he sat musing.

He was so intent just then in watching Florie as she flitted in and out among the groups of passengers, that he had not noticed Florie’s mother seating herself on a camp-stool near by.

It was she who spoke. Her voice was so very soft that it had a sort of sympathetic drawl.

“I’m not lonesome,” he replied, with a little embarrassment; “though may be I seem so because I don’t know anybody.”

“Are you traveling alone?” she inquired.

Jacob answered that he was traveling with Professor Pinkey.

“Oh yes! I remember you brought up his violin for him.” Jacob was glad that the moonlight did not betray his blushes. “He seems a very pleasant gentleman,” added the lady.

Jacob answered, with a glow of pleasure, that Mr. Pinkey was the best fellow in the world, as well as the smartest.

“You have known him intimately a long while, then?”

This question, put with the lady’s peculiar drawl, set Jacob to thinking that his intimacy with Alphonse really extended over only a few days. But he thought of their first acquaintance, and said: “I’ve known him ever since last winter, when he kept a dancing-school in our town.”

Florie had glided near, and now stood leaning fondly on her mother’s shoulder. The moonlight was on her face, lighting up an intent, curious smile, with which she seemed to be scrutinizing Jacob. He remembered her merriment at his expense, which had stung him so, and he tried to think he hated her still; but he might as well have tried to hate a rose-bud because he had felt its thorns.

“I should think he would make a very good dancing-master,” said the mother. “His manners are exquisite.”

Florie laughed, “*You* did n’t go to his school, did you?”

“Florie, be still!” said her mother. She was always saying to her, “Florie, be still!” but somehow Florie never would be still. She was not exactly rude, but she had been a good deal spoiled, no doubt; and she had a way of saying and doing always the first thing that came into her gay young head.

Jacob looked her full in the face, and said, with an honest smile:

“Yes, *I* did go to his school, though I suppose you would n’t think so, from *my* manners.”

“I think he must be a very poor teacher,” laughed Florie.

“Be still, Florie!” said her mother.

Jacob was a pretty plucky boy, although he appeared so diffident in society. Opposition roused



his spirit. Florie's presence and saucy bright eyes had troubled him at first. But her pert remarks, instead of increasing his confusion, cured it; and he was now quite himself as he replied, with the same steadfast, honest look and smile:

"He is a very good teacher. But I suppose I was a bad subject. We were all pretty green, and he gave us only ten lessons; I had only nine, for I went in after the first one. Not much of a chance, you see, for a boy that had always worked hard and never been in company! But you can't understand that. You can afford to laugh at an awkward fellow like me!"

Jacob laughed himself as he spoke, while Florie looked more serious.

"I don't laugh at you!"

"You don't now; but you did."

"When?"

"When I carried Mr. Pinkey's violin to him to-day."

Florie's silvery laugh rang out again.

"I laugh at everything—anything; but I was laughing more at your dancing-master than at you—he was so ridiculous!"

"Be still, Florie!" said the mother.

"How—ridiculous?" cried Jacob, firing up for his friend.

"Ordering you about as if you were his servant—and he such a little fellow, dangling those ringlets! *Put it down, Jacob, my boy!*"

Florie struck an attitude, waved her hand, shook her own auburn curls, and made altogether so droll an imitation of Pinkey's manner, that Jacob had to laugh, while her mother exclaimed, "Be still, be still, Florie!"

"I'm sorry you don't like my friend," said Jacob, struggling remorsefully against his merriment.

"Like him—ha, ha! If I were you, I'd get a pair of scissors, or use my jack-knife, and cut off that lowest button of his coat, so he can't button it at the waist and make a wasp of himself any more! And I'd snip out curls enough from his head when he's asleep, so he'd have to have his hair cut," Florie went on, in spite of her mother. "He's so absurd!"

"You don't seem to agree with the ladies who admire him so much," replied Jacob.

"What ladies? If you mean the Chipperley girls," cried Florie—

"Be still, Florie, my child!" said her mother.

"He's just the kind of man to please them," the child kept on. "Have you noticed how —"

"Florie! Florie! if you don't stop, you shall go to bed! Come!" and the mother arose, taking the wayward girl firmly by the hand. "I don't know what this young lad will think of you!"

Florie laughed as if she did not care, and ran away, like a fairy, in the moonlight.

"You must not think anything of what she says," remarked the mother, turning to Jacob. "She is very thoughtful."

"I don't care for what she says of me or any of the rest, but she really does Mr. Pinkey injustice," replied Jacob. "I can't understand why she don't like him; everybody else does."

"Oh yes, everybody must admire Mr. Pinkey!" But in the lady's drawl there was something which sounded to Jacob a little like irony. He had noticed the same when she spoke of Pinkey's manners being "exquisite;" but it did not occur to him then that there could be any sarcasm in the remark. "He is almost too brilliant; there is danger of his dazzling a lad like you."

"Danger—how?" said Jacob.

"You may be blinded to his faults. For I suppose even Professor Pinkey has his faults!"

That was decidedly satirical, though spoken with an innocent demureness, which would have quite deceived Jacob only a few minutes before. Somehow his talk with Florie had quickened his wits amazingly.

"Yes, I suppose he has," he answered. "I only know he is a most generous fellow. He insisted on paying my traveling expenses—though he had done a great deal for me before."

"And did you let him?"

"I could not help myself, because he has my money."

"Oh!" said the lady. "How happened that?"

Jacob told her.

"Very kind in him indeed to relieve you of the care of your money! I ought not to breathe a word against so good and generous a friend! And, truly, I am sure he is a person of some excellent traits as well as accomplishments. But is he true?—is he altogether upright? Are you sure his influence over you is good?"

"Oh, very sure!" exclaimed Jacob.

"I am very glad to hear it. Good night!"

Nothing could have been kinder than the lady's manner. But somehow her words implied a great deal more than she said. They set Jacob to thinking of something which had troubled his conscience all along, and which made him feel extremely uneasy just now. There was the doctor's account for attending his aunt in her last illness; why had he not asked for and paid it before coming away? And he ought to have settled with the landlord—it was a small amount that he owed him; he had the money, and it would have cost but little trouble to find him. Why had he not done so? Certainly, because of Professor Pinkey's advice. Was, then, that gentleman's influence over him altogether good?

But while Jacob reasoned thus, and condemned himself, he found plenty of excuses for Alphonse.

Florie and her mother had gone. Soon after, the other ladies withdrew, the mother of the sisters having sent for them from her state-room. Alphonse was left in conversation with the Kentucky colonel and two other men, and all of them presently entered the cabin.

Jacob followed, and found the four engaged in a game of cards, amidst a company of pretty rough-looking men, several of whom were also occupied in card-playing. The end of the cabin devoted

When Jacob returned, he found Pinkey and Corkright engaged in a game; and noticing the skill with which the professor handled the cards, was not surprised to see him win.

It was growing late, and Jacob, who wished to go to bed, saw with some discomfort that another game was to be played.

"Are you coming soon?" he whispered to Alphonse.

"Yes, in a few minutes. Here, take the key; the room is too small for two to undress together; I'll be there by the time you are in bed."



PINKEY GOES OUT OF THE STATE-ROOM WITH THE VIOLIN.

more exclusively to gentlemen had been shut off from that of the ladies by the dividing doors, and it was filled with loud talk and tobacco-smoke, which were so offensive to Jacob that he wondered how the delicate Alphonse could endure such an atmosphere and such society.

Hearing male voices in the ladies' cabin, he walked into it; but, finding that he had entered a solemn meeting, where a traveling preacher had assembled a small company for evening prayers, he bashfully walked out again.

"Curious!" thought he. "Bible-reading on one side of the partition, and gambling on the other!"

Pinkey and the Colonel were now on such friendly terms that Jacob dismissed his fears on his friend's account. Still he did not like to leave him there in such company; and it was only because he did not wish to displease him that he finally withdrew.

He passed through the other part of the cabin again to his state-room, and went to bed, leaving the lamp burning; then lay awake for a long while waiting for Alphonse. At last he fell asleep, and it must have been two or three hours later that he was awakened by somebody in the room.

It was Alphonse. He was very pale, his eyes



shone, and his fine white forehead glistened like marble. Jacob did not speak until he saw that his friend was not preparing for bed, but going out again with his violin.

"You are not going to play, this time of night, are you?" he said, anxiously.

"What business is it of yours whether I play or not?" Alphonse retorted, sharply.

"I did n't mean cards—I meant the violin," said Jacob.

"Just a tune or two," rejoined Pinkey, in a kinder tone, as he went out and closed the door.

Jacob did not know when next he fell asleep; but, awaking a second time, he found himself in the dark. He remembered that the lamp had been burning low, and that he had seen Pinkey turning up the wick. Had he entered the room a second time, and put out the light? Or had it burnt out?

He listened for any movement or sound of breathing in the berth below. All was silence, broken only by the constant jar of the boat's engine and the rushing noise of the strong paddle-wheels.

Jacob turned, and listened again. Then he reached carefully down to the berth below. It was vacant; the carefully tucked-in coverlet had not been disturbed.

A great fear possessed him, and he was about to get up and dress himself, to go in search of his friend, when he heard footsteps approaching, and a hand on the door. Somebody came in, and, without striking a light or stopping to undress, got into the lower berth.

The moon had set; but the first glimmer of dawn was beginning to steal through the small state-room window, and by the gray, cold light Jacob could see that the comer was Alphonse.

*(To be continued.)*

## KING LONESOME.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"WHO is the white-faced old man  
Outside, at the window-pane,  
That muttered and sighed, as away he ran  
Into the sleet and rain;  
Crying to some one behind,  
Calling to some one before,  
One whom he cannot find,  
One who will come no more?"

That old man has sisters three;  
One he has never seen:  
On a throne of roses afar sits she,  
And the whole world owns her a queen.  
But out of her riches and power,  
Nothing has she to spare—  
Not so much as a flower—  
For the lonesome wanderer there.

One sister beside him delayed,  
And tried his thin fingers to hold;  
But the storm her garments shredded and frayed,  
And she sank, benumbed with the cold.  
And ever he prays and cries,  
And over her silence grieves;  
Behind him, alas! she lies  
Buried in golden leaves.

One happy young face before,  
 Looks back, between cloud and drift,  
 With a sudden smile, and is seen no more;  
 And the pilgrim follows, swift  
 As a flash of the noon-day light;  
 With wail, and reproach, and shout,  
 He follows, through day and night,  
 Till again the face peeps out.



"LO! THERE AT THE PANE HE GLOWERS!"

This fairest sister of all  
 Will laugh in the old man's face,  
 Will challenge him onward, with merry call,  
 To measure with her a race,  
 Till, weary and lame, he falls  
 Amid rose-buds and springing fern.  
 She flies with the wind; he calls,  
 But never will she return.

For the pale-faced pilgrim without  
 Is Winter, the lonesome king,  
 Calling back to Autumn with dreary shout,  
 And hurrying on toward Spring.  
 As Summer rules over the flowers,  
 Over ice and snow reigns he.  
 Lo! there at the pane he glowers,  
 And shakes his white scepter—see!



## LITTLE TRAVELERS.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.



WE all are travelers on the journey of life—some of us pleasant and helpful, and some of us cross and complaining, but all with equal speed hurrying on to the end.

Let the older travelers pass on their way, while we take a peep at the youngest of all the little travelers in their first stage, when as yet they have no voice in the conduct of their own lives, but are tumbled and tossed about at the convenience of more experienced fellow-passengers.

To begin where the human race started, let us see how the little travelers get on in the far East. The Oriental baby inherits from his grave, ceremonious papa a quiet, thoughtful air, to which our babies are perfect strangers. No laughing, kicking, crowing, and screaming little traveler have we here, but a solemn, quiet, black-haired infant, who looks out at life from his mother's back with a calm indifference that even the grown-up babies of the West cannot equal. Tied up in his wooden tray, for a cradle, he goes with mamma to the field, taking his dinner, or lying under a tree, with equal composure, contentedly waiting the time when he shall waddle around, wrapped in yards and yards of silk and woolen cloth; jackets and trousers, fez and turban, and big shawl around his waist, if he's a Turkish baby; and red shoes or wooden kobkobs, blue baggy trousers, loose jackets, and red cap or tarboosh, if he's a Syrian baby. He makes his journeys in a basket hung on the side of a horse, with stuffed seat and bar to hold him up, while his nurse rides the same animal and keeps him quiet with a lump of opium, if he's a Persian baby; and rides luxuriously on donkey-back, with his cradle swung between two upright posts from the saddle, if he's a Jerusalem baby.

The bare-headed baby of China, not quite so grave as his Asiatic cousins, is still a contented little traveler, whether he rides on the back of mamma, or is tied on a mat to sleep, or exposed beside the door in a bamboo cage, or fastened to his gilded baby-chair, to teach him to sit up. The most important moment in his young life is when, at the age of one year, he decides his future destiny in a curious way. He is carefully dressed in new clothes, and seated in the middle

of a large sieve, in which are placed many articles, among which are money-scales, a brass mirror, writing utensils, books, silver and gold ornaments, and fruits, while the anxious parents stand by to see which object will first attract his sober black eyes. If he takes up a book or pencil, he is destined to become a scholar; if the glitter of gold or silver attract him, his fate is to amass wealth; if fruits suit him best, he will incline to spurn the rice of his father's table, and feast upon delicate puppy-stew, or bird's-nest soup.

At two years of age he will dress like his grandfather of eighty, and look like that old gentleman seen through the small end of an opera-glass. When he first enters school, he will bring, not a spelling-book and slate, but two candles, a few sticks of incense, and a small quantity of mock money (made of paper), to be burned before a piece of paper having the name of Confucius written upon it. Thus the little Chinese traveler is launched on his school-life.

The little traveler on the shore of the Ganges has a very different life. Bathed every day in the sacred stream, or in a jar of its water; scrubbed with its holy mud—ears, eyes, and mouth; thoroughly purified from all sin, as his parents devoutly believe—how can he help being better than other babies? He is a jolly, happy baby, bright as the sunshine of his native land; not troubled with clothes if he belongs to the poor classes; but wrapped in gorgeous silks of scarlet and blue, loaded with jewels, and weighed down by enormous gold-embroidered turban, if he happens to be a prince. He is betrothed by his parents while he is still in the first stage of his journey, and often is married at the age of six or eight to a bride of as many months, when, according to the custom of the country, he goes to live in the family of his little wife, and be educated—not to learn his lessons with her, as you might suppose, for, alas! the baby-girls of Burmah are not taught to read.

This little Hindoo traveler sleeps in a basket hung from the roof, and rides out on mamma's hip; and, what seems dreadful to us, he learns to smoke before he can walk, his mother often taking a cigar from her own lips and putting it into his. If his life-journey is cut short, his body is carried to the grave in his basket-cradle, which is covered with a fringed canopy and hung from a pole on the shoulders of men, and left at last upside down on his last resting-place.



By the side of the same sacred stream we can see the little traveler of the Parsees, a people who came long ago from Persia, and who worship the sun. The peculiarity of this fair-faced baby in the land of darker colors, is that he is never seen with his head uncovered. Man, woman, or child,—old or young, rich or poor, day or night, asleep or awake, indoors or out,—the Parsee must always keep the head covered. He wears a pretty cap of silk or velvet or linen, which is very becoming. His dress is always of silk, covered with embroidery, gold and jewels, according to the wealth of his family, and the little Parsee is a very picturesque object among the naked babies of the poorer classes.

The little traveler in Italy, with his droll little cap, and dress like his grandmother's, goes in leading strings, or a walking-frame of wicker-work. On the Cornice road he goes to market with mamma, riding in a basket hung to the sides of a donkey, with a brother or sister in a similar basket on the other side. The vegetables, which mamma sells, and the babies, ride very contentedly together; while the mother, with her parasol-hat, crowns the droll load, busily engaged in knitting or spinning as she rides along.

In Algiers, baby rides "pick-a-back," and in Bavaria tied flat to his nurse's back; but if he belongs to the poorer classes, he has the best time in France. Have you heard of that most beautiful charity of Paris called "The Cradle" (*Crèche*), where the babies of mothers who must go out to work are kept all day—bathed, freshly dressed, fed, doctored, and amused till their mothers return home at night? The late Mrs. Field, in her pleasant letters from France, tells about it, and how the children of richer parents are interested in it, saving their money to pay for a cradle in the house, and then going to visit it, and feeling a particular interest in the baby which lies in *their* cradle.

There is another charity in Paris, as well as in many other places, for the little traveler who is "left out in the cold" by poor or unhappy parents. In our country he is apt to start on his life-journey from somebody's door-step, from which he is generally sent by the owner to a Foundling Home, provided for such unfortunate waifs; but in Paris the charitable home for this little traveler has, in its door-way, a sort of box which turns on a pivot. When a mother, from poverty or any reason, feels obliged to give away her baby (and none can tell what a mother must feel before she comes to that), she goes to this door, lays the little creature in the movable box, and turns it around out of her sight, ringing a door-bell as she does so. An attendant takes the gift, carries it to kind-hearted women within, who dress and feed it, and bring up the

motherless baby, in time teach it some trade, and give it a start in life.

The little traveler on our side of the water has a variety of fashions. In Lima he swings in a hammock; in Yucatan he toddles around amply dressed in a straw hat and pair of sandals. Among the Indians of our prairies he begins life as a passive bundle, hung over his mother's back or from the limb of a tree. His head is made to grow flat by means of a board (as you see in the picture), if he is to have the honor of being a Flat-head Indian. Waste no pity on him; it would be the sorrow and disgrace of his life if his head were shaped like yours. He will in future years select his slaves from round-headed races, and proudly declare that no Flat-head was ever a slave!

When the little travelers come in pairs, they make confusion in the world. Among our Piute Indians (as I lately read in a Nevada paper), when this happens, it becomes necessary, by Indian law, for the dignified, pompous papa himself to take care of the superfluous baby. When you remember that an Indian never deigns to notice, much less to touch, a papoose, you can imagine what a mortification this must be to him.

Among some peoples the extra baby is at once put out of the way; but in one African tribe a curious custom prevails. The hut containing the unfortunate pair is marked by a cloth hung before the door, and a row of white pegs driven into the ground in front of it. If any one except the parents goes in, he is at once seized and sold into slavery. The twins cannot play with other children, and no one can use anything out of that house. The mother is allowed to go out to work in the field, bring wood and other necessary things, but she cannot speak to any one out of her own family. This performance goes on till the unwelcome pair are six years old, when they have a great ceremony—music, marching, feasting, and dancing; and when this is done, the banished family takes its place among respectable people again.

Save your pity for the unhappy little traveler, American born and white, who is abandoned to the tender mercies of nurses. He will be dressed too tightly perhaps, drugged with soothing-syrup (or worse), slapped if he cries, and left alone in the dark. He will ride in his carriage with the sun in his eyes, if it is sunny; and with arms and hands uncovered and half frozen, if it is cold. Flies will be allowed to tickle his fat little nose, and pins to stick into his tender little back. The strings of his absurd lace cap will choke him till he is black in the face; and he will nearly break his neck falling over the arm of Bridget when she wants to gossip with a crony. His troublesome clothes will be twitched down and jerked around; and he will be

laid down, set up, turned over, and arranged any way most convenient to her. Above all, if he dares open his mouth to complain of any of these tortures, his delicate little body will be trotted on her hard knees till it will be nothing short of a miracle if his precious little life is not worried out of him.

The calm Oriental baby in his tray or basket; the Chinese baby in his cage; the baby of Burmah, naked or wrapped in silks, smoking at two and married at ten; the baby of the "Cradle" and the Foundling Asylum of Paris; the Lima baby in its

hammock, and the stolid Indian papoose on its boards,—each and every one is happier and better off than our poor little mother-abandoned American baby, left to ignorant and careless nurses.

The "mother-baby,"—the happy little traveler who is not left to the mercies of a nurse, whose throne is his mother's arms, whose pillow is soft, and whose needs are wisely met,—he is the happiest of all. Fair, fat, and hearty, the sorrows of babyhood come not near him. He truly is the one "born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

## "77."

BY M. M. D.

ING, dong! Ding, dong!  
SEVENTY-SIX will soon be gone;  
SEVENTY-SEVEN 's coming on,—  
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Tell us, year, before you go,—  
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!  
Why at last you hurry so,  
Though at first so very slow?  
Ding, dong!  
Can't you wait a little longer,  
Till the baby-year gets stronger?  
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Why can't years come back again,  
Just the same as they have been?  
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!  
Big folks say 't would never do,  
None would live the past anew;  
But I'd like it,—would n't you?  
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Just the same? No, I must be  
Better with each year, you see,  
Old year! Don't you pity me?  
Ding, dong! Ding, dong,  
Ding!



## POPPETS.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

It was a calm, still evening. The broad bosom of the Thames was scarcely ruffled by the little breeze that stirred the drooping sails of some of the river craft. Over the city and over the forest of masts, the round full moon was rising. Touching the dome of St. Paul's, it glanced down over roofs and under bridges till it lay a broad path of light on the sleeping river. The gas lamps flickered and looked pale before its light, and many a weary pedestrian, hurrying across the crowded bridges which span the river, paused a moment to gaze at the full-orbed globe which even to weary eyes was a wondrous revelation of beauty.

It was dark under the bridges, and the water lapping against the piers had something mournful in its sound. One of the slow river-barges was just passing into the shadow. John Briggs, her owner, leaned against the tiller, guiding his clumsy craft carefully through the arches. Near the bow his nephew Ben was seated, pulling one long oar.

"Steady, Ben!" called out the master, warningly.

"Steady it is," and Ben drew in his oar a little.

Out into the light again the boat came slowly creeping, eagerly watched by a little figure standing on one of the water-stairs. As they came closer, he sent out to them a feeble piping hail.

John Briggs shaded his eyes with his hand. "Why, bless my soul, it's Poppets! Bring her near, Ben, so he can come aboard."

Then a strong hearty shout was sent back in answer, while the boat's head slowly turned toward the stair.

John Briggs took his pipe out of his mouth to welcome the new-comer. "Why, Poppets, we was gettin' oneasy 'bout you, me an' Ben. We thought you'd got lost, mebbe."

"*Me* lost! Why, dad!" and they both laughed heartily in huge enjoyment of the joke, the thin treble of the one ringing pleasantly through the gruff bass of the other.

"Well, Poppets," and John Briggs resumed his pipe, "wot has you bought fur us, fur 't wont be long afore we wants our supper."

The little boy knelt down beside his basket which he had set with great care in a corner, and touching each parcel as he took it out with a caressing little pat, he went rapidly over his list.

"There's the tobacco, dad, and the tea and sugar, and bacon and herrin's—and oh, dad! I got some cresses. They looked so green and pretty, like the fields; I got 'em cos of that."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Ben, who was listening; but his uncle frowned him into sudden gravity, then nodded kindly at the little flushed, eager face:

"It's all right, my lad. Cresses is werry good for the health, as my old mother used to say."

"They're too pretty to eat 'most," said the boy, touching them tenderly.

"Well, Poppets, what 'll we have for supper, so bein' it's your watch?"

"Oh, dad, herrin's! They're so good, and I'm awful hungry."

"Werry good, my lad. Here, steward," to Ben, who grinned in appreciation of the never-failing joke, "you hear the cap'in. He says herrin's for supper, and consequently herrin's it is."

"Ay, ay, sir!"—and Ben pulled his forelock to the little "cap'in," who clapped his hands gleefully.

"Now, cap'in," said John Briggs, gravely, "if so be as you 'll mind the tiller a bit, I 'll take the oar, an' by the time Ben 's got supper we 'll be ready to anchor."

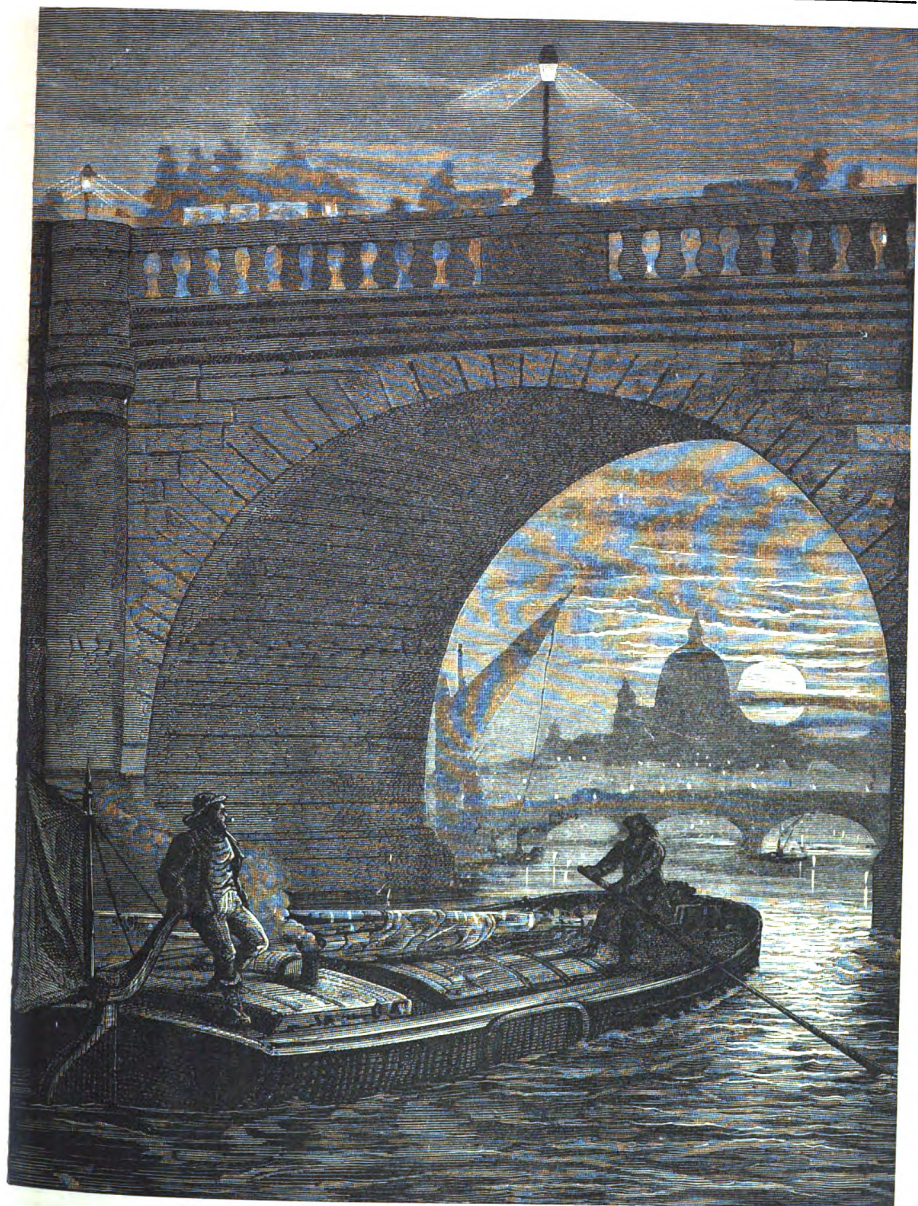
Higher and higher rose the moon, silvering the masts and spars of the many vessels crowded in the docks. The barge was anchored now; and Ben, his labors ended, was stretched sound asleep on the deck. Farther aft, John Briggs and Poppets were seated on a coil of rope, talking in low tones,—the child holding clasped in both his, the hard, rough hand of the other.

"Now, dad, tell me 'bout that night," he was saying; and "dad," drawing him a little closer, commenced the often told, yet never tired of, story.

"Well, Poppets, it was a night just like this, a clear full moon an' a light breeze not much more 'n to-night, for I remembers the sails o' the vessels 'round hung just like rags. Well, we was kind o' driftin' along. Ben was at the tiller, an' I was pullin' werry slow, for I was feelin' uncommon low, Poppets, cos of havin' buried my little girl and her mother that werry same week."

Here the child nestled his head down on the speaker's arm. He always did when this part of the story was reached.

"Well, Poppets," stroking his hair softly, "as I was sayin', we was driftin' down slow an' steady like. When we come under London Bridge the moon was shinin' werry bright indeed, an' as I looked back kind o' natural like to see if we was goin' to clear the bridge, I sees somethin' floatin' on the water, right under the bridge, Poppets—floatin' up an' down with the tide."



"ONE OF THE SLOW RIVER-BARGES WAS JUST PASSING INTO THE SHADOW."

"Yes, yes, dad, go on!" cried Poppets, eagerly. 'Hullo, Ben, here 's somethin' wants lookin' to,'—  
 "Ay, ay, lad! I 'm 'goin' on. Well, says I, an' Ben he comes runnin' for'ard; an' by an' by we

VOL. IV.—13.

gets the somethin' out, an' then we finds a shawl, an' then we finds some more clo'es, and arter a long time we finds a *baby*, an' that baby was——"

"And that baby was *me*!" cries the child, delightedly. "Go on, dad."

"An' that baby was my Poppets"—stooping to pat the boy's cheek. "Well, then, Ben an' me took you off wot you was lyin' on" (he did not tell him—poor baby—that it was his dead mother's heart), "an' we rubbed you an' wrapped you up warm, an' by an' by you begins to cry; an' my! how you did go on, Poppets! Says Ben to me, shoutin' out cos I could n't hear cos of you,— 'Uncle,' says he, 'did you ever hear such a screecher?' An' says I, 'No, Ben, an' I hopes I never shall again.' You may laugh, Poppets, but Ben an' me did n't do much laughin' that night."

"Dad," said the child, suddenly, "did you ever know my mother?"

John Briggs turned away with a little embarrassed cough. "I've seen her, Poppets; but we was n't werry intimate, so to speak."

"Cause you said *this*—touching a little ring hanging from his neck by a faded ribbon—" *was hers*, and she left it for me."

"Well, Poppets, an' so she did; she was a werry respectable woman, your mother, an' she did n't want to have nothin' to leave you, I s'pose."

"What was she like?" questioned Poppets.

"Well, she was all dressed in black w'en I see her, with a widow's cap on. She was a werry nice woman, I makes no doubt, Poppets, but she got poor an' werry discouraged afore she died."

Then seeing another question moving on the child's lips, he went on hastily:

"Look here, lad; this here is n't goin' on with our story. Well, you just screeched and screeched, till Ben an' me was 'most worn out, but I would n't give you up,—no, I would n't; an' you was that hungry, there was no satisfyin' you; so I says one day, 'Ben,' says I, 'go an' buy a goat;' so Ben he goes an' buys a goat, an' the next day overboard it goes, an' Ben arter it, an' gets near bein' drowned on account of its bein' so contrary. Well, at last I takes you to a woman I knows, an' I asks her wot's the matter.

"She looks at you awhile, an' then says she, 'He do screech like a good one, don't he?' An' says I, 'Nobody knows that better nor me, mum.'

"Then she looks at you again, an' says she, 'His mind wants amusin', that's it,' says she.

"'As how, mum?' I says.

"'Lord love you, man,' says she, 'how should I know? You'll have to find out. Children is werry different about that,' she says.

"So I walks off with you in my arms, not havin' learned so werry much arter all. Howsomever, I

makes you a soft ball, and I hangs it by a string, an' you'd lie dabbin' at that there with your little fists, like a kitten for all the world. Arter a while, you gives up screechin', an' you'd laugh to me so pretty like, you cured the pain in my heart wonderful; an' then w'en you growed, I sent you to school evenin's, and my! how proud you was w'en you could read to yer dad, an' yer dad, Poppets, was just as proud, every bit. Then arter a while, you say you wants to do something to help yer old dad, so I takes you to the shops and shows you what to buy, an' then you says you wants to go alone, so one day go alone it is. Well, arter you'd got started, I says to Ben, 'Ben,' says I, 'I'm awful oneasy 'bout Poppets.' An' says he, 'I knowed it; s'pose you go arter him.' So off I starts. Well, I kept you in sight for a good bit, sneakin' 'round corners an' skulkin' behind barrels, for I did n't want you to see me, ye see. If I'd kept at that business long, Poppets, I'm sure I'd ha' took to pickin' pockets. Somehow I felt just like a thief. Well, you goes about, lookin' as big as anybody, an' I was just laughin' at myself for bein' so oneasy 'bout you, when all at onct I see a lot o' boys stop you, an' one on 'em tried to take yer basket, but you held on to that, an' by a big fellow steps up an' says he, 'I say, youngster, just give up yer basket, or I'll punch yer 'ead,' an' then you begins to cry, an' says you, 'Oh, I wish dad was here!'

"I was only waitin' for that, so I sings out, 'Stand by, my hearties!' an' I makes a rush an' knocks over the big fellow with a cuff on his ear, an' then they all takes to their heels like a lot of little fishin'-boats if a man-o'-war bears down on 'em.

"Well, you walked on quiet for a bit, an' then you says, 'Dad, how did you come here?'

"'Well,' says I, 'Poppets, I thought I'd like to take a walk.' 'Now, dad,' you says, lookin' straight at me, 'you know you come to look arter *me*.' Well, I had to say I did. You thought awhile, an' then says you, 'Dad, s'pose you do that fur a little, fur I aint goin' to give it up,' says you, clutchin' yer little basket—'an' then some day you leave off when I don't know it, an' then I'll feel just as safe thinkin' you're there, an' then arter a while I wont mind.' Oh! you always was a terrible strange child, Poppets!

"So we does that, an' sometimes I'd see you looking back fur me, an' I'd make b'lieve I did n't see you, an' walk on an' take no notice, an' so you got to go alone, an' now there aint nobody can do it better than my Poppets."

"And that's all about me, dad?"

"An' that's all about you yet awhile, my lad."

The shadows were denser under the bridges,

and the water lapped the piers a little more quickly, for the tide was coming in. Red and green lights were twinkling in the rigging of the vessels, and the crowd in the streets was thinning, and still John Briggs and the child sat talking together.

Once and again the child's thoughts would turn to his dead mother, and he would ask earnest, puzzling questions, and always gently, always skillfully, would the other lead him away from the subject.

"There aint no use tellin' the child his mother was drowned," he had said to Ben long before. "If she fell in a-purpose,—which aint no ways onlikely, them London bridges bein' a dreadful temptation to folks as is worried in their minds,—he must n't never know it; an' if she fell in by accident, which may be too, why he'd always be thinkin' if there'd been somebody there they might ha' got her out, so we jist wont tell him at all."

They had sat silent for some time, when suddenly the child spoke.

"Now, dad, I'll tell *you* a story, such a nice, nice one," said Poppets, who had been gazing for a long time at the moon shining so quietly down on them.

"Ay, lad, that 'll be prime! Why, come to think, Poppets, you've never told yer old dad a story yet."

"Well, I'm going to now," answered the child, nodding his head gravely. "Once upon a time—that's the way all the stories begin in the fairy-book you bought me, dad."

"All right, deary; now then, go on. 'Once upon a time' —"

"Once upon a time, there was a good, good man, who was very, very lonely, 'cause of havin' buried his little girl and her mother."

"That's me," said the listener, under his breath, "only I don't know 'bout the 'good.'"

"Hush, dad; you must n't stop me," warned Poppets, shaking his head at him. "Well, this good man was sailin' on the river one night, and he was feelin' very low and very unhappy, and he was sayin' to himself, 'There aint nobody left, and I wish I was n't left neither.'"

"Why, Poppets!" said John Briggs, with a gasp, "how'd you know?"

"Never mind; I know. Well, he was thinkin' this, and the moon looked down at him, and she knew all about it, and she'd sparkle up the water, and she'd smile at him, and still he did n't notice nothin'. So she kept thinkin', thinkin' what she could do for this good, good man. And by and by a beautiful angel came along, holding a little girl; and the little girl had long yellow curls and blue eyes, and she called the pretty angel 'mother.'"

The child paused a little, for his listener had

shaded his face with his hand, and Poppets' little tender fingers went up to stroke it gently.

"Well, then, the moon and the angel talked about the man; and by and by, the moon made a little boat out of the moonlight, and she put a baby in it, and then she sent it sailin', sailin' down a streak of light till it came to the water; and there it was rockin' up and down, and the moon watchin' it. And then another angel comes along, and she says to the moon, 'Where have you sent my baby?' And the moon says, 'I've sent it to that good, good man, to be a comfort to him.'"

"An' so you are, my blessed Poppets!" murmured the other, fondly.

"Hush, dad; I'm not done. So the moon and the two angels and the little girl all stood watching the man. And when he came to the bridge, the moon shone out very bright and showed him the little baby; and they saw him take it up and hold it in his arms, and then the two angels and the little girl went away together. Well, the baby was a very bad baby for a while, and most wore out the good, good man; but he took care of it all the time. And by and by it grew to be a little boy, and then the man used to send it to school in the winter, so it could learn to read for him nights. And after a while he let this little boy go errands for him—and oh, how glad the little boy was to do it! for he used to lie awake nights, wonderin' what he could do for this good man. Well, the little boy grew and grew till he got to be a big, strong man, and he worked hard and saved up his money; and one day he and the good man, who had got to be an old man then, left the boat with Ben, who was a very good man too. And they went off together, and they got a little home by some trees, and a pretty field near, with buttercups in it, and a brook with cresses. Dad, think o' that! And the little house had a garden, and the young, strong man used to work in it; and then he used to bring all kinds of nice things to the old man, who sat in a big chair by the door. And they had a goat—no, a cow! Dad, was n't that good? Wait, dad, the story's most done. And they lived there together a long, long time, and the little boy that had grown to be a big, strong man was so very, very happy, 'cause now he could take care of the good man who had taken care of him. And the old man he was happy too, and there was nobody in all the world he loved so well as the little baby the moon had sent him. And often and often, dad, the two angels and the little girl used to come there too, though the young man and the old man could n't see them; and they were all so happy, 'cause the good, good man was happy too. And that's all. Dad, do you like it? Why, dad, you are cryin'!"



"Bless my little Poppets!"—and "dad" stooped to kiss the flushed cheeks again and again.

And still the moon shone softly, steadily down. Ben had long ago tumbled into his bunk, and the two were left alone together. Poppets had laid his head on his protector's breast, and was watching, half asleep, the sparkle of the light upon the water.

Soon the bells rang out over the city, chiming the hour of twelve. Poppets was asleep. The other only drew him a little closer; he had often slept the night through so before. In his dreams, the child was seeing the little cottage of his hopes, and far into the night John Briggs sat holding him and puffing silently at his pipe.



GREGORY GRIGGS, Gregory Griggs,  
Had twenty-seven different wigs.  
He wore them up, and he wore them down,  
To please the people of London town.  
He wore them east, and he wore them west,  
But he never could tell which he liked the best.

## THE GREYHOUND'S WARNING.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



LD stories are now in fashion, and here is a Christmas story that was told to my grandmother by her grandmother, who heard it from an old lady once in attendance upon the royal family in the days of King Charles I.

Charles I., you remember, founded a colony in this country in very early times, and in honor of his young and beautiful Queen, Henrietta Maria, he called it Terra Mariæ, or Mary-land. He gathered fifteen hundred orphan children from the streets of London, and sent them to Mary-land; and these settlers, in the long-forgotten Christmas days, loved to hear and recount the legends of the court of Charles; and so this story came from a court lady who visited Maryland in early colonial times, and who, as I have said, told it to my grandmother's grandmother.

Hampton Court Palace, which is still in perfect preservation, was a grand old English manor in days that are dim in history. It was the palace of sumptuous old Cardinal Woolsey; and here, afterward, kings were born, and queens were married, and disappointed princes grew gray and died.

Bloody Mary celebrated Christmas here on one occasion, when she had the great hall illuminated with one thousand lamps.

Here Charles I. and his beautiful girl-queen passed their honeymoon. Marriages for love are not common in old royal families, but Charles had loved Henrietta Maria ever since he had seen her young face at a splendid reception at the court of France, and when his ministers failed to arrange a marriage for him, he let his heart speak for itself, and offered his hand to the princess, whose beauty had first enchanted him. So Henrietta was married to him in France while he was yet in England, a queer old way of doing things that royal families used to practice. It was called marrying by *proxy*. The wedding took place one fair spring day in the grand old cathedral of Notre Dame, which was hung with rich tapestry and tissues of gold and violet satin, figured with golden lilies or *fleurs-de-lis*. Henrietta at this time was about fifteen years of age, so she was hardly more than a little girl when Charles first fell in love with her.

We cannot stop to tell you of the gala days that followed the marriage, or the gay ship that bore

the girl-queen over to England, to meet the king she had wedded. The pageants faded as she drew near to London, for the plague was in the city, and bells clanged and tolled every minute of the day. But the gay Duke of Buckingham made a splendid banquet for the royal pair at his residence at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and it was on this occasion that Jeffry Hudson, the famous dwarf of Charles's court, was first presented to the queen, being served in a large pie on the table. When the pie was cut, Jeffry jumped out, armed cap-à-pie.

But the honeymoon went by, and the best days of the king's life passed, and the storm of the English revolution began to gather. There were riots in London, and long and angry Parliaments, and the queen fled away for safety, and the king found himself a prisoner at last in Hampton Court Palace, where the happy days of his honeymoon had passed, when life lay fair before him.

Two of his children were with him much of the time in these perilous days—the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester. They were his hand-in-hand companions in his walks in Paradise, as the Hampton Court Palace gardens were called. The Princess Elizabeth was her father's favorite, a tender-hearted, fair-haired child, frail as a flower, her pure soul shining through her pale face like a lamp through a vase of alabaster. It was to her, as he took her on his knee, that the king confided his last messages to the queen before his execution. "Tell her, sweetheart," he said, "I loved her to the last."

The Duke of Gloucester was younger than the princess, but older in heroic appearance and larger in stature, for Elizabeth was a wee, frail thing.

The king had a favorite hound. It was always with him when he was alone or with his children; it guarded the door of his chamber at night; its only delight seemed to be to do the bidding of his royal master, and to receive his caresses.

Charles was one day amusing himself with his children in the Hampton Court garden, when a wild-looking woman drew near, and, holding out a thin hand, said:

"Alms?"

She was a strange fright of a creature, and the children thoughtlessly laughed at her, which sent the blood tingling into the furrows of her cheek.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"They call me a gypsy," answered the woman, assuming a mysterious look. "I foretell events."



The king was not overawed by her air of mystery, but told her that she must at once leave the place.

She moved away darkly and sullenly, when the children uttered an audible laugh. She caught the sound, and turned sharply.

The king was caressing the hound. The fact that a brute was faring better than she, seemed to increase her bitter feeling.

"He can play now," she said, looking enviously toward the dog. "Let him. A dog will howl one day, and then the kingdom will want for a king; then the kingdom will go."

The king seemed to be disturbed by the evil prophecy. He addressed the strange woman in a softer tone, and offered her money.

The black lines faded partly out of her face, and she courtesied lower and said:

"A dog will die in this palace one day; then the kingdom shall be restored again."

People were very prone to believe in omens, signs and fortune-telling at this time, and the gypsy's words became known in the palace, and were treasured up to see if they would come to pass.

There was nothing remarkable in the prophecy. If one were to say that a dog would howl in Queen Victoria's park at Balmoral before the Queen should die, or that the cock should crow in the grounds of Windsor Castle before the Prince of Wales should take the throne, it would probably all come to pass, and if so common an event were looked for, it might seem to unthinking people quite a remarkable thing.

The king grew more fierce; the king's life was threatened; the king began secretly to plan an escape from Hampton Court, and from this turbulent part of the kingdom. He was really a prisoner in his palace; old friends were everywhere turning against him, and he was sometimes made to feel that his only friend, except his children, was his faithful hound.

"Poor thing, poor thing! he is faithful to me," said the king one day. "But how can I be faithful. I may leave you one day, good fellow, and then a dog will howl. It is a pitiable case when a king cannot be true even to his dog."

The hound seemed to understand the king's great trouble, and at such times would lick his master's hand, and would press his knee and whine, as though to break the reverie.

It was toward the close of a dark afternoon on the 11th of November, 1647. Night came early, with no ray of sunset. The palace gardens were obscured in a deep mist, and the river ran dark below them, with hardly a ray to penetrate the gloom.

The king ate an early supper, and then retired with his favorite dog. It was his custom to go to his chamber for devotions immediately after the evening meal.

It was very still in the palace; very gloomy, with the dull sound of the November rain incessantly falling. Occasionally the step of the guard was heard on the corridor. The little duke and the princess were waiting the return of their father in a dimly lighted room near the banquet hall.

He did not come. The foot of the guard sounded firmer, and became impatient.

Suddenly the pitiful howl of the king's hound broke the silence of the palace.

The little duke heard it, and started to go to his father's chamber. The young princess followed him, a strange look of terror in her baby face, and her eyes filled with tears.

The children came to the main stair-way, when they were ordered back by an attendant. In their retreat they again heard the hound in their father's chamber utter the same friendless, piteous howl.

There was a back staircase that led up to the same room. The children passed silently through the empty apartments that led to it, and were startled again and again on their noiseless way by the pitiful howling of the dog, which now began to be piercing in its distress.

Just as they arrived at the foot of the staircase, a heavy sound was heard at the chamber door above. It was answered by a sharp bark from the hound.

"Father must have gone," said the little princess; "what made the dog howl so?"

There was a crash at the door above. The young princess clasped her brother in fear, and tried to draw him back.

"They are breaking into his room," said the prince; "let us go to him; let us defend him."

There was a hurried step and a cry on the stairs. The children drew back; the hound came bounding down and ran up to them and around them in anxiety and terror. There were more footsteps on the stairs, and another cry:

"Give the alarm; the king has escaped!"

Years pass. The stormy scenes of the English Revolution are over. King Charles I. has long slept in the silent vaults of St. George's Chapel, and his separated children have grown to manhood and womanhood in exile.

There came to Hampton Court Palace one late summer day, Oliver Cromwell, Protector of the Commonwealth of England. He, too, was attended by a faithful dog. He slept in the old royal apartment, and his dog kept guard at the door. He awoke one morning, but his dog did not come to

him. He arose and found that the trusty animal was dead.

Oliver Cromwell was a stern man, but, like most men of that day, he was superstitious. He believed in signs and omens and witchcraft, and he had heard of the withered gypsy's prophecy.

He was shaken in health, and the sight of the dead dog awakened his nervous fears. "Alas!" he said, "the kingdom has departed."

Cromwell soon died, and, as all our school-children know, Charles II., son of the first Charles, came back to the throne, amid great rejoicings and celebrations.

And this is the old story—a curious mingling of true history and superstition—that was told over and over again in the Christmas-tide to open-mouthed groups around Maryland firesides in the old Colonial times.



## GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS AND PICTURES.

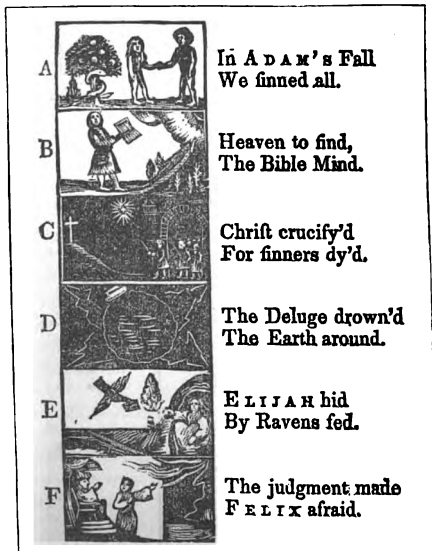
BY H. E. SCUDDER.

I HAVE just been looking at an "Indestructible Picture Book of Mother Hubbard and her Dog," which is the first book in my little girl's library. I am afraid it will not last many days more, in spite of its name, and it is very certain that her great-grandchildren will never see it, though I hope they will see one like it; at least I hope they will care for Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and I am pretty sure they will. There are books read by children to-day which their great-grandfathers were reading a hundred years ago; and there is one little book not so much read by children now, which was not only well known to their great-grandfathers but to the great-grandfathers of their great-grandfathers; that is, to such as were born and bred in New England or of New England parents. It is "The New England Primer," a little book not much larger than a baby's hand, which was once almost universally used in New England as the first book for children. You would not think it a very bright-looking book, but it was a useful one, for it had all the let-

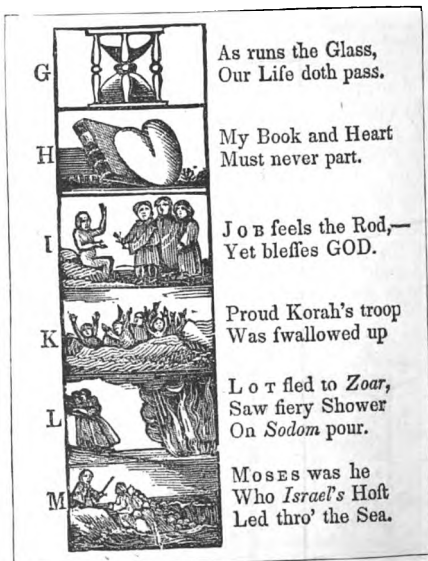
ters, which are enough to make one's head ache as they stand in a row :

Ā, ff, fi, fl, ffi, fl, fh, fi, fk ffi, fl, ff, ft,

The primer was the entrance to spelling and reading for all children : with its alphabet to start



ters of the alphabet, not only the regular letters from A to &, which brought up the rear with a lively flourish of its little tail, but a list of the double



with, it gradually led the way, by column after column of easy syllables, up to words of six syllables, and then began the reading. But I do not believe that children then waited to spell all the easy and hard words before they looked at the pictures further on. There was a picture for every letter of the alphabet except &, and against each picture two short lines, which rhymed, were easy to learn, and impossible to forget. I suppose there are thousands upon thousands of grown people now in America who, when they were children, learned these lines, and could say them to-day without looking at the book. But as the New England Primer has been crowded out by the picture-papers and magazines and books, now so plentiful, you may not have seen it. Therefore, ST. NICHOLAS has made exact copies for you of the twenty-four queer little pictures and stories which great-grandfather

used to look at. J, you see, is not here, because it was only I with another name; U and V, too, were called the same letter; and &, as I said, has no picture; more's the pity, for they might have added:

ANDREW his net  
For men did set.

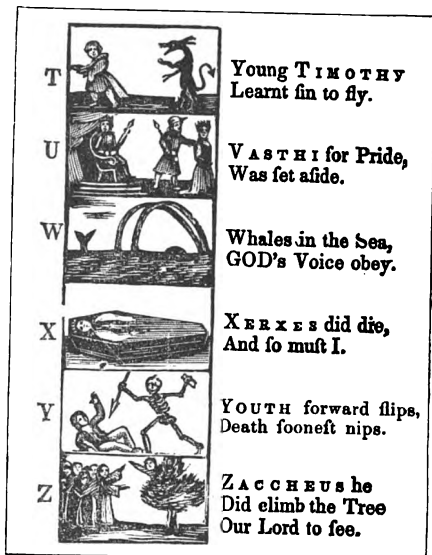
By a little study you can make out all the figures, though the pictures are rather dim.

The pictures are small, and so the one who drew them had to make haste to get in everything that helped to tell the story. The apples are on the tree; Adam is known from Eve by his hat; Noah's ark is the only dry thing in the Deluge; Elijah can scarcely wait for the eager raven; and both Paul and Felix see the judgment as plain as if it were in the same room.

Many of the rhymes, you see, tell the stories which the children had heard from the Bible, and the pictures would make the scenes very vivid; that troop of Korah's—one can almost hear them cry out as the ground gives way; then how ashamed Job's friends look, and one shudders at the narrow escape of Lot; while the dripping Israelites are making every exertion to get up to Moses.

I suppose, in the picture below, Noah sees the ark in the midst of the black waters—the old world—and then holds his hand up in admiration as he sees the ark upon dry ground upon the top

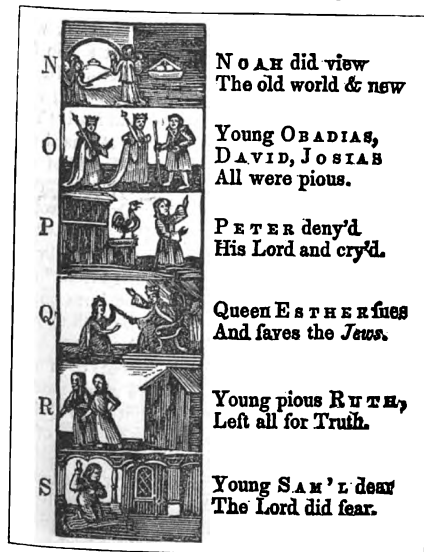
The story about him, David and Josias is brief, but it would take great-grandfather's mother a long while to tell the whole story about each. When she finished, she could have summed them up no more completely. So, these three having been



boys, the story of Ruth is suggested, and one sees the house left behind; she is going off with Naomi, and she was sincere.

Sin, in the picture, is certainly not made winning and beautiful, but the meaning is that young Timothy saw sin just as hideous as it really was.

You will not think these pictures beautiful, and they are not; but, like the lines at their side, they are direct. The book was a little book, and when it was made there were very few books at all made expressly for children, so that the makers tried to put as much as they could into this small compass. They did not expect that children would get all their reading out of it, but they meant that when children were learning to spell and to read, they should be taught something about good living, and learn some of the things that were nearest their fathers' hearts. The Bible was the book that their fathers went to most of all, and so this primer is full of bits about the Bible, as in the pictures we have been looking at, and also about religion and duty, as their fathers understood these. Just after this picture alphabet is another "Alphabet of Lessons for Youth, beginning: "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother," and ending: "Zeal hath consumed me,



of Ararat, the new world, which he and his sons, who are huddled in the corner, are to enter upon. Young Obadiah must be the one without a crown.

because thy enemies have forgotten the word of God." There was a Cradle Hymn, a part of which many children still hear, beginning:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

But this was not in the very old primer, for it was not then written, and there were other verses and short proverbs which those who learnt probably remembered long after they had forgotten larger books.

There was but one other picture, and that was to keep alive the remembrance of terrible times in England, which had been suffered by the great-grandfathers of those who first used the New England primer. It was the picture of John Rogers, as follows:



Beneath it was printed: "MR. JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in *London*, was the first martyr in Queen MARY'S reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, February 14, 1554. His wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast following him to the stake; with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of JESUS CHRIST."

The first people who came to New England had grave fears lest the times of Queen Mary were coming again in England, and it is not to be wondered at that they should keep alive the memory of these things. How many children have counted that little flock, to see if the nine were all there, and have looked with terror at John Rogers in the fire, and the pleased, smiling faces of the soldiers who kept guard over Mrs. Rogers and her children!

The New England primer was not the only little book which great-grandfather had. There were not many books made in America then, and this was almost the only one made expressly for children; nor were there very many made or written in

England for children alone in those days. In reading the lives and recollections of those who lived at the time of the revolution, or shortly after, one finds mention of a few books for little children which are still read. "Mother Goose's Melodies" is an American book, and was made more than a hundred years ago. Many of the rhymes in it, most indeed, are English nursery songs, brought over in the head to this country; but there was a real Mother Goose in Boston, who sang the little ditties to her daughter's children, and her daughter's husband, who was a printer, collected them into a book. Then we read of "Goody Two Shoes," which was quite well known, and there were a good many scraps of history, and anecdotes in almanacs, as there are now. But then, as now, children read the same books that their fathers read. Indeed, that was much more common then, for it is only within the last hundred years, more especially the last twenty-five or thirty, that there have been many books and magazines especially for children. But there were long ago books written, like "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," the authors of which were not thinking of children at all; and yet these books have come to be read almost entirely by the young. Great-grandfather had these books, and he read besides many books which children to-day, with books of their own, are less likely to see. There was John Randolph, of Roanoke, for instance, a notable Virginian, who was born in 1773. The first book that fell in his way was Voltaire's "History of Charles XII. of Sweden." He found a closet full of books, and before he was eleven years old he had read "The Spectator," "Humphrey Clinker," "Reynard the Fox," "The Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii," "Goldsmith's Roman History," and an old "History of Braddock's War," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Quintus Curtius," "Plutarch's Lives," "Pope's Homer," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Jones," "Orlando Furioso," and "Thompson's Seasons"—a queer lot, but some of them great books, which it would be well to read now, instead of weak and foolish ones.

Then there were parents in those days who thought much of what their boys were reading and thinking about. Listen to what John Quincy Adams—which President was he?—says of his mother:

"In the spring and summer of 1775, she taught me to repeat, daily, after the Lord's Prayer, before rising from bed, the Ode of Collins on the patriot warriors who fell in the war to subdue the Jacobite rebellion of 1745:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!"

And here is a letter from the same John Quincy Adams, written, when he was ten years old, to his father, John Adams, absent then at Congress:

Braintree, June 2, 1777.

DEAR SIR: I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition; my head is much too fickle; my thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me steady, and I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Smollett [History of England], though I had designed to have got half through by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Thacher [his tutor] will be absent at court, and I cannot pursue my other studies. I have set myself a stent, and determine to read the third volume half out.

When the Revolution was over, the schools of the country were in a very bad way. The country was poor, there were very few books of any kind, and school-books were of the poorest sort. It was at this time that Noah Webster, who made the dictionary later in his life, and was now a poor school-master, determined to make a speller, a grammar and a reader for schools. His grammar and reader were long since forgotten, but his speller is still used all over our country. It is a different book, however, from the first speller which he made. That, like "The New England Primer" of his grandfather, not only taught the alphabet and spelling, but tried to teach the little American some of the lessons in goodness and patriotism, which Noah Webster saw were much needed. It was the only book that a great many children had, and it had pictures—pictures a little bigger than those of the primer, but very much of the same kind. From a very early time fables have been written and told to teach simple truths, and Webster put a few fables into his book, and a picture to each. Here are some of them:



TABLE I.

*Of the Boy that stole Apples.*

AN old Man found a rude Boy upon one of his trees stealing Apples, and desired him to come

down; but the young Sauce-box told him plainly he would not. Won't you? said the old Man, then I will fetch you down; so he pulled up some tufts of Grass, and threw at him; but this only made the Youngster laugh, to think the old Man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

Well, well, said the old Man, if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in Stones; so the old man pelted him heartily with stones; which soon made the young Chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old Man's pardon.

### MORAL.

*If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner*



TABLE II.

*The Country Maid and her Milk Pail.*

WHEN men suffer their imagination to amuse them, with the distant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

A country Maid was walking very deliberately with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections: The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price; so that by May day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new Gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain, toss from them. Transported with this triumphant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.

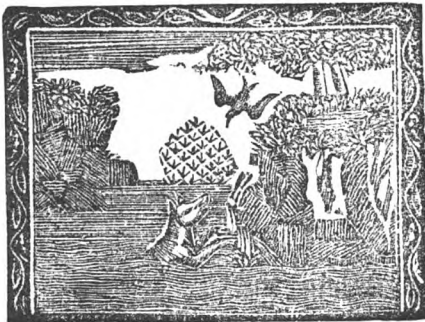


TABLE III.

*The Fox and the Swallow.*

ARISTOTLE informs us, that the following Fable was spoken by Esop to the Samians, on a debate upon changing their ministers, who were accused of plundering the commonwealth.

A Fox swimming across a river, happened to be entangled in some weeds that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, which were galling him and sucking his blood, a Swallow, observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. By no means, said the Fox; for if these should be chased away, which are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed, and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins.

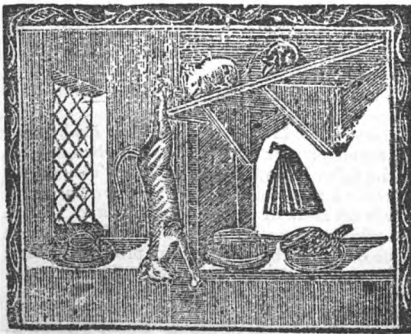


TABLE IV.

*The Cat and the Rat.*

A CERTAIN Cat had made such unmerciful Havoc among the vermin of her neighborhood, that not a single Rat or Mouse dared venture to appear abroad. Puss was soon convinced, that if affairs remained in their present situation, she must be totally unsupplied with provision. After mature deliberation, therefore, she resolved to have recourse to stratagem. For this purpose, she suspended herself from a hook with her head down-

wards, pretending to be dead. The Rats and Mice, as they peeped from their holes, observing her in this dangling attitude, concluded she was napping for some misdemeanor; and with great joy immediately sallied forth in quest of their prey. Puss, as soon as a sufficient number were collected together, quitted her hold, dropped into the midst of them; and very few had the fortune to make good their retreat. This artifice having succeeded so well, she was encouraged to try the event of a second. Accordingly she whitened her coat all over, by rolling herself in a heap of flour, and in this disguise lay concealed in the bottom of a meal tub. This stratagem was executed in general with the same effect as the former. But an old experienced Rat, altogether as cunning as his adversary, was not so easily ensnared. I don't much like, said he, that white heap yonder; Something whispers me there is mischief concealed under it. 'Tis true it may be meal; but it may likewise be something that I should not relish quite so well. There can be no harm at least in keeping at a proper distance; for caution, I am sure, is the parent of safety.



TABLE V.

*The Fox and the Bramble.*

A FOX, closely pursued by a pack of Dogs, took shelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this asylum; and for a while, was very happy; but soon found that if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every side. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forbore to complain; and comforted himself with reflecting that no bliss is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the same fountain. These Briers, indeed, said he, will tear my skin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the sake of the good then let me bear the evil with patience; each bitter has its sweet: and these Brambles, though they wound my flesh, preserve my life from danger.

Like the primer, Webster's speller was small, and had no room for long stories; but you have seen how

much could be gotten into these little fables with their pictures. In the first one of these funny old wood-cuts there is a story that any one can understand, and it is told in a very lively fashion. The old man in his continental coat has only got as far as words in the picture, and the boy is just reaching out his arm for the round apple near him. If another picture had been given, the old man's coat would have been off, and that boy would have been seen slithering down the trunk of the tree. But there was only one picture to a fable.

I wonder if the moral of the second fable was printed at the top for fear it would not be read if it came at the end of the story. The poor milk-maid looks rather forlorn in the picture. The toss of her head is there still; she was too shocked with her grief to put her head back again.

Webster was a man who watched politics very closely, and it is not impossible that he put in the third fable with an eye to something then going on in the country. If he had made the fable longer, perhaps he would have made the fox call upon some friend to help him cut the weeds away in which he was entangled. But there is no doubt that those flies, so orderly and determined, would be enough to drive any fox wild.

Did you ever think before reading Fable IV. what was the origin of that phrase, "A cat in the meal?" It was the old experienced rat, you see, that first said it, only he said it in rather longer words. It would be pretty hard to tell from the picture what

all the delicacies were on the table, but there is no doubt that the cat made herself look extremely like a dead cat. Is that a ham hanging on the wall? I can't quite make it out.

I am afraid the artist gave up the difficult task of showing the dogs in the last picture; and without the story it would be rather hard to tell what the picture meant. How different all these pictures are from the new ones which you see on turning the leaves of ST. NICHOLAS! A great deal has been learned in this country about drawing and engraving pictures, just as there has been a great deal more attention given to writing books and stories for children. Yet some of these pictures, like some of the stories, have this about them, that they are perfectly intelligible and are easily remembered. When you compare these old-fashioned books which great-grandfather had with those which you now have,—with ST. NICHOLAS, for instance,—and remember how much greater and more prosperous this country is than it was in great-grandfather's day, do not forget that great-grandfather helped to make the country what it is, and that the books which he read and the pictures he looked at, helped to make him what he was. So, as we have been reading fables and their morals, here is the moral of what I have been saying, and you must not skip it: *Our books and pictures are not only to amuse us, but to make us wise and good; if they do not, then the better they are the worse we shall be.*

## THE TWO DOROTHYS.

By C. F. JACKSON.

DOROTHY PATTEN SYLVESTER had come to her grandfather's to make a visit. A visit to grandpapa was to each one of the seven Sylvesters the most delightful thing that could be imagined. They were, all of them, always ready to go there whenever grandpapa and grandmamma sent for one or two of them, only the trouble was to decide which of them should have the pleasure. This time, strange to say, Dorothy was alone; I will tell you how it happened. Of course, everybody wanted to go to Philadelphia, to the Centennial celebration; but all through the spring, poor little Dorothy was ill with a fever. When she was well enough to go out she was still thin, and weak, and pale; and

papa and mamma thought a crowded city was not the place in which to find fresh roses for their little girl's cheeks; so they decided to let Dorothy make a visit to grandpapa's, while the rest of the family went to Philadelphia, and although she was disappointed at first, she soon cheered up and began to talk of all the delightful things she would see and do in the country. Then Charley and Frank had promised to write her about everything they saw, and Phil had given her Prince, his black-and-tan terrier, to take care of while he was away. Besides, Bessie, the sister nearest her in age, had agreed that her doll, Alice Rosamunda Temple, should keep a diary of everything of interest that hap-



pened to her, for Dorothy's doll, Susan Araminta Lorraine. Then, best of all, they were to bring back from Philadelphia some one whom Dorothy had never seen, and whose acquaintance she wanted very much to make. Agnes Sylvester, her eldest sister, had married two years before, and was living in Philadelphia, and the children had never seen her baby boy; so you may imagine how much Dorothy wanted them all to come home, particularly Master Dicky Leigh. There were a few tears shed when Dorothy saw them all drive off from grandpapa's, where they had left her; but grandmamma soon comforted her, by taking her over to Mrs. Smith's to drink tea, or rather, as far as she and little Rose Smith were concerned, rich, yellow Alderney milk, with as many strawberries as their plates could hold; and then the walk home through the clover fields by starlight was so pleasant!

The next day, Dorothy ran about the farm till noon; now in the barn to look for fresh-laid eggs in the hay; now with grandpapa to the pasture, to pat the pretty Alderney calves who would come quite close, and lick her hands with their rough tongues, and then jump away and pretend to be frightened when she came a little nearer to them; off again to the dell behind the house to look for wild flowers, until, quite hot, and tired out, she came into the cool front room where grandmamma sat reading in the middle of the afternoon. "You have run too hard, Dot," said grandma, "and have got heated; I can't allow that, or we shall be having the fever back, and then papa and mamma will never lend you to me again. Come, now, go up to your room and take a little rest; then you can come down again when it is cool and pleasant, just before tea."

"I will, grandma; but may I take Fuzzy for company?" Consent was given, so Dot and Fuzzy went upstairs. Fuzzy was a gray kitten, who considered it necessary to be always on the lookout for enemies; for at the slightest noise she would put up her back, and every individual hair on her body would stand straight out. She had met with an accident to her tail in early youth; about an inch had been cut off, and the rest was very thick and bushy; so when she was angry she would make the hairs stand out on it till she looked exactly like a fuzzy ball. Dorothy was devoted to her in spite of her bad temper, which she declared was soured by the loss pussy had met with, and no wonder, for it must be very trying and mortifying to be so different from one's acquaintances. Fuzzy and she were on the best of terms at all times, so when Dorothy caught her up from the porch, where she was comfortably washing herself, she made no resistance, but allowed her little friend to carry her off upstairs.

Dorothy's room looked very quiet and pleasant,

and she nestled down on the soft, white bed, with Fuzzy in her arms, to rest and grow cool.

It was a low, old-fashioned room, with a high bureau and heavy carved cabinet, that had stood in the same place for generations; there was one stiff, straight-backed chair, and two or three others not so old, but much more comfortable; a polished floor that had never known a carpet, but which had now a new, pretty rug spread over it; and best of all, a wide, low, western window through which, this hot summer day, came the drowsy hum of insects, the ceaseless distant noise of falling water, and the steady whir of the mill-wheel. The house was the oldest for many miles around, and there had been fewer alterations in this room than in any other. The Pattens had never been a race who loved change, so the high clock that had ticked the minutes, and struck the hours for a hundred years past, still stood at the head of the stairs. The long mirror, with peacocks cut in relief on its heavy wooden frame, yet hung over the dining-room mantel, and now reflected the rosy-cheeked Sylvester children, as it had reflected the little Ruths, Dorothys, Edwards, of years ago; or the ruffles, puffs, brocades, and powdered hair of their elders; there was still in grandmamma's room the rosewood secretary, with its secret drawer, which little Dot held in such awe, and about which she had made up so many stories. In the dining-room hung the powder-horn which the private in great-grandfather's regiment had given him, with the plan of his native New England town cleverly cut upon it; the streets laid out in regular order, and the queer old meeting-houses, steeples, windows, and all marked out with exactness in their places.

All these things, and many others, our Dorothy loved to look at; and now her thoughts wandered back to the little girl who had lived in this same room a hundred years before. Many stories of her childhood and girlhood in those exciting, troublous times of the Revolution were familiar to all the Sylvesters, as were also those of the calm, sweet old age, which she had come back to spend in her early home. Grandpapa had often told them, that the memory of such a life as hers was a better heritage than old house or lands; and it always seemed to Dorothy that something especially bright and secret lingered about the place where so much of this good life had been spent. Now, as she lay on the bed she began to think about the old room that had looked so nearly the same for so many years.

"I wonder," she thought, "what sort of a little girl that first Dorothy Patten was! There's that picture of her down-stairs, in a cap. How funny to think she was ever little like me, when she lived ever so long ago. There was the first Dorothy that lived in this very room a hundred years ago; then

there was her little Dorothy Patten Sylvester; then her son, that's grandpa, had his Dorothy; then there's me, called for Aunt Dorothea; always a Dorothy for a hundred years. I'm so glad old Uncle Edward Patten—I've never told you this, Fuzzy, and you're so intimate you ought to know—mamma says family affairs ought n't to be talked of to strangers; but I don't mind telling you, Fuzzy, if you promise never to tell Mrs. Smith's Blackey; but you see when Uncle Edward, whom I never saw, 'cause it was years and years ago, died, he said in his will that grandpa was to come and live here; and I'm so glad, for it's the nicest place that ever was, and grandma' said it was so funny that I should have the very room my great—great—great—oh, I don't know how many greats—grandmother, another Dorothy had, a hundred years ago. I wonder did they call her Dolly, or Dot, as they do me? How many names! Dorothea—Dorothy—Dolly—D-o-t;” that was the end of the little girl's thinking; and Fuzzy, who had watched her closely, till she was quite sure she was asleep, bounded from the bed, and ran down-stairs to her old place on the porch to finish her washing.

“Dorothy, daughter, come down to me!”

“Yes, mother.”

Dorothy answered the call at once, but she thought as she went that something unfamiliar had been drawn like a veil over everything she was accustomed to since the last time she had passed through the halls and down the stair-way. It was Mrs. Sylvester, certainly; but her little girl had never seen her in such a dress. Her dark hair was rolled up very high over a cushion; she wore a straight, narrow, brocaded over-dress, with a petticoat of darker stuff showing beneath it; sleeves, tight to the elbow, and flowing below; and muslin folded over her neck, showing her white, slender throat. She held an open letter in her hand, and looked troubled.

“My child, Deacon Peter Johnson has just driven here in his chaise. He left Dalford yesterday, stayed the night at the Red Lion tavern, and came here the first place. He brings me this letter from your grandmother; she writes she is sick, and has a wish to see me; I will go this afternoon, taking you with me. The coach passes through at half-past three, so we must at once put our things in the little hair trunk. Do you go up and lay out on the bed your tippet and best dress, together with your bonnet; put out also the other needful things for yourself and me against I come up, and be careful that you do not drop upon the floor the fresh sprigs of lavender I laid in your drawer the last Thursday.”

“But, mother, in that gown?” rose to Dorothy's

lips. “Assuredly, my child; one must make a good appearance, you know.” And her mother looked complacently down on the dress that had struck her daughter so strangely.” Dorothy turned slowly to go up the stairs, for the habit of obedience was strong, but much she wondered to herself.

“Grandma sick at Dalford! Why, she had left her but a little while before, perfectly well, down-stairs. Tippet! Straw bonnet! What did it mean? She felt sure that when she opened the old cabinet she would find her pretty brown suit and hat with the daisies. She opened it, however, and looked in. There, folded neatly away, with a white cloth over, on which were scattered sprigs of lavender, lay a brocaded dress with a tippet and black silk apron; and in the closet above, a straw hat of immense size, trimmed with a blue ribbon. Carefully did Dorothy lift them out and lay them on the bed.

“Be quick, Dorothy; be quick. The coach will be here presently. Your knitting, child.” Dorothy gave her mother the half-knit stocking, and stood silently by as she rapidly and neatly packed the little hair trunk, closely studded with nails; leaving out the hat for her to wear on the journey. A few more preparations for herself, and then they both came down to the door.

“You will take good care of the house, Deborah, till my return,” said Mrs. Sylvester, turning to the old colored woman. “Now call Silas to follow with our trunk. Good-day.”

As Dorothy stepped out of the door she was conscious of a strangeness in the objects around her; the country was familiar, and yet not what she had ever before seen. Where was the stable? Where was Mr. Wright's new house? And, why, there was a clover field instead of Mrs. Smith's brown cottage. She would have asked her mother; but Mrs. Sylvester looked so troubled, and walked on so fast, that the child could hardly keep up with her. Silas marched behind, in a blue coat and knee-breeches, carrying the light little trunk. As they went on, Dorothy looked in vain for the station and the railroad, but presently her attention was attracted by a singular-looking object that had just appeared at the turn of the road beyond them. It was some sort of a vehicle, for it was drawn by four horses who were dashing along the road quite fast, while the driver shouted to encourage them, and flourished his whip in the air.

The stage-coach, for this it proved to be, was painted bright yellow, and was very high indeed. Mrs. Sylvester exclaimed in delight at seeing it, and said:

“There, I thought if we came on this road we would just be in time. We should have missed it if we had gone to the tavern. Stop them, Silas.”

They moved to the side of the road and waited,



while Silas flourished hat and stick and grew quite hoarse shouting to the driver to stop. He saw them and drew up his horses. The steps were let down, and a gentleman sprang out to help them. Dorothy thought she could never get up into that high thing, but she managed to do it with the assistance of the strange gentleman and Silas. There was one lady in the coach, but she and the gentleman were the only passengers beside themselves. Dorothy looked in wonder at the lady's bonnet. It had quite a small crown, but flared out to an immense size in front, coming away out beyond the face. A

plete suit of drab, made, however, in the same fashion as that of Silas; his hair was quite long and powdered, and fastened in a queue behind.

"Did thee ever travel by coach before, my little friend?" he said presently.

"No, sir," answered Dorothy, timidly. "and I do not like it very much."

"Perhaps thee is afraid to go so fast; but we are quite safe—there is no need to fear."

"Oh, that is not it at all," she answered; but stopped suddenly, quite unable to tell the gentleman that she liked the cars better because they



"DID THEE EVER TRAVEL BY COACH BEFORE, MY LITTLE FRIEND?"

yellow ribbon was fastened around the crown, over which curled a white feather, and from it all floated a gossamer veil. She also wore slippers and black mitts, and carried a reticule. For the first time, then, Dorothy noticed that her mother wore a bonnet almost exactly similar, but trimmed with pink. This surprised her very much, but she was on the lookout now for astonishing things. She soon became tired out with the jolting and disagreeable swaying of the high coach, but her mother and the lady talked on serenely, seeming quite at ease and comfortable.

Presently the gentleman looked kindly at her, and she was struck with the benevolent expression of his face; she also noticed that he wore a com-

were so much faster. Somehow she could not say the words; she felt that they would be utterly unmeaning to the serene old gentleman opposite. So she kept quiet and listened to what her mother was saying to the lady.

"My husband is at present at New York with General Washington. I expect, daily, news from him, for it is three weeks since I have heard, and there is so much to fear with this continual fighting. Can you kindly tell me, sir," she said, turning to the old gentleman, "what is the latest news from our troops?"

"The last I have heard, friend," said he, in reply, "is that matters are quiet just now. General Howe has established his head-quarters at Staten

Island, and an attack is soon expected. It is much to be desired," he added, earnestly, "that some means may be found for averting more bloodshed, and at the same time preserving us in our rights."

Dorothy spoke now, but the words came in quite a different form from that she was accustomed to.

"Honored sir," she said, sedately, "is there not something at present happening in the city of Philadelphia? Many persons whom I know have gone thither to attend the C—C—C—" She could not form the word she wanted, and the gentleman came to her assistance.

"Congress," you mean, my child," he said, and though she was perfectly certain she did not mean it, she was unable to say a single word. "Yes, Congress is meeting there, and we may trust it will find some remedy for our sorrows. The state of our land is indeed miserable."

Dorothy said nothing more during the journey, for she was trying to understand what everybody and everything meant. They did not stay overnight at the inn, as the coach went on, and her mother was anxious to reach Dalford. They said good-bye to the kind, weak gentleman, whom Mrs. Sylvester called Friend Timothy, and later in the evening to the lady.

It was quite late when they reached her grandmother's, and Dorothy had not yet been able to ask her mother how it happened that her father was at New York, and there was fighting there. Mrs. Sylvester engaged a man to carry her little trunk to Mistress Patten's, and the little girl followed her lead over unfamiliar paths till they stopped in front of a low red farm-house. Her mother paid the man, who went off, and Dorothy and she entered the house. The little girl looked round with curiosity. The room was long and low, with a huge fire-place at one end; the floor was well sanded; and on a table in the middle of the room were set cups and saucers, while an old colored woman stood in front of the fire stirring something in a pot. She turned as they entered, and eagerly welcomed her visitors, saying her mistress was much better. Mrs. Sylvester hurried into the next room to see the old lady, leaving Dorothy in the kitchen, and she employed her time in looking around her.

The room was spotlessly neat; in one corner stood a spinning-wheel, and near it a distaff and spindle, and a tall vase of flowers stood in the window.

Mrs. Sylvester soon returned, and told Dorothy to go upstairs and lay off her bonnet and tippet. When she came down again, old Rachel, the colored woman was still at work in the kitchen, but she said nothing to the child, who sat down quietly in a corner. Now came a time of confusion to Dorothy.

The room was lighted by one tallow candle and the fire-light; the latter made strange dancing shadows on the wall and ceiling, which took all sorts of forms to Dorothy's imagination. Sometimes they made a tumbling coach and dashing horses; sometimes a lady whose bonnet and feather grew bigger and bigger; sometimes a company of soldiers marching, but always, she noticed, they wore Continental uniforms; and through all she would catch the old colored woman looking at her with a grin, and showing the whites of her eyes. She would speak, but Rachel never would answer; again she would try to speak and could not, and the old woman would laugh harder than ever at her attempts. She would shut her eyes, but all the time she was sure she was being laughed at, and when she opened them again, there was the old woman watching her still. Sometimes it was night and sometimes morning, but Rachel's grinning never changed or stopped. This went on for hours, it seemed to Dorothy, till at last she felt herself growing very hungry, and, after making a great many vain efforts, she managed to say:

"I'm so hungry; when are we going to have something to eat, and wont you please just stop looking at me?"

The old woman, still laughing, answered:

"I's gwine to grin till Congress tells me to stop, and when I gets orders from Philadelphia, I'll git yers suthin to eat. We does everything here by orders from Congress, and I guess we's gwine to git a message now by the runnin' outside."

Sure enough there was a tumult in the village, and Dorothy, her mother, her grandmother, Rachel, and the black cat, all ran out to see what the noise was about. It was bright daylight now; a crowd was gathered in the village around a horseman, who had spurred his weary horse up to the inn door. The man's face was hot and red; his blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and drab knee-breeches, and even his cocked hat, were splashed with mud. He looked quite exhausted, as if he had ridden day and night, as indeed he had, from Philadelphia. He waved his whip in the air, however, and shouted: "Henceforth we are Free and Independent States! The Declaration of Independence is signed!"

Shouting and cheering followed.

Dorothy slowly opened her eyes, and looked about her in a bewildered way.

"How I have slept," she said at last, "and what a strange dream! I've been 'way back to the Revolution."

She rubbed her eyes, and looked down on her dress, to make sure that she had on her cambric, and not that funny straight gown with the black silk apron. Then she looked around the room, almost expecting to see the lady in the queer bonnet, the



old Quaker gentleman, or grinning Rachel; but she saw only the carved cabinet standing in the corner, the high bureau, the chairs, and the rays of the afternoon sun streaming through the window. Dorothy sat musing on the bed, then shook herself fairly awake, and rose to dress for tea.

I cannot explain to you the mystery of my story. Was the dream intended to have fallen gently upon the closed eyelids of Dorothy the first, a hundred years ago; and had it instead lain hidden in the

old room for a century, perhaps in the queer old carved cabinet, perhaps lingering about the wainscotted corners, or in the shadows of the sloping roof, waiting till Dorothy the second should fall asleep in 1876? I cannot tell you how it was, but I am sure it was very puzzling to our Dorothy to leave the sunshine and reality of living childhood and wander back through the shadows of a hundred years, to enter into the life and borrow the dream of her little girl great-grandmother.

## THE MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE.

BY HENRY BALDWIN.

[This is a shadow-play, which can be performed in any parlor. A sheet is hung between the audience and the performers, who, by the proper arrangement of light (which can best be attained by experiment), throw their shadows on the sheet. Somebody hidden from the audience reads the ballad aloud.]

I.

IT was a maiden beauteous—  
Her name was Mary Jane;  
To teach the district school she walked  
Each morning down the lane.

[She passes and repasses behind the curtain.

Well skilled was she in needle-work,  
Egyptian she could speak,  
Could manufacture griddle-cakes,  
And jest in ancient Greek.



THE STALWART BENJAMIN.

It was the stalwart Benjamin,  
Who hoed his father's corn;  
He saw the lovely maiden pass,  
At breaking of the morn.

[He enters at left.

Deep sighed that bold, admiring swain;  
The maid vouchsafed no look—  
She munched a sprig of meetin' seed,  
And read her spelling-book.

[She enters at left, and halts.

A low obeisance made he then;  
Right bravely did he speak:  
"There is no rose so fair," he said,  
"As that upon thy cheek!



THE BEAUTEOUS MARY JANE.

"And many a brooch and silken gown  
Will I bestow on thee,  
If thou wilt leave thy father's house  
And come and marry me."

Then proudly spake that lovely maid :  
 "Thy corn-patch thou may'st till !  
 I haste to teach the infant mind,  
 On yonder lofty hill.

"Though never golden brooch have I,  
 Though silken gown I lack,  
 I will not wed an husbandman,  
 So take thine offer back !"

Oh, fiercely blow the icy blasts  
 When winter days begin !  
 But fiercer was the rage that filled  
 The heart of Benjamin !

He tore in shreds his raven locks,  
 And vowed he'd love no more.  
 "Smile on," he cried, "thou haughty maid,  
 Thou shalt repent thee sore !"



"HE TORE IN SHREDS HIS RAVEN LOCKS."

The lady turned, she did not speak,  
 Her tear-drops fell like rain ;

[Tears represented by small pieces of paper.

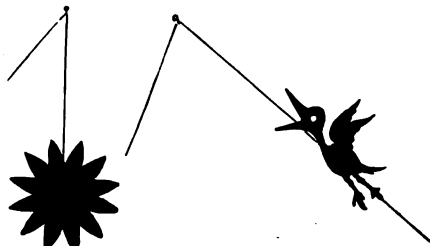
Those plaintive words at last did pierce  
 The heart of Mary Jane !

## II.

Oh, blithely sang the soaring lark ;  
 The morning smiled again ;  
 Up rose the sun, with golden beams,  
 And up rose Mary Jane.

[The lark should be made of pasteboard, and a string, passed through his body, should be stretched diagonally across the sheet. By another string fastened to his head, and running over the upper nail, he may be made to soar. The sun should rise by a string passed over a nail in the center, and at the top of the framework on which the sheet is stretched. The lark should be about as large as the sun.

She gat her to her daily task,  
 As on the former morn ;  
 Alack ! she spied not Benjamin  
 A-hoeing of the corn. [Enter Mary Jane.



THE SUN.

THE SOARING LARK.

No longer, as she trips along,  
 Her merry songs she sings ;  
 The tear-drops dim her pretty eyes,  
 Her lily hands she wrings.

"And art thou gone, sweet Benjamin ?  
 Ah ! whither hast thou fled ?  
 My spelling-book has charms no more ;  
 I would that I were dead !"

But soon her bitter moan she ceased ;  
 She viewed her doughty knight,  
 Delayed not many leagues from thence,  
 And in most grievous plight.

For as he to his husbandry  
 That day would fain have passed,  
 A monster cow his path beset,  
 And sorely him harassed.

Upon the summit of a wall  
 He sits, and dares not flee ;  
 The awful beast its sprangling horns  
 Doth brandish frightfully.

[The cow, made of pasteboard, should be fastened to a broom handle, and poked in from one side. The smaller the cow the better.



THE COW HARASSES BENJAMIN.

"Oh, Mary Jane !" he cried, "if you  
 But love me, do not stay  
 To weep, but lend a friendly hand,  
 And drive the cow away !"

Her apron then she quickly takes,  
And wipes her streaming eyes;  
Not quicker melts the morning dew,  
Than to her love she flies.



MARY JANE WAVES HER PARASOL.

The monster turns at her approach,  
It shakes its ample tail;  
Take heart, O Benjamin! thy love  
Will neither quake nor quail.

Her parasol that venturous maid  
Exalted o'er her head;  
Thrice waved it in the air, and lo!  
Straightway the monster fled.



RESCUED!

Then tarried not that joyous pair  
Fond vows of love to make,  
But to the house of Mary Jane  
Themselves they did betake.

[As the cow runs away, Benjamin gets down and approaches Mary Jane till almost close to her. Then, if both lean forward, the above affecting tableau is produced. They then take hands, and the lamp is moved slowly to one side and obscured; this gives them the appearance of walking, and allows the father to enter; after which the lamp is moved back, and the lovers re-enter.

And out spake grateful Benjamin:  
"Forsooth, I had been dead,

Had Mary Jane not saved my life,—  
And her I fain would wed."

Up spake her aged sire then;  
Full wrathfully spake he:  
"How darest thou, thou popinjay,  
To ask such thing of me?"

"For wert thou but a millionaire,  
Then would I not demur;  
Now thou art but an husbandman,  
And she—a school-teacher!"

Oh, sorely, sorely did they grieve!  
The cruel parent's heart  
Inflexible as stone remained,  
And they were torn apart.

[He motions them apart.



THE AGED SIRE IS WRATHFUL.

### III.

And now has come Lord Mortimer,  
A-suing for her hand;  
A richer nobleman than he  
Is not in all the land.



LORD MORTIMER.

Upon his lordly knees he sank,  
On bended knee he fell;  
"And wilt thou not, fair Mary Jane,  
Within my castle dwell?"



"GET HENCE! AVAUNT! I SCORN THY GOLD."

"Thou walkest now with weary feet,  
But thou shalt ride in state;  
And dine and sup, like any queen,  
Off my ancestral plate."

Right scornfully that angry maid  
Her dainty nose upturned!  
She waved her lily hand, and thus  
His tempting offer spurned:

"Get hence! avaut! I scorn thy gold,  
Likewise thy pedigree!  
I plighted troth to Benjamin,  
Who sails the briny sea."

[Exit Mortimer, enter father.



THE FATHER ENTERS.

"Nay, verily," her father said,  
"Braid up thy golden hair;  
Prepare to die, if thou wilt not  
For nuptials prepare!"

[Flourishes pasteboard knife.

She braided up her golden hair  
With jewels bright, eft soon;  
She clad her in her twice dyed gown,  
And eke her thrice patched shoon.

"Oh, Benjamin! Oh, Benjamin!"  
Was all that she could say;  
She wist not but that he was dead,  
Or thousand leagues away.

#### IV.

Alack for Mary Jane! the knife  
Hangs glittering o'er her head!  
Before the altar, Mortimer  
Waits his fair bride to wed.

"Who knocks upon the outer gate?  
Oh, father, quickly hie!"  
"T is but the grimy charcoal man;  
We have no time to buy!"



"HER SHRIEKS NO MERCY WIN,"

"Methinks I hear the area-bell;  
Oh, father, quickly speed!"  
"T is but a pesky book-agent;  
Thou hast no time to read!"

The fatal knife descends, descends!  
Her shrieks no mercy win!  
When lo, a shout!—the door gives way!  
In rushes Benjamin!



"I NOW RETURN, A TRILLIONAIRE."

"Full many a year, a pirate bold,  
I've sailed the Spanish main;  
I now return, a trillionaire,  
To claim thee, Mary Jane!"



Out spake her happy sire then :  
 " Can I my eyes believe ?  
 Upon your knees, my children dear,  
 My blessing to receive ! "

Alas for luckless Mortimer,  
 Of love the hopeless dupe !  
 He gave up all his title deeds,  
 And joined a circus troupe.

But merrily the bells did ring,  
 Loud was the cannon's din,  
 Upon the day when Mary Jane  
 Was wed to Benjamin !

[A low step-ladder, or table covered with a cloth, may be used for the wall. Mary Jane's bonnet can be made of a newspaper. Her father may wear a water-proof cloak, belted in, if a dressing-gown is not obtainable.

## MABEL AND I.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.

### I.

" I WANT to see things as they are," said I to Mabel.

" I don't see how else you can see them," answered Mabel, with a laugh. " You certainly don't see them as they are not."

" Yes, I do," said I. " I see men and things only as they *seem*. It is so exasperating to think that I can never get beyond the surface of anything. My friends may appear very good and beautiful to me, and yet I may all the while have a suspicion that the appearance is deceitful, that they are really neither good nor beautiful."

" In case that was so, I should n't want to know it," said Mabel. " It would make me very unhappy."

" That is where you and I differ," said I.

Mabel was silent for a moment, and I believe she was a little hurt, for I had spoken rather sharply.

" But what good would it do you, Jamie ?" asked she, looking up at me from under her wide-brimmed straw hat.

" What would do me good ?" said I, for I had quite forgotten what we had been talking about.

" To see things as they are. There is my father now ; he knows a great deal, and I am sure I should n't care to know any more than he does."

" Well, that is where you and I differ," said I again.

" I wish you would n't be always saying ' that is where you and I differ.' Somehow I don't like to hear you say it. It does n't sound like yourself."

And Mabel turned away from me, took up a leaf from the ground and began to pick it to pieces.

We were sitting, at the time when this conversation took place, up in the gorge not half a mile

from the house where Mabel's father lived. I was a tutor in the college, about twenty-three years old, and I was very fond of German philosophy. And now, since I have told who I was, I suppose I ought to tell you something about Mabel. Mabel was,—but really it is impossible to say what she was, except that she was very, very charming. As for the rest, she was the daughter of Professor Markham, and I had known her since my college days when she was quite a little girl. And now she wore long dresses ; and, what was more, she had her hair done up in a sort of Egyptian pyramid on the top of her head. The dress she had on to-day I was particularly fond of ; it was of a fine light texture, and the pattern was an endless repetition of a small sweet-brier bud, with two delicate green leaves attached to it.

I had spread a shawl out on the ground where Mabel was sitting, for fear she should soil her fine dress. A large weeping-willow spread its branches all around us, and drooped until it almost touched the ground, so that it made a sort of green, sun-lit summer-house for Mabel and me to live in. Between the rocks at our feet a clear brook came rushing down, throwing before it little showers of spray, which fell like crystal pearls on the water, sailed down the swift eddies and then vanished in the next whirlpool. A couple of orioles in brand-new yellow uniforms, with black epaulets on their shoulders, were busy in the tree over our heads, but stopped now and then in their work to refresh themselves with a little impromptu duet.

" Work and play  
 Make glad the day,"—

that seemed to be their philosophy, and Mabel and

I were quite ready to agree with them, although we had been idling since the early dawn. But then it was so long since we had seen each other, that we thought we could afford it.

"Somehow," said Mabel at last (for she never could pout long at a time), "I don't like you so well since you came back from Germany. You are not as nice as you used to be. What did you go there for, anyway?"

"Why," I responded, quite seriously, "I went there to study; and I did learn a good deal there, although naturally I was not as industrious as I might have been."

"I can readily believe that. But, tell me, what did you learn that you might n't just as well have learned at home?"

I thought it was no use in being serious any longer; so I tossed a pebble into the water, glanced up into Mabel's face and answered gayly:

"Well, I learned something about gnomes, and pigmies, and elves, and fairies, and salamanders, and —"

"And what?" interrupted Mabel, impatiently.

"And salamanders," repeated I. "You know the forests, and rivers, and mountains of Germany are full of all sorts of strange sprites, and you know the people believe in them, and that is one of the things which make life in the Old World so fascinating. But here we are too prosy, and practical, and business-like, and we don't believe in anything except what we can touch with our hands, and see with our eyes, and sell for money."

"Now, Jamie, that is not true," responded Mabel, energetically; for she was a strong American at heart, and it did n't take much to rouse her. "I believe, for instance, that you know a great deal, although not as much as my father; but I can't see your learning with my eyes, neither can I touch it with my hands —"

"But I hope I can sell it for money," interrupted I, laughing.

"No, joking aside. I don't think we are quite as bad as you would like to make us out."

"And then you think, perhaps, that the gnomes and river-sprites would be as apt to thrive here as in the Old World?"

"Who knows?" said Mabel, with an expression that seemed to me half serious, half grave. "But I wish you would tell me something about your German sprites. I am so very ignorant in such things, you know."

I stretched myself comfortably on the edge of the shawl at Mabel's feet, and began to tell her the story about the German peasant who caught the gnome that had robbed his wheat-field.

"The gnomes wear tiny red caps," I went on, "which make them invisible. They are called tarn-

caps, or caps of darkness. The peasant that I am telling about had a suspicion that it was the gnomes who had been stealing his wheat. One evening, he went out after sunset (for the gnomes never venture out from their holes until the sun is down) and began to fight in the air with his cane about the borders of the field. Then suddenly he saw a very tiny man with knee-breeches and large frightened eyes, turning a somersault in the grass right at his feet. He had struck off his cap, and then, of course, the gnome was no longer invisible. The peasant immediately seized the cap and put it into his pocket; the gnome begged and implored to get it back, but instead of that, the peasant caught him up in his arms and carried him to his house, where he kept him as a captive until the other gnomes sent a herald to him and offered him a large ransom. Then the gnome was again set free and the peasant made his fortune by the transaction."

"Would n't it be delightful if such things could ever happen here?" exclaimed Mabel, while her beautiful eyes shone with pleasure at the very thought.

"I should think so," said I. "It is said, too, that if there are gnomes and elves in the neighborhood, they always gather around you when you talk about them."

"Really?" And Mabel sent a timid glance in among the large mossy trunks of the beeches and pines.

"Tell me something more, Jamie," she demanded, eagerly.

Mabel had such a charming way of saying "Jamie," that I could never have opposed a wish of hers, whatever it might be. The professor called me James, and among my friends I was Jim; but it was only Mabel who called me Jamie. So I told her all I knew about the nixies, who sang their strange songs at midnight in the water; about the elves, who lived in the roses and lilies, and danced in a ring around the tall flowers until the grass never grew there again; and about the elf-maiden who led the knight astray when he was riding to his bride on his wedding-day. And all the while Mabel's eyes seemed to be growing larger; the blood burned in her cheeks, and sometimes she shuddered, although the afternoon was very warm. When I had finished my tale, I rose and seated myself at her side. The silence suddenly seemed quite oppressive; it was almost as if we could hear it. For some reason neither Mabel nor I dared to speak; but we both strained our ears listening to something, we did not know what. Then there came a strange soft whisper which filled the air all about us, and I thought I heard somebody calling my name.

"They are calling you, Jamie," whispered Mabel.

"Calling me? Who?" said I.

"Up there in the tree. No, not there. It is down in the brook. Everywhere."

"Oh," cried I, with a forced laugh. "We are two great children, Mabel. It is nothing."

Suddenly all was silent once more; but the wood-stars and violets at my feet gazed at me with

"But you know we were talking about them," whispered she, still with the same fascinated gaze in her eyes. "Ah, there, take care! Don't step on that violet. Don't you see how its mute eyes implore you to spare its life?"

"Yes, dear, I see," answered I; and I drew Mabel's arm through mine, and we hurried down the wood-path, not daring to look back, for we had



MABEL IN HER SWEET-BRIER DRESS.

such strange, wistful eyes, that I was almost frightened.

"You should n't have done that, Jamie," said Mabel, "You killed them."

"Killed what?"

"The voices, the strange, small voices."

"My dear girl," said I, as I took Mabel's hands and helped her to rise. "I am afraid we are both losing our senses. Come, let us go. The sun is already down. It must be after tea-time."

both a feeling as if some one was walking close behind us, in our steps.

## II.

It was a little after ten, I think, when I left the professor's house, where I had been spending the evening, and started on my homeward way.

As I walked along the road the thought of Mabel haunted me. I wondered whether I ever should be a professor, like her father, and ended with con-

cluding that the next best thing to being one's self a professor would be to be a professor's son-in-law. But somehow I was n't at all sure that Mabel cared anything about me.

"Things are not what they seem," I murmured to myself, "and the real Mabel may be a very different creature from the Mabel whom I know."

There was not much comfort in that thought, but nevertheless I could not get rid of it. I glanced up to the big round face of the moon, which had a large ring of mist about its neck; and looking more closely I thought I saw a huge floundering body, of which the moon was the head, crawling heavily across the sky and stretching a long misty arm after me. I hurried on, not caring to look right or left; and I suppose I must have taken the wrong turn, for as I lifted my eyes, I found myself standing under the willow-tree at the creek where Mabel and I had been sitting in the afternoon. The locusts, with their shrill metallic voices, kept whirling away in the grass, and I heard their strange hissing sh-h-h-h-h, now growing stronger, then weakening again, and at last stopping abruptly, as if to say: "Did n't I do well?" But the blue-eyed violets shook their heads, and that means in their language: "No, I don't think so at all." The water, which descended in three successive falls into the wide dome-shaped gorge, seemed to me, as I stood gazing at it, to be going the wrong way, crawling, with eager, foamy hands, up the ledges of the rock to where I was standing.

"I must certainly be mad," thought I, "or I am getting to be a poet."

In order to rid myself of the painful illusion, which was every moment getting more vivid, I turned my eyes away and hurried up along the banks, while the beseeching murmur of the waters rang in my ears.

As I had ascended the clumsy wooden stairs which lead up to the second fall, I suddenly saw two little blue lights hovering over the ground directly in front of me.

"Will-o'-the-wisps," said I to myself. "The ground is probably swampy."

I pounded with my cane on the ground, but, as I might have known, it was solid rock. It was certainly very strange. I flung myself down behind the trunk of a large hemlock. The two blue lights came hovering directly toward me. I lifted my cane,—with a swift blow it cut the air, and,—who can imagine my astonishment? Right in front of me I saw a tiny man, not much bigger than a good-sized kitten, and at his side lay a small red cap; the cap, of course, I immediately snatched up and put it in a separate apartment in my pocket-book to make sure that I should not lose it. One of the

lights hastened away to the rocks and vanished before I could overtake it.

There was something so very funny in the idea of finding a gnome in the State of New York, that the strange fear which had possessed me departed, and I felt very much inclined to laugh. My blow had quite stunned the poor little creature; he was still lying half on his back, as if trying to raise himself on his elbows, and his large black eyes had a terrified stare in them, and seemed to be ready to spring out of their sockets.

"Give—give me back my cap," he gasped at last, in a strange metallic voice, which sounded to me like the clinking of silver coins.

"Not so fast, my dear," said I. "What will you give me for it?"

"Anything," he cried, as he arose and held out his small hand.

"Then listen to me," continued I. "Can you help me to see things as they are? In that case I shall give you back your cap, but on no other condition."

"See things as they are?" repeated the gnome, wondering.

"Yes, and not only as they seem," rejoined I, with emphasis.

"Return here at midnight," began he, after a long silence. "Upon the stone where you are sitting you shall find what you want. If you take it, leave my cap on the same spot."

"That is a fair bargain," said I. "I shall be here promptly at twelve. Good-night."

I had extended my palm to shake hands with my new friend, but he seemed to resent my politeness; with a sort of snarl, he turned a somersault and rolled down the hill-side to where the rocks rise from the water.

I need not say that I kept my promise about returning. And what did I find? A pair of spectacles of the most exquisite workmanship; the glasses so clear as almost to deceive the sight, and the setting of gold spun into fine elastic threads.

"We shall soon see what they are good for," thought I, as I put them into the silver case, the wonderful finish of which I could hardly distinguish by the misty light of the moon.

The little tarn-cap I of course left on the stone. As I wandered homeward through the woods, I thought, with a certain fierce triumph, that now the beauty of Mabel's face should no more deceive me.

"Now, Mabel," I murmured, "now I shall see you as you are."

### III.

AT three o'clock in the afternoon, I knocked at the door of the professor's study.

"Come in," said the professor.

"Is—is Mabel at home?" asked I, when I had shaken hands with the professor and seated myself in one of his hard, straight-backed chairs.

"She will be down presently," answered he. "There is a newspaper. You may amuse yourself with that until she comes."

I took up the paper; but the spectacles seemed to be burning in my breast-pocket, and although I stared intently on the print, I could hardly distinguish a word. What if I tried the power of the spectacles on the professor? The idea appeared to me a happy one, and I immediately proceeded to put it into practice. With a loudly beating heart, I pulled the silver case from my pocket, rubbed the glasses with my handkerchief, put them on my nose, adjusted the bows behind my ears, and cast a stealthy glance at the professor over the edge of my paper. But what was my horror! It was no longer the professor at all. It was a huge parrot, a veritable parrot in slippers and dressing-gown! I dared hardly believe my senses. Was the professor *really* not a man, but a parrot? My dear trusted and honored teacher, whom I had always looked upon as the wisest and most learned of living men, could it be possible that *he* was a parrot? And still there he sat, grave and sedate, a pair of horn spectacles on his large, crooked beak, a few stiff feathers bristling around his bald crown, and his small eyes blinking with a sort of meaningless air of confidence, as I often had seen a parrot's eyes doing.

"My gnome has been playing a trick on me," I thought. "This is certainly not to see things as they are. If I only had his tarn-cap once more, he should not recover it so cheaply."

"Well, my boy," began the professor, as he wheeled round in his chair, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the polished andirons which adorned the empty fire-place. "How is the world using you? Getting over your German whims, eh?"

Surely the spectacles must in some mysterious way have affected my ears too. The professor's voice certainly did sound very curious—very much like the croak of some bird that had learned human language, but had no notion of what he was saying. The case was really getting serious. I threw the paper away, stared my teacher full in the face, but was so covered with confusion that I could hardly utter two coherent words.

"Yes, yes,—certainly,—professor," I stammered. "German whims?—I mean things as they are—and not as they seem—*das Ding an sich*—beg your pardon—I am not sure, I—I comprehend your meaning—beg your pardon?"

"My dear boy," croaked the professor, opening

his beak in great bewilderment, and showing a little thick red tongue, which curved upward like that of a parrot, "you are certainly not well. Mabel! Mabel! Come down! James is ill! Yes, you certainly look wretchedly. Let me feel your pulse."

I suppose my face must have been very much flushed, for the blood had mounted to my head and throbbed feverishly in my temples. As I heard the patter of Mabel's feet in the hall, a great dread came over me. What if she too should turn out to be somebody else—a strange bird or beast? No, not for all the world would I see Mabel—the dear, blessed Mabel—any differently from what she had always seemed to me. So I tore the spectacles from my nose and crammed them into the case, which again I thrust into my pocket. In the same instant, Mabel's sweet face appeared in the door.

"Did you call me, papa?" she said; then, as she saw me reclining on the sofa, where her father (now no longer a parrot) had forced me to lie down, there came a sudden fright into her beautiful eyes, and she sprang to my side and seized my hand in hers.

"Are you ill, Jamie?" she asked, in a voice of unfeigned anxiety, which went straight to my heart. "Has anything happened to you?"

"Hush, hush!" said the professor. "Don't make him speak. It might have proved a serious attack. Too much studying, my dear—too much studying. To be sure, the ambition of young men nowadays is past belief. It was different in my youth. Then, every young man was satisfied if he could only make a living—found a home for himself and bring up his family in the fear of God. But now, dear me, such things are mere nursery ambitions."

I felt wretched and guilty in my heart! To be thus imposing upon two good people, who loved me and were willing to make every sacrifice for my comfort! Mabel had brought a pillow and put it under my head; and now she took out some sort of crochet-work, and seated herself on a chair close by me. The professor stood looking at his watch and counting my pulse-beats.

"One hundred and fifteen," he muttered, and shook his bald head. "Yes, he has fever. I saw it at once, as he entered the room."

"Professor," I cried out, in an agony of remorse, "really I meant nothing by it. I know very well that you are not a parrot—that you are —"

"I—I—a parrot!" he exclaimed, smiling knowingly at Mabel. "No, I should think not. He is raving, my dear. High fever. Just what I said. Wont you go out and send Maggie for the doctor?"

No, stop, I shall go myself. Then he will be sure to come without delay. It is high time."

The professor buttoned his coat up to his chin, fixed his hat at the proper angle on the back of his head, and departed in haste.

"How do you feel now, Jamie dear?" said Mabel, after awhile.

"I am very well. I thank you, Mabel," answered

here and playing sick," muttered I, "then, of course, I will do anything to please you."

"That is right," said she, and gave me a friendly nod.

So I lay still for a long while, until I came once more to think of my wonderful spectacles, which had turned the venerable professor into a parrot. I thought I owed Mabel an apology for what I had



"GIVE ME BACK MY CAP!" CRIED THE GNOME."

1. "In fact, it is all nonsense. I am not sick at all."

"Hush, hush! you must not talk so much," demanded she, and put her hand on my mouth.

My excitement was now gradually subsiding, and my blood was returning to its usual speed.

"If you don't object, Mabel," said I, "I'll get up and go home. There's nothing whatever the matter with me."

"Will you be a good boy and keep quiet," rejoined she, emphasizing each word by a gentle tap on my head with her crochet-needle.

"Well, if it can amuse you to have me lying

done to her father, and I determined to ease my mind by confiding the whole story to her.

"Mabel," I began, raising myself on my elbow, "I want to tell you something, but you must promise me beforehand that you will not be angry with me."

"Angry with you, Jamie?" repeated she, opening her bright eyes wide in astonishment. "I never was angry with you in my life."

"Very well, then. But I have done something very bad, and I shall never have peace until I have confided it all to you. You are so very good, Mabel. I wish I could be as good as you are."

Mabel was about to interrupt me, but I prevented her, and continued :

"Last night, as I was going home from your house, the moonlight was so strangely airy and beautiful, and without quite intending to do it, I found myself taking a walk through the gorge. There I saw some curious little lights dancing over the ground, and I remembered the story of the peasant who had caught the gnome. And do you know what I did?"

Mabel was beginning to look apprehensive.

"No, I can't imagine what you did," she whispered.

"Well, I lifted my cane, struck at one of the lights, and, before I knew it, there lay a live gnome on the ground, kicking with his small legs——"

"Jamie! Jamie!" cried Mabel, springing up and gazing at me, as if she thought I had gone mad.

Then there was an unwelcome shuffling of feet in the hall, the door was opened, and the professor entered with the doctor.

"Papa, papa!" exclaimed Mabel, turning to her father. "Do you know what Jamie says? He says he saw a gnome last night in the gorge, and that——"

"Yes, I did!" cried I, excitedly, and sprang up to seize my hat. "If nobody will believe me, I need n't stay here any longer. And if you doubt what I have been saying, I can show you——"

"My dear sir," said the doctor.

"My dear boy," chimed in the professor, and seized me round the waist to prevent me from escaping.

"My dear Jamie," implored Mabel, while the tears started to her eyes, "do keep quiet, do!"

The doctor and the professor now forced me back upon the sofa, and I had once more to resign myself to my fate.

"A most singular hallucination," said the professor, turning his round, good-natured face to the doctor. "A moment ago he observed that I was *not* a parrot, which necessarily must have been suggested by a previous hallucination that I *was* a parrot."

The doctor shook his head and looked grave.

"Possibly a very serious case," said he, "a case of——," and he gave it a long Latin name, which I failed to catch. "It is well that I was called in time. We may still succeed in mastering the disease."

"Too much study?" suggested the professor. "Restless ambition? Night labor—severe application?"

The doctor nodded and tried to look wise. Mabel burst into tears, and I myself, seeing her distress, could hardly refrain from weeping. And still I

could not help thinking that it was very sweet to see Mabel's tears flowing for my sake.

The doctor now sat down and wrote a number of curiously abbreviated Latin words for a prescription, and handed it to the professor, who folded it up and put it into his pocket-book.

Half an hour later, I lay in a soft bed with snowy-white curtains, in a cozy little room upstairs. The shades had been pulled down before the windows, a number of medicine bottles stood on a chair at my bedside, and I began to feel quite like an invalid—and all because I had said (what nobody could deny) that the professor was not a parrot.

#### IV.

I SOON learned that the easiest way to recover my liberty was to offer no resistance, and to say nothing more about the gnome and the spectacles. Mabel came and sat by my bedside for a few hours every afternoon, and her father visited me regularly three times a day, felt my pulse and gave me a short lecture on moderation in study, on the evil effects of ambition, and on the dangerous tendencies of modern speculation.

The gnome's spectacles I kept hidden under my pillow, and many a time when Mabel was with me I felt a strong temptation to try their effect upon her. Was Mabel really as good and beautiful as she seemed to me? Often I had my hand on the dangerous glasses, but always the same dread came over me, and my courage failed me. That sweet, fair, beautiful face,—what could it be, if it was not what it seemed? No, no, I loved Mabel too well as she seemed, to wish to know whether she was a delusion or a reality. What good would it do me if I found out that she too was a parrot, or a goose, or any other kind of bird or beast? The fairest hope would go out of my life, and I should have little or nothing left worth living for. I must confess that my curiosity often tormented me beyond endurance, but, as I said, I could never muster courage enough either to conquer it or to yield to it. Thus, when at the end of a week I was allowed to sit up, I knew no more about Mabel's real character than I had known before. I saw that she was patient, kind-hearted, sweet-tempered,—that her comings and goings were as quiet and pleasant as those of the sunlight which now stole in unbidden and again vanished through the uncurtained windows. And, after all, had I not known that always? One thing, however, I now knew better than before, and that was that I never could love anybody as I loved Mabel, and that I hoped some time to make her my wife.

A couple of days elapsed, and then I was permitted to return to my own lonely rooms. And very dreary and desolate did they seem to me after

the pleasant days I had spent, playing sick, with Mabel and the professor. I did try once or twice the effect of my spectacles on some of my friends, and always the result was astonishing. Once I put them on in church, and the minister, who had the reputation of being a very pious man, suddenly stood before me as a huge fox in gown and bands. His voice sounded like a sort of bark, and his long snout opened and shut again in such a funny fashion that I came near laughing aloud. But, fortunately, I checked myself and looked for a moment at a couple of old maids in the pew opposite. And, whether you will believe me or not, they looked exactly like two dressed-up magpies, while the stout old gentleman next to them had the appearance of a sedate and pious turkey-cock. As he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose—I mean his bill—the laughter again came over me, and I had to stoop down in the pew and smother my merriment. An old chum of mine, who was a famous sportsman and a great favorite with the ladies, turned out to be a bull-dog, and as he adjusted his neck-tie and pulled up his collar around his thick, hairy neck, I had once more to hide my face in order to preserve my gravity.

I am afraid, if I had gone on with my observations, I should have lost my faith in many a man and woman whom I had previously trusted and admired, for they were probably not all as good and amiable as they appeared. However, I could not help asking myself, as Mabel had done, what good such a knowledge would, in the end, do me. Was it not better to believe everybody good, until convinced to the contrary, than to distrust everybody and by your suspicion do injustice to those who were really better than they seemed? After all, I thought, these spectacles are making me morbid and suspicious; they are a dangerous and useless thing to possess. I will return them to their real owner.

This, then, was my determination. A little before sunset, I started for the gorge, and on my way I met a little girl playing with pebbles at the roadside. My curiosity once more possessed me. I put on the gnome's spectacles and gazed intently at the child. Strange to say no transformation occurred. I took off the glasses, rubbed them with my handkerchief, and put them on once more. The child still remained what it seemed—a child; not a feature was changed. Here, then, was really a creature that was neither more nor less than it seemed. For some inconceivable reason the tears started to my eyes; I took the little girl up in my arms and kissed her. My thoughts then naturally turned to Mabel; I knew in the depth of my heart that she, too, would have remained unchanged. What could she be that was better than her own

sweet self—the pure, the beautiful, the blessed Mabel?

When the sun was well set, I sat down under the same hemlock-tree where I had first met the gnome. After half an hour's waiting I again saw the lights advancing over the ground, struck at random at one of them and the small man was once more visible. I did not seize his cap, however, but addressed him in this manner:

"Do you know, you curious Old World sprite, what scrapes your detestable spectacles brought me into? Here they are. Take them back. I don't want to see them again as long as I live."

In the next moment I saw the precious glasses in the gnome's hand, a broad, malicious grin distorted his features, and before I could say another word, he had snatched up his cap and vanished.

A few days later, Mabel, with her sweet-berried dress on, was again walking at my side along the stream in the gorge, and somehow our footsteps led us to the old willow-tree where we had had our talk about the German gnomes and fairies.

"Suppose, Jamie," said Mabel, as we seated ourselves on the grass, "that a good fairy should come to you and tell you that your highest wish should be fulfilled. What would you then ask?"

"I would ask," cried I, seizing Mabel's hand, "that she would give me a good little wife, with blue eyes and golden hair, whose name should be Mabel."

Mabel blushed crimson and turned her face away from me to hide her confusion.

"You would not wish to see things as they are, then," whispered she, while the sweetest smile stole over her blushing face.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed I. "But what would you ask, Mabel?"

"I," answered she, "would ask the fairy to give me a husband who loved me well, if—if his name was—Jamie."

A little before supper-time we both stole on tiptoe into the professor's study. He was writing, as usual, and did not notice us. Mabel went up to his chair from behind and gently put her hands over his eyes, and asked if he could guess who it was. He, of course, guessed all the names he could think of except the right one.

"Papa," said Mabel, at last, restoring to him once more the use of his eyes, "Jamie and I have something we want to tell you."

"And what is it, my dear?" asked the professor, turning round on his chair, and staring at us as if he expected something extraordinary.

"I don't want to say it aloud," said Mabel. "I want to whisper it."

"And I, too," echoed I.





And so we both put our mouths, one on each side, to the professor's ears and whispered.

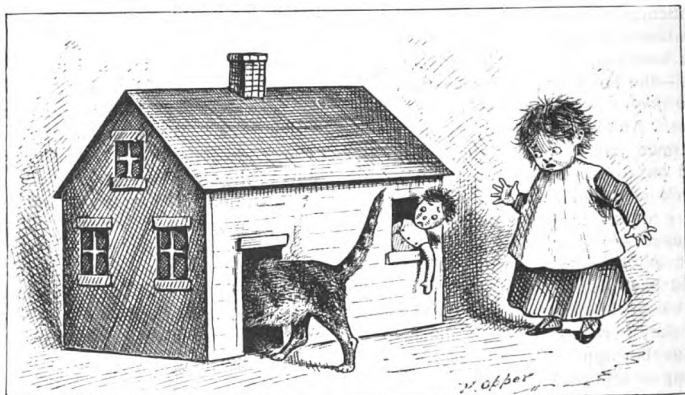
"But," exclaimed the old man, as soon as he could recover his breath, "you must bear in mind that life is not a play,—that—that life is not what it seems ——"

"No, but Mabel *is*," said I.

"Is,—is what?"

"What she seems," cried I.

And then we both laughed; and the professor kissed Mabel, shook my hand, and at last all laughed.



ANOTHER DAYLIGHT BURGLARY.

## THE OLD-TIME MINSTRELS.

By E. B. M.

THE English harpers, or minstrels, were the successors of England's first musicians, the Druid bards. Not only in England, but throughout all Europe, and especially in Denmark, the sacred scalds (or bards) first, and afterward the harpers, were persons of the greatest consequence. They were constantly sought to attend at the palaces of kings, where, to the accompaniment of their rude harps, they recounted for royal ears the praises of kingly ancestors, or sang the stirring national anthems, which should inspire to deeds of future greatness. In return, they were loaded with the

richest honors and rewards, their vocation was considered divine, and in times of war they were unmolested, though traveling freely to and fro between the encampments of hostile armies.

Alfred the Great (and he was not the only one who tried the experiment) found, as you know, in the disguise of a harper, admittance to the camp of his enemies, the Danes, and obtained there the necessary knowledge to regain the lost throne.

On the opposite page is a picture of one of the primitive harpers, giving some idea of the shape of the instrument used by the musician of the times.

As early as the tenth century we read of minstrels on the continent of Europe, who traveled in bands or companies, glad to offer their united powers of amusement to any who would give them audience. The Anglo-Saxon minstrels, who come into prominent notice soon after, were called in the early ages of minstrelsy by two names—"scop," meaning a maker, and "gligman" or "gleeman," which includes all professional performers for public entertainment. For, to the serious vein of their ancestors, these wandering musicians had added a comic one of their own, and with the singing of ancient heroic poems they rendered also the ballads and romances of the day, accompanied by exhibitions of their skill as dancers, joculators or jesters, and jugglers. These obtained admission everywhere.

When we remember how few were the occupations of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, we can imagine with what satisfaction a cheerful party of persons, possessing such numerous powers of diversion, would be received at the castle gate or the way-side inn. They frequented mostly the homes of the great, however; and though the ancient harper, singing only the religious or patriotic songs of his race, was held in very different esteem from the modern gleemen, who cared more for supper than song, yet their society was as eagerly sought and rewarded. In addition to their merry-making attractions, the minstrels served also the purpose of a newspaper, carrying items of news from one section of country to another, along with the last new tale, all of which they offered their patrons for a consideration.

They figured prominently also in political intrigues, so that, during the middle ages, the disguise of a minstrel was frequently assumed to enable suspected or obnoxious parties to pass through difficulties safely and unchallenged. Some of the class were more respectable than others, however, and devoted themselves solely to the exercise of their profession.

The news of an approaching festival was sure to bring to the castle gates a large gathering of the minstrels. Numbers were no bar to admission, and, during successive days of feasting and pleasure, these adroit performers would suit their entertainment to the mood of their hearers. Were the company in a quiet humor, they sang the old ballads of chivalry. If gay, as they lingered over the flowing bowl, they chanted satirical poems or love-romances, or exhibited their mountebank shows and powers of jugglery; and at last, presented their appeals for compensation, sometimes in ways that were neither dignified nor delicate.

In one case, we are told, a minstrel interrupts his story, probably at the most telling point, to

inform his hearers, that "whoever wishes to hear any more of this poem must make haste to open his purse, for it is now high time that he give me something." Another makes a still more peremptory demand. "Take notice," he says, "as God may give me health, I will immediately put a stop to my song, and I at once excommunicate all those who shall not visit their purses in order to give me something to my wife." The poor fellow had some excuse, however, as his poem had already reached over five thousand lines without bringing any response from his audience.

But money was not the only reward sought or won by these wandering musicians. The village fairs, no less than baronial halls, were enlivened by their presence. The first Earl of Chester decreed that all minstrels who should come to Chester fair were secure from arrest for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. Years afterward, the privileges proved of great advantage to one of the noble lord's successors, for, besieged by the Welsh in his castle of Rothelan, the constable of Chester gathered the minstrels, and, "by the allurements of their music, got together a great crowd of such loose people as by reason of privilege were then in that city, whom he sent forthwith to the earl's relief. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

Many of the minstrels were retained in the constant service of kings and nobles, receiving salaries, and even houses and lands, from their royal patrons.



A PRIMITIVE HARPER.

They were not only required to perform at public festivals, as we have seen, but during disagreeable operations, which kings as well as common people are sometimes obliged to endure. History tells us that Edward I., who was the special patron of the profession, was at one time very ill and obliged to be bled. In order to soothe his majesty while undergoing the operation, his surgeon, Sir John

Maltravers, summoned his chief minstrel, who executed some of his choicest diversions on the painful occasion.

Among the instruments used by the minstrels, the harp, or, as it was called in the old Saxon, the "gléc-beam" (or glee-wood), stood first in their regard. In addition, the trumpet, the pipe (or flute), the viol (or fiddle), the horn, the drum (or tabor), the cymbals, hand-bells, and a portable organ, known as the dulcimer, were all used in the middle ages. The troubadours of Europe, however, were devoted exclusively to the viol.

On this page is a picture of a minstrel of the fourteenth century, playing upon a tabor, an in-

village weddings and merry-makings, and "even sometimes excited the jealousy of the professors of the joyous science."

In the effort to raise minstrelsy to a more respectable position, the minstrels of a better class formed themselves into societies or guilds, governed by laws of their own, and open only to the admission of those who by special qualification were fitted to join the company. The most noted of these guilds was the ancient fraternity of the minstrels of Beverley, in Yorkshire. Their officers were an alderman and two stewards, and a copy of their regulations is still preserved.



THE TABOR.

One of these requires, "That they should not take any new brother except he be minstrel to some man of honor or worship, or wait of some town corporate, or other ancient town, or else of such knowledge or honesty as shall be thought laudable and pleasant to the hearers there."

Another of their by-laws declares, "That no mylner, shepherd, or of other occupation, or husbandman or husbandman's servant, playing upon pipe or other instrument, shall follow any wedding or other thing that pertaineth to the said science, except in his own parish."

In the time of Henry VI., at the building of the church of St. Mary's in Beverley, these minstrels gave one of its pillars, with the design, as shown on the opposite page, sculptured upon it.

But despite the endeavors of such fraternities as these, minstrelsy, degraded by the immoral lives of many of its professors, was, like the state of society in which it flourished, becoming an institution of the past. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, minstrels were styled as "ribalds," "heretics," and were considered a "disgraceful" sort of people; while a little later, they were proscribed by an Act of Parliament as "vagabonds and rogues." Yet even at the beginning of the last century there were many people of rank who retained minstrels in their retinue, employed in duties connected with their old profession.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the date of the story being about the middle



ANGLO-SAXON MINSTRELS AND JUGGLERS.

strument much in favor with the lower orders of society.

The dulcimer, or organ, was much in use, if we may judge from its frequent introduction into pictures.

The bagpipe was an instrument mostly used by shepherds and rustic musicians, who, in common with other classes of society during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were given to the cultivation of music. In addition to the bagpipe, they played upon the pipe and horn; and so late as the reign of Queen Mary, in 1553, they officiated at



THE DULCIMER.

of the sixteenth century, we have a picture of the forlorn condition of the once jovial gleeman :

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek and tresses gray  
Seemed to have known a better day.



A BAND OF MINSTRELS WITH DULCIMER, BAGPIPE AND VIOL.

The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the bards was he  
Who sung of Border chivalry,—  
For well-a-day their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them and at rest.  
No more on prancing palfrey borne,  
He caroled, light as lark at morn;  
No longer, courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured to lord and lady gay  
The unpremeditated lay.  
Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne.  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door;  
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,  
A harp a king had loved to hear."

The minstrel, seeing no humbler resting-place at hand, paused sadly at a castle gate. But a kind reception awaited him.

"The duchess marked his weary pace,  
His timid mien, and reverend face,  
And bade her page the menials tell  
That they should tend the old man well."

So kindly was the aged minstrel cared for, and so interested were the duchess and her ladies in his lay, that after singing again and again the songs of the olden time, we see him once more.

"Hushed is the harp, the minstrel gone—  
And did he wander forth alone?  
Alone, in indigence and age,  
To linger out his pilgrimage?  
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
Arose the minstrel's lowly bower,  
A simple hut; but there was seen  
The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.  
There, sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,  
Oft heard the tale of other days;  
For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begged before."

The troubadours, whom we have mentioned, belonged to the highest order of minstrels. They were a school of poets who flourished in the south of France and north of Italy, from the eleventh to the latter end of the thirteenth century. They were principally of noble birth, numbering kings and warriors within their ranks, who cultivated the arts of poetry and music; their compositions, for the most part, being love romances and ballads. Some of them also wrote books on the art of versifying and the principles of poetry. But, like the minstrel, the troubadour in time disappeared.



FIGURES SCULPTURED ON A CHURCH PILLAR.

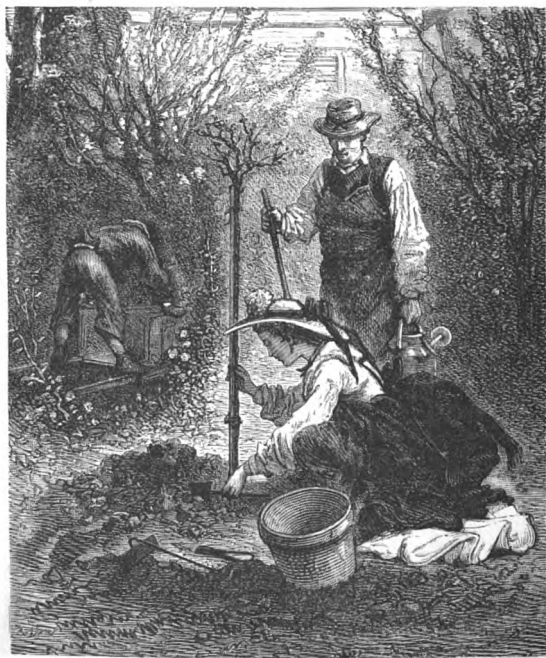
## MARIE'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

By G. W. B.

MARIE, a sweet-faced French girl, was our children's nurse. Her father, an Austrian, had, when a young man, left his native village and traveled to a little town in France. Here he married, and his wanderings ceased. Years rolled on, time wrought

Performing her slight household duties, she chanted gay little airs of her native land, in a sweet voice that made the canary wild with rivalry, while everywhere her presence was like sunshine.

Winter passed,—the sunny days of spring,—and



"SHE WAS DELIGHTED WHEN THE GARDENER ALLOWED HER TO ASSIST HIM."

its changes, and at last his eldest daughter came to this country. She had been but a few days in New York when we engaged her, and she had but few acquaintances, but her modest appearance, her bright cheerful face, were sufficiently good recommendations, and she was soon transferred to our home. Immediately she won a warm place in the affections of the children, so that to listen to French stories, or to chat in French with Marie, was to them no task.

when the heats of summer came we left the city. How happy was Marie in our country home! The squirrel and the robin were not more gay than she, and the honey-bee not more industrious. She was delighted when the gardener allowed her to assist him; but, working or playing, she was always happy. Under the tall pines, and beneath the beeches, her rippling laughter echoed, while the chattering jay-birds ceased their scoldings to listen to its music.

But there came a sad day for our poor *Française*. In the performance of some duty, she went into the laundry, her light dress came in contact with the fire—a shriek, a sudden bound, and she stood upon the breezy lawn, enveloped in flames. With desperation she tore away the blazing fabric; help soon came, but not to save her from dreadful injury. Her face was not harmed, but her arms were shockingly burned.

Her first utterance was: "*Oh, Madame B. ! Madame B. ! je ne pourrais plus jamais, jamais travailler !*"

Kind nursing and tender care were not wanting; the best medical skill was employed; but to save her life it was decided that her right arm must be taken off near the shoulder. Through all her distress and pain the poor girl bore herself with fortitude that awoke the admiration of all who saw her. The amputation took place at the hospital, and it was only during the Christmas week that she came back to us—pale and worn, her merry smiles all changed into a look of anxiety.

During her absence it had been suggested that a little fund be got together for her benefit. Kind hearts who heard her sad story gave freely, and before New Year's Day there was a nice sum in hand for her benefit. The glad morning, and the usual little presents of the happy day had been exchanged. Marie received many little souvenirs, had given the children some simple tokens of her love and gratitude, and was quite cheerful. About the house, however, there was an air of mystery.

After the holiday dinner, many children of the neighborhood, whom Marie knew, came dropping in, all with some kind word for her, until twenty or thirty were assembled, and playing merry games. Marie, with her black dress, white apron, and white bonnet, with its single rose, moved around among them interesting herself in their play, until once more the color faintly showed itself in her pale cheeks.

Suddenly, there appears from an adjoining room, an elephant (improvised—two boys and a shawl) bearing with its trunk a white envelope, and this elephant said: "*Marie Schalner ! où est elle ?*"

Going to where she stood, the envelope was held out to the astonished girl, and she saw the inscription: "*Pour Marie ! 500 francs.*"

Five hundred francs ! Who can picture her surprise, the clapping of hands, and the joy of the children as they crowded around her while the elephant disappeared in rather a disordered condition.

Quiet came, the plays went on, when Marie was asked to run upstairs and bring a little box. She tripped away and brought it. It was opened. "*Quelque chose pour vous, Marie !*" and, behold, another envelope with "*500 francs ! Pour l'amour de Jésus.*" Again, laughter and joy and clapping of hands, when appears upon the scene a little old lady, with antique dress, who demands Marie Schalner, for she has again 500 francs, with the motto: "*Dieu vous gardera toujours.*" The poor girl is silent. She cannot express her feelings. She is asked to pass a paper from the piano. Beneath it is another envelope: "*Pour Marie ! 500 francs ! Nous vous aimons beaucoup !*" Tears, unbidden, will come to her eyes. She brushes them away bravely, for she had shed none in all her great distress. Now comes the boy—her favorite—with knapsack, his uncle's war-worn epaulets and sword: "*Je suis soldat de la France ! Où est Marie ?*" And once more: "*Pour Marie ! 500 francs. Le Bon Dieu vous n'oublier jamais !*"

The rush of joy, the strain, was too great,—from sheer happiness she burst into tears. Mrs. B. could wait no longer. Running to their depository, she seized the remaining packages, and placed them all in the lap of the trembling girl.

"Here, Marie ! The good God has not forgotten you. Here are *five thousand francs !* all yours, and with them you have the kind love and sympathy of all who know you !"

Laughter and tears,—how closely they are allied ! and how they mingled on that happy day !

Again the holiday games went on, again song and story, till the shadows fell, ending the beautiful New Year's Day.

Now Marie has resumed her wonted place. She has become quite skillful in the use of her artificial arm, with her left hand writes long letters home, and uses her needle deftly. She arranges her simple toilet jauntily, ties her tasty neck-ribbons without assistance, does a thousand things that would seem impossible, and again the house is musical with her merry songs, which the canary in vain attempts to rival.





residences, but there are two good things about them. One is, that the high winds of that desolate region cannot possibly blow a hut over, though they may bury it in snow; the other good thing is that no one hut can be lived in longer than a season. The poor Esquimaux are, unfortunately, a very dirty people, and if they lived ever so long in one house they would never clean it. But the snow-house finally cleans itself in the most thorough manner, for as soon as the warm days of summer come it melts away, and its inmates must set about building a seal-skin tent that will shelter them till winter comes again.

#### SKIPPING-ROPE IN GLASGOW.

Glasgow, November, 1876.  
 DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am spending the autumn in Scotland with my mother, and I often see a queer thing in the streets of Glasgow. It is the way the girls jump the rope. They use two skipping-ropes. Two girls turn the pair of ropes, each holding two handles in one hand, and another girl stands between them and jumps.



THE GLASGOW STYLE.

She has to jump twice as fast as if there were but one rope, and these Glasgow girls do it splendidly. They beat the American girls completely. I can't draw as well as the fellow who did Washington and his little hatchet in the Young Contributor part of ST. NICHOLAS, but the above picture will show you how the girls do it.

It looked so very easy when they did it, that one day I said, "Pooh! let me try." And they did.



This sort of play, however, is only fit for girls.—Your affectionate reader,  
 GEORGE HENRY WIRT.

#### WHAT MADE THEM SO P

I MUST say it! Human beings, considering how talented they are, are very foolish. If not, why do they make other living things afraid of them instead of teaching love and confidence by their own example? Almost all animals who see men for the first time approach them without fear. I am told by intelligent birds, that when the naturalist, Darwin, went to the Galapagos Islands, he there found hawks that had never seen men, and they were so tame that he shoved some of them gently off a branch with the muzzle of his gun, while others came to drink from a pitcher he held in his hand. It is only because, for generations, beasts and birds have been so often deceived and cruelly treated by men that they have become suspicious of them. One of these days, when this becomes a country of Bird-defenders, we shall see a change for the better. Real birds may then poise themselves fearlessly on boys' and girls' hands; and never again shall the ghastly sight be seen of a poor, stiffened wing stuck on a hat-crown as an ornament.

#### A FERN THAT LOOKS LIKE A LAMB.

In China there grows a fern which bears a curious likeness to a lamb. This likeness causes English-speaking people who have seen it, to call it the Tartarian or Scythian lamb fern. It is covered with a dense, soft, vegetable wool, of a yellow color. Its main stem, covered with the wool, lies flat, a short distance above the ground, and other hanging stems, look like little legs supporting it.

#### BISMARCK'S DOG.

THE celebrated Prince Bismarck, I am told, has a wonderful dog—a large lean fellow, as black as a raven's wing, faithful and devoted as it is possible for even a dog to be. He is inseparable from his dark-browed master, following him everywhere, without taking his eyes from him.

According to my informant, when the Prince is called to the Emperor's presence, the dog recognizes the helmet which he wears (instead of his military cap), and then he does not follow him. He knows also that he must not accompany his master to the Reichstag (the German parliament), whither the Prince ordinarily goes on foot. The dog follows him to the gate of the park, and then his master turns, and, raising his blue cap trimmed with saffron-colored gallow, says briefly, "Reichstag!" The dog understands; he lowers his head, droops his tail, and returns sadly to the house.

#### THE BIGGEST FLOWER?

HERE is a letter from a bright Princeton 'boy. The little fellow tells the simple truth of the *Rafflesia*, but still your Jack stands up for the *Victoria Regia*. It has beauty and grace, and so is entitled to rank with *flowers*; but as this big vegetable something has neither, it ought to be ruled out. What say you, my chicks?

DEAR JACK: In the July number of the ST. NICHOLAS, in speaking about the *Victoria Regia*, you seem to consider it the giant flower of the world. I always thought so too until the other day, when, reading a book called "The Universe," by Mr. Pouchet, I found I was mistaken, and that there was a larger one. The best way to describe it is to quote his own words:

"But the flower of the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a perfect monster of vegetation, leaves all these far behind. It is found in the forests of Java and Sumatra. Its outlines and gigantic proportions separate it so widely from everything known, that in spite of the assertions of travelers, botanists refused to believe, and persisted in looking upon the colossus as a feid fungus. The discussion did not cease till one of these flowers was sent to London and examined by R. Brown, who dissipated all doubts. Each flower was found to be composed of a fleshy mass weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds. Its border, the circuit of which was not less than ten feet, showed five lobes, forming a gaping excavation capable of holding a dozen pints of fluid."

It also says that it exhales a repulsive, carrion-like smell, and that the Javanese prostrates himself before it and makes it almost a divinity. You also say of the *Victoria Regia* that the leaves are very large (eight feet); but there are some larger ones yet. The plant known as the *Welwitschia Mirabilis* has two leaves nine or ten feet long. It is of a pale green color. The leaves are sometimes much larger, being nearly four yards long. It grows in South-west Africa. But I fear I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear Jack—I remain, yours truly,

A. G. CAMERON.

#### A DOLL FOR A SIGN.

If you were in England, and saw a black doll hung up as a sign, what would you expect to find? Toys? Not a bit of it. You'd find a "rag shop!" What an insult to the dolls! What shall we do about it? And they call it a "dolly shop," too!





## THE FROGS' PICNIC.

THERE were once five little frogs who had a holiday. They all agreed that it would be great fun to go on a picnic, and so their mothers told



THE SMALLEST FROG TAKES A SWIM.

them that they might go, if they would be careful and not get their feet dry. You know that when a frog is right well, his feet always feel cool and damp. If you ever catch a well frog you can feel his feet, and see if this is not so.

So off these five frogs started, all in high glee, and bound to make a merry day of it. They soon reached a small woods with a pretty

stream running through it, and there they agreed to have their picnic. They hid their dinners, which they had brought with them, behind a small bush, and then they began to play games. They played a good many very nice games, suitable for little frogs, and enjoyed themselves very much, jumping about in the damp grass and among the wet leaves in the woods; for it was yet quite early in the day, and the dew was still on the ground.

But after a while the sun rose higher, and the day became warmer, and then these little frogs did not care so much for jumping and hopping about on dry land. So they all sat down to rest near the edge of the stream.

Very soon the smallest frog said he was warm and dry, and he jumped into the water to take a swim.

"Come on in!" he called out to the others. "It's splendid! I did not know how uncomfortable it was out there."

"Oh, ho!" said the oldest frog, "we're not going in the water. We can do that any day. Don't you know this is a picnic?"

"Yes, I know it is, and that's the reason I want to have all the fun I can. You had better come in before your feet get dry, and you make yourselves sick."

The other frogs thought that this little fellow was very silly. One of them turned her back on him and would not have a word to say to him. The second largest frog grinned at him until his mouth stretched out nearly as wide as his body, and said:

"You must be a simpleton! Going in to swim when we are out on a picnic, and want to have a good time doing things that we don't do every day. You might as well have staid at home."

But the little frog did not mind what the others said. He just swam about and enjoyed himself.

The other frogs thought that this was very ridiculous and improper, but as they looked at him he seemed so comfortable in the clear, cool stream, that they almost wished it was yesterday or to-morrow, or some day which was not a picnic-day, so that they might go in too.

Sometimes the little frog came out and wanted to play. But they did not care about playing, and as the day wore on they began to feel so badly that they agreed to consider that the picnic was over.

The minute this was settled the five frogs sprang altogether into the air and came down *splash!* into the water.

Oh how delightful and cool it was!

"No more picnics for me!" cried the widest-mouthed fellow. "I go in for enjoying myself."

"Well," said the little frog, "I don't see why we can't have a picnic without thinking that we must do something uncommon all the time. I think that frogs can often have lots more fun doing the things that they do every day, than when they try to do something that they are not used to."

That was a very wise little frog.



### BROKEN TOYS.

A LITTLE girl, just four years old,  
Had many a pretty toy,  
And did not try to keep them nice,  
But only to destroy.

Her mother's scissors she would get  
And clip the things she found,  
Till cloth and pictures on the floor,  
Cut into bits, lay round.

Her family of dolls, alas!  
When they were put to bed,  
This one had lost a leg or arm,  
And that would have no head.

One day, a darling doll came home,  
The prettiest in the world,  
Its eyes so blue, its cheeks so red,  
Its fair locks neatly curled.

But in one week how sad a wreck,  
For all its cost and care !  
Its legs and arms and nose were gone,  
And its poor head was bare.



THE SHELF OF BROKEN TOYS.

Then her papa hung up a shelf,  
And placed there in a row  
Her broken toys, and, oh ! they made  
A very ugly show.

But when the mischiefs she had done  
This little girl had seen,  
Oh, then she cried and said : "Mamma,  
How naughty I have been !"

## MOTHER GOOSE OPERETTA.

(In Three Scenes, founded upon the Story of "Bobby Shaftoe.")

By G. B. BARTLETT.

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

FIVE or more pairs of boys and girls as peasants—with bright skirts, faced bodices, high-crowned muslin caps, or any picturesque costumes for the girls; knee-breeches with broad suspenders, and white shirts (no coats), straw hats with bright ribbons, for the boys.

HERBERT has a suit of same style as the other peasants, over which he has a short coat trimmed with yellow braid.

BOBBY SHAFTOE also has a coat, much plainer than Herbert's; he has light curly hair, and wears large tin, or silver-paper, buckles at his knees. In Scene III. he wears a sailor's suit.

MARIE, blue skirt, pink bodice, high cap with many ribbons.

All except Herbert carry covered baskets, which (if in season) can have vines of clematis hanging from them and falling over the shoulders of the peasants, many of whom carry them on their heads. One table, three chairs, and one spinning-wheel will be needed. If the actors cannot sing, the singing may be performed by concealed persons.

## SCENE I.

The peasants are heard singing outside; the chorus grows loud slowly, and they enter, march twice around and form in a semicircle, and sing, to the tune of "Dearest May:"

"It is the pleasant twilight, the sun is setting slow,  
As homeward from our daily task with merry step we go.  
*Chorus.* It is the close of day;  
With hearts so light and gay,  
In merry row, we homeward go,  
To rest at close of day."

After singing, they slowly march out, and the music slowly dies away. Bobby and Marie, who have remained as if in earnest conversation, come forward and sing, to the tune of "Lightly row," "Yankee Doodle," or any other that may be suited to the words:

*Bobby.* "Dearest, will you marry me?  
For you know how I love thee!  
Tell me, darling, will you be  
The wife of Bobby Shaftoe?"

*Marie.* "Robert, pray don't make me say  
What I've told you twice to-day;  
Let us true friends always stay—  
No more, Bobby Shaftoe!"

*Bobby.* "If you will not marry me,  
I will go away to sea,  
And you never more shall be  
Aught to Bobby Shaftoe!"

*Marie.* "Dear Bobby, you will never go,  
For you've often told me so!  
You will not go far, I know!  
Good-bye, Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby runs away, as if in anger. Marie looks after him, smiling, as if expecting him back; grows anxious, follows the way he went a few steps, then turns and sadly goes in the opposite direction. Herbert enters from the direction in which Bobby ran, and follows Marie, as if he had been listening to the conversation. End of Scene I.

## SCENE II.

Marie enters very sadly, goes to the table at left, takes up knitting-work, throws it down impatiently, draws spinning-wheel to the right of the room, makes to spin and sing.

"Toil is sweet when hearts are light,  
Sunshine follows darkest night;  
Always when the heart is right,  
Trouble will not linger."

Peasant girl enters in great haste, and sings:

"Marie, have you heard the news?  
Our dear friend has had the blues,  
And has sailed upon a cruise—  
Our dear Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie rises in confusion, upsets the wheel, and sings:

"Bobby Shaftoe gone to sea!  
And no message left for me?  
Oh, it cannot, cannot be!  
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!"

She cries, leaning her head on the shoulder of her friend, and the two girls sing in duet:

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee; { thee,  
But he'll come back again to } me,  
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!"

End of Scene II.

## SCENE III.

Three years are supposed to have passed. Marie sits very sadly at work. Herbert enters and leans over her chair. Herbert sings:

"Marie, why so cold to me?  
I was ever true to thee.  
Bobby Shaftoe's lost at sea;  
Give up Bobby Shaftoe!"

*Marie.* "No, he is not lost at sea!  
Fate cannot so cruel be  
As to tear away from me  
My own Bobby Shaftoe!"

*Herbert.* "Pray, consent my wife to be!  
For I know he's lost at sea,  
And you'll never, never be  
Wife of Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie kneels down, resting her head on the chair, as if in tears, and sings, very sadly:

"If he's dead or lost at sea,  
I can never care for thee;  
Live or dead, I'll faithful be,  
And true to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby comes rushing in, dressed as a sailor. Marie runs toward him in rapture.

*Bobby.* "Darling, I've come back from sea,  
I've come back to marry thee,  
For I know you're true to me—  
True to Bobby Shaftoe!"

*Marie.* "Yes, I always cared for thee!  
And now you have come from sea,  
We shall always happy be,  
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!"

Peasants enter and shake hands with Bobby, then form a ring around him and Marie, and after dancing, sing to the tune of "Dearest May:"

"We welcome home our comrade, who wandered far away,  
To love and peace and rapture upon this happy day!  
*Chorus.* O happy day! with hearts so light and gay,  
We joyous sing in merry ring,  
O happy, happy day!"

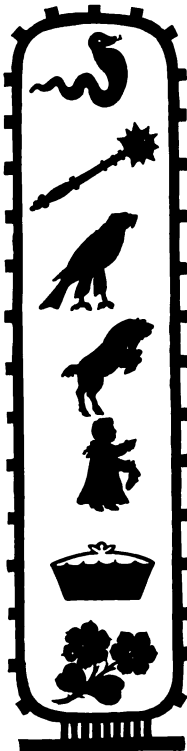
*Note.*—In the dialogue, the first singer sings one half of the air, and the other concludes it.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## A QUEER WAY OF WRITING.

AWAY down in the south-eastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea is Egypt, a country of absorbing historic interest. Before the foundations of the magnificent temples of Athens were laid, Egypt was in its maturity of grandeur and prosperity; and while the site of what we call *ancient Rome* was yet an uninhabited waste, the land of the Pharaohs was already in its old age. Surrounded on every side by seas, and mountains, and almost impassable deserts, it was by nature defended from the approach of enemies, and seemed intended by Providence for the abode of a favored people. Watered by a noble river, which traversed its entire length from north to south, it was as fertile as a garden, though rain was almost as unknown within its borders as snow is in the tropics. Every year, the river overflowed its banks, and covered the surrounding country; and when the waters gradually subsided, they left upon the land the rich soil which the stream had borne from the table-lands of Abyssinia. Thus Egypt became the great granary of the world in ancient times. You remember the story of Jacob and his sons as recorded in the Bible, where it is said that when a famine prevailed in the land of Canaan, the patriarch heard that there was "corn in Egypt," and sent down to get some of it. And for many centuries the Mediterranean was dotted with vessels carrying to other nations the products of the valley of the Nile. So you see that in old times, Egypt was a place of great importance to almost all the known world, and you will find the study of its history, as told by its monuments and their inscriptions, one of the most interesting in the records of the earth.

But what I wish especially to call your attention to in relation to Egypt is one of its systems of writing. I say one, because the Egyptians were not satisfied with less than three; one, the *hieratic*, used solely by the priests; another, the *enchorial*, or popular, used by the people generally; and the *hieroglyphic*. This term is derived from two Greek words, meaning "sacred" and "to carve," and literally means "sacred writing," the priests in old times being the chief, if not the only, writers. It is commonly used, however, in the sense of "picture-writing;" that is, conveying ideas by pictures of animate or inanimate objects. In its earliest use, the Egyptians were probably contented merely to make a direct imitation; thus a picture of a man would mean a man, and a picture of a camel would mean a camel. This is very well, so far as it goes. If you saw a representation of a man with a big stick running after a small boy, you would at once know that the artist intended it to be understood that the boy would probably get a whipping. But you would also see that the picture gave you no other information about the matter. Doubtless some Egyptians noticed this, and so the system was further perfected by making the signs symbolic; that is, causing the representation of one object to convey the idea of another. For instance: if the boy in the supposed case were the son of the man, an egg would be drawn alongside of him, an egg being understood by the Egyptians to indicate such a relationship. Still, however, the system was open to greater improvement, and so the next step was to make the symbols *phonetic*; that is, to make them stand for the *sound* of a letter in the alphabet. Now you will perhaps wonder how a picture of a goose, or a chicken, or a lion, could serve to represent a letter; but you will see that the plan adopted was very simple, and very intelligible. The main principle of it was this: to find out what alphabetical sound is meant by the picture of any object, take the *name* of that object in the Egyptian dialect, and the *first letter* of such name is the letter indicated by the picture. Thus, in the ancient Egyptian language, *tot* means "hand;" so that if we find a drawing of a



hand, it stands for T, that being the initial letter of *tot*. Or, *mooladj* means "owl," and the picture of an owl represents M.

Of course, by this method, each letter of the alphabet could be represented by any object of whose name it was the initial; but the Egyptians did not take *any* word, merely because it happened to suit in this respect alone. Sometimes they selected names because the objects to which they belonged could be more symmetrically arranged in a picture: sometimes they chose a figure which, while it expressed the desired letter, also denoted some *quality* which belonged both to the object delineated and to the person or thing whose name it was used to spell. To illustrate: suppose we could bring a mummy back to life, to teach him the English language, and then ask him to write the word "America" in hieroglyphics. If he proved to be a very intelligent mummy, willing to adapt himself to new circumstances, he would proceed thus, using English words, and choosing them with reference to their symbolic meanings:

- A. He would draw an *asp*—symbolic of "sovereignty."
- M. He would select a *macé*—indicative of "military dominion."
- E. An *eagle*, as it is a part of our national arms, and means "courage."
- R. A *ram*—emblematic of frontal power, or "intellect."
- I. An *infant* would typify the youth, and as yet undeveloped power of this country.
- C. A *cake*—the consecrated bread of the Egyptians—significant of a *civilian* region.
- A. The *amaranth*—typical of "eternal life."

Thus he would have drawn pictures of the following objects:

ASP,	symbolic of	Sovereignty.
"	"	"
MACÉ,	"	Military Dominion.
"	"	"
EAGLE,	"	Courage.
"	"	"
RAM,	"	Intellect.
"	"	"
INFANT,	"	Youth.
"	"	"
CAKE,	"	Civilization.
"	"	"
AMARANTH,	"	Perpetuity.

You see that the initial letters of the names of the objects spell the word "America." Under the picture would be drawn a diagram, somewhat like two rough-hewn boot-jacks placed side by side, that being the Coptic character meaning "country." I ought to say, though, that the Egyptians had a disagreeable habit of omitting the vowels in writing hieroglyphics, so that America would be written with the symbols for "M. R. C.," and the sign for "country."

With such a method of writing as this, an Egyptian school—had there been any—would have been a funny sight. Imagine the teacher calling out, "First class in spelling, stand up!" and a row of boys make their appearance, each armed with a piece of chalk, or some similar article that would make a mark. Then, when the teacher gave out a word, a boy would step up to the blackboard of that period—whatever it was—and spell the word by drawing figures of cats, and dogs, and any other objects which his fancy suggested. I think we should have laughed at the sight.

Upon the whole, I rather think our mode of writing and spelling is preferable to that of the Egyptians; but the construction of such a system as theirs, at such an early period in the age of the world, shows vast ingenuity and a high degree of civilization. H. R. C.

## ON THE CLOSING OF THE CENTENNIAL.

CLOSE the gates! A nation's grand pastime is o'er!  
The goods must be again embarked for Europe's sunny shore.  
Send back to England all her large display of products fair,—  
Her china, silks, and jewels; her embazoned silver-ware.  
Do not forget the pictures—Landseer's "Lions," and the rest.  
We thank thee, Mother England, for the good and kindly zest  
And interest thou hast shown us in our bright Centennial glee  
And we send thee back thy products in safety o'er the sea.

France! we proffer thee our thanks for thy glorious display  
Thou fair and sunny land! how bright has been thy day!  
Thy tapestries are marvelous, thy jewels wondrous fair,  
Thy dresses and fine bronzes and painted china rare!  
Well hast thou done thy part; and we pray that thou mayst see  
Full many years of glorious peace. Fair France, farewell to thee!

Italia! thy display has matched the very fairest there:  
The peace we have so long enjoyed, may't be thy lot to share!  
Thy bronzes and mosaics, thy gems and sculptures old,  
Thy wondrous old collections, are worth a wealth untold.  
And now we send them back again, in the hope that thou mayst see  
Them safely landed on thy shores. Farewell, O Italy!

Germania next, thy fair display has called forth praises rare.  
Thy porcelain and thy painted tiles, thy toys and silver-ware,



Are wondrous fair. We give thee thanks for all that thou hast done.  
And now, Germania, fare thee well, thou bright land of the sun!

Ye nations all! accept our thanks. God grant ye all may see  
Long centuries of prosperous life and glorious liberty!

Nor think America forgets your interest and your zeal;  
She offers up most heartful prayers for your good luck and weal.  
Farewell to all! and Heaven grant that when we meet again,  
It may be still to sing that song of peace on earth to men!

A. R. C. (aged 14).



#### TOTTIE'S CALENDAR.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THERE are five fingers on each little hand;  
Five jolly holidays all through the land.  
There is May-day so sweet, jolly "Fourth" with its noise,

Thanksgiving and Christmas, for girls and for boys:  
And New Year's so brimful of hope and good cheer,—  
Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year! C. A. L.

### THE LETTER-BOX.

"THE MINUET"—our frontispiece for this month—is such a beautiful picture, that our young readers will all be glad to know something about the artist. It is copied from a picture by John Everett Millais, a celebrated English painter, born in 1829, who became distinguished even in his boyhood. At the age of nine he gained a medal from the Society of Art in his native town. At eleven, he entered the school of the Royal Academy, where, after three years, he took another prize. In 1846, he exhibited his first picture at the Academy, and the next year, when only eighteen, he obtained the gold medal for the best oil painting. Since that time Mr. Millais has painted many beautiful and famous pictures, and is now one of the most noted of London painters. "The Minuet" is among the most graceful and pleasing of his works. He is one of the founders of the modern Pre-Raphaelite school of art. In addition to his labors with the brush, he has employed part of his time in illustrating books and magazines.

and forbade any interfering with the tired little fellows, and this made them less timid than usual, a few getting so bold as to fly on some of the boys' shoulders, and allow themselves to be caressed and handled. One little fellow, called a Cape May warbler, I believe, discovered the source of the warmth he felt, and spent a good deal of his time at the side of the pipe from the ship's galley, or cooking stove. The following list will give you a faint idea of the number of birds blown to sea in a storm and lost. Four warblers, two chipmunks, two small blackbirds, a wild pigeon, two waxwings, two cat-birds, two small woodpeckers, a robin, a golden-crested wren, and a highholder, eighteen in all, of my own counting, and I do not know how many I miss. One was caught by a high wave and drowned, one died in captivity, and another still lives; but the rest stuck to the ship till equal to the task, when they left us, the larger birds going first. This morning we were honored by a passing view of six of the largest turtles we ever saw outside of a restaurant, swimming slowly over the great waves, and every now and then cutting queer figures with their white flippers in the air, as a cunning old roller turned them on their broad brown backs.

"All hands" have just been "piped to hammocks," which means get and make your beds, and go to sleep as soon as possible, so I must close this letter.

Oct. 19, 1876.

Since the letter above was written, we got a pilot, sailed calmly up the beautiful Delaware River, watching the laden trains carrying their living freight to Philadelphia, and are now anchored off Willow street, Philadelphia.

Perhaps some of the ST. NICHOLAS young folks would like to visit the ship at Twenty-third street wharf, E. R., New York, next winter, and we would be glad to have them come. The ship lies at the wharf, is reached by the Twenty-third street cars (red light), and there is nothing but a firm covered "bridge" to walk over to reach it.

We will get back about the 10th of December.—Yours respectfully,  
W. L. RODMAN.

Ship "St. Mary's," off Cape May, N. J., Oct. 17, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It would have done the hearts of the vast army of bird-defenders good to have seen our ship off the New Jersey coast October 15th. The night before, while our watch was on deck, a strong nor'west gale set in, and shortened our visit to the Centennial Exhibition by a number of days, for it drove us out to sea, and we are still some fifty miles from land. The gale lasted for two days and nights, being the heaviest the last night.

Our watch was on deck from midnight to four A. M., and as the dawn drove off the mists and clouds, we saw that we were not the only unfortunates blown to sea, for we could see birds on deck, in the rigging, and even on the deck below. Some of the boys commenced chasing them, but the officer of the deck was a bird-defender at heart,

GEO. E. M.—It is impossible to answer, or even notice, one-fiftieth of the letters received from our young correspondents, but we endeavor to give attention to those questions which appear to possess the greatest general interest.

Lyons, October 22, 1876.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: My brother was out hunting the other day; he shot six ducks at one shot, and one of them had four legs, two of them were smaller than the others, and were right at the side of its tail. Don't you think that was pretty queer! I will send you a few feathers from its wings to put in your hat.

LUCY M. EVERETT.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been to see Santa Claus. You see we have heard so much during this last year of panics and specie payments, failures and hard times, and everybody has looked so blue, that I feared a little for my old friend's prosperity. I found him walking up and down his den talking to himself after this wise:

"To give, or not to give?" that is the question. Whether better 'tis to suffer the slings and arrows of neglected childhood, or to take toys against a row of stockings and so with filling leave them. I never have left them, and how can I? Do I not hear my children say, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious Christmas by this good St. Nick, and all the clouds that lowered round the year in the deep recess of a stocking buried!" Oh, thou departing spirit of '76! thinkest thou because thou art impetuous there shall be no more dolls and drums?

Should'st thou ask me whence these keepsakes,  
Whence these presents and donations,  
With the odors of the toy-shop,  
With the damp and dew of book-stores,  
With the crunching of confections,  
With the shout of happy voices;  
Saying ever "Merry Christmas!"  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their sweet reverberations,—  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
From the baskets of the mothers,  
From the needles of the sisters,  
From the pockets of the uncles,  
From the hands of aunts and cousins,  
From the shops of jolly Dutchmen,  
From the stores of Yankee Doodle,—  
Christmas shall be merry Christmas still.

I travel off across the land  
Between the dark and daylight,  
I hurry up among the roofs  
And slip beneath the skylight.

I clamber out upon the eaves  
And pass within the dormers,  
By twenty grates, a little store,  
And all the chimney corners.

I steal by halls and parlor doors  
With many a sweet reminder,  
I deck the spreading Christmas-trees  
That grow for happy kinder.

And so to all the children bring  
My guesses good and clever,  
For men may come and men may go,  
I'm Santa Claus forever.

R. J.

Finisterre, France, night before Christmas, '75.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you passed a Christmas in a foreign country, without dear nieces and nephews, or brothers and sisters, to wish you, in your own language, "A Merry, Merry Christmas?" If not, you cannot know how much joy may be expressed—may even be communicated to another—by repeating those three words. You never even realize what joy your Christmas number, with its merry greetings, has carried to hundreds who have received it.

In France, the great fête-day is the first day of the new year, and formal to one accustomed to our hearty "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year." Only to utter the Christmas greeting brings up visions of "Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,"—of little stockings placed so near the chimney corner they cannot be overlooked by the generous Santa Claus. I fancy I hear the prancing on the roof of the impatient reindeer. I am tempted to draw the curtains, darken the chamber, and watch for "the jolly old elf."

More than a strong desire, a lively faith, are necessary to enable us Americans to have a visit here from our friend, for St. Nicholas does not come to Brittany. Perhaps it is not cold enough for his tiny reindeer; perhaps his sleigh would not glide on the steep, irregular slate

roofs, without snow. Would it were possible to hear at least an echo from over the sea of the "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night," which will be repeated by a host of your young admirers. This wild and romantic Brittany would please St. Nicholas, I am sure; and then there are hosts of children, and temptingly large chimneys.

But the French children have their Christmas also; and they think the infant Je u comes to them. Instead of stockings, they place shoes to receive their gifts.

I have seen to-day a new French baby, and a French baby is as pretty as a French baby-doll—not a young lady doll. The babies are so rolled in flannel, and then folded about with muslin, as the petals of a rose are folded, that they resemble in form an Indian papoose, and they may be handled in the same way without the slightest danger of injury. They all wear caps. With the peasant class the caps are retained until they give place to the *coiff*.

It is an amusing sight to see little girls of five or six years of age trudging along the country roads with their mothers,—an exact copy in miniature,—with long dresses, coils, and kerchiefs folded across the breast. The wooden shoes or *sabots*, which move up and down at each step, do not seem to impede their progress or engross their attention. I have often seen children six or seven years old walking and knitting at the same time. The habits of industry so early acquired are retained, and when old enough they will go to market, very picturesquely, conducting the horse and knitting, seated in a square two-wheeled car, with fresh green calabages and golden carrots forming a background; or as fishwomen, carrying the basket on the head—still knitting. There is for a stranger much that is picturesque and interesting in the ancient duchy of Brittany—churches, chateaux, and ruins, all well worth a visit from those who come to France.

The bells are ringing for the midnight mass. Here, as in your midst, it is the same beautiful fête we celebrate.

"There's a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth,  
For the Virgin's sweet boy  
Is the Lord of the earth."

Sincerely your friend,

F. G. D. DE T.

MINNIE NICHOLS.—Your fraud is discovered. Never send anything to ST. NICHOLAS again.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please write my name down among the Bird-defenders. I have never been to school. I have lain on my back in bed nearly a year, so papa lets me keep birds. We have a canary, a goldfinch, and a bob-link. The ST. NICHOLAS is my delight, and I wish very much to see my name in it. I am eight years old.—Yours truly,  
JOE H. DENNIS.

MAY A. MILLIGAN, Beulah Strong, and several others, have sent us interesting letters about their trips to the "Centennial."

OUR readers will be interested, we know, in the following letter written by a dear little girl, who died before her pleasant words reached us. Her heart-stricken mother writes: "I thought perhaps the children would like to see the little letter written by my precious child, now an angel in Heaven. She wrote it some time since, being prompted to do so, after reading the letters in ST. NICHOLAS written by little girls of about her own age, but delayed sending it."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas my papa asked me which I had rather have, a large doll or ST. NICHOLAS? I told him that I had rather have ST. NICHOLAS, and he said that everybody was praising it. He commenced taking it for me in January last. As that other little girl says—whose name is Mary Eichelberger—I can scarcely wait until it comes. I had a thousand times rather have St. Nicholas than a doll. I was thinking the other day that I would so like to have the next book. I like that story about "The Cat and the Countess." I would like to know if the countess ever got her cat again. I hope to see my letter in the ST. NICHOLAS. Good-bye. I am only in my eleventh year. My name is Lulie Fowler. I live in the town of Snow Hill, Worcester County, Maryland.

LULIE FOWLER.

Morgantown, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers who have been amused by the account of Mother Mitchel's wonderful tart, would like to hear of a cake almost as large that was once cooked and eaten by real men, very greedy, perhaps, but belonging to kingdoms that we find on our maps. This cake was baked at the Camp of Radewitz, where, in 1730, King August the Strong, of Poland, gave an entertainment, lasting a month, at which Frederick the Great





and his father were chief guests, with a crowd of lesser folk, all the titled people, and the famous people of Europe. It was fourteen ells long by six broad, and at the center half an ell thick. There were five thousand eggs in it; thirty-six bushels of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter; crackers and gingerbread-nuts, for fillet or trimming, ran all round. After a public dinner, given to all these great folk and thirty thousand soldiers, this cake was brought into the field on a wooden frame drawn by eight horses. It was cut up by a carpenter, with a gigantic knife, the handle resting on his shoulder, who received a signal from the head of the Board of Works before cutting each slice. How Mother Mitchell's tart was cooked we shall not know until December, but I suspect that, like this, it was baked by machinery. The whole account of the Camp of Radewitz, which is very interesting, may be found in Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great," vol. 2, book vii, chap. iii.

MARY F. DICKSON.

Our many *Little-Corporal* subscribers will be glad to know that Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller has expressly dedicated to them a delightful little book, called "What Tommy Did," and just as full of bright things as a little book can be. It is prettily issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, and we heartily wish it success.

One of the brightest and daintiest holiday books that we have seen this season is "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," by H. H., published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Its few pictures are good, its many stories are better, and its beautiful poems and legends are best of all. Our boys and girls will find some old friends in it.

The following books have been received:

From Macmillan & Co., New York: "Johnnykins and the Goblins," by Charles Leland—"Carrots: just a Little Boy," by Ennis Graham—"My Young Alcides," by Charlotte M. Yonge.

From S. R. Wells & Co., New York: "David and Anna Matson," by Abigail Scott Dunning—"How to Sing; or, The Voice, and How to Use It," by W. H. Daniell.

From Loring's, Boston: "Sam's Chance" and "Jack's Ward," both by Horatio Alger, Jr.

From E. Steiger, New York: "Friedrich Froebel," by Matilda H. Krieger—"Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations."

From Ward, Lock & Tyler, London: "Bluebeard's Widow and her Sister Anne," by Sabilla Novello.

From Porter & Coates, Philadelphia: "Snowed-up" and "Frank in the Forecastle," by Harry Castlemon.

From Carleton & Co., New York: "A Comic History of the United States," by L. Hopkins.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston: "Fret-sawing and Wood-carving," by George A. Sawyer.

From the New York Bird Store, Boston: "Holden's Book on Birds," by Charles F. Holden.

From Hanscom & Co., New York: "Song of America, and Minor Lyrics," by V. Voldo.

From the American Tract Society, New York: "Her Little World," by Sarah E. Chester—"Almost a Woman" and "A Happy Summer; or, The Children's Journey," by S. Annie Frost—"The Romance of the Streets," by a London Rambler—"May Stanhope and Her Friends," by Margaret E. Sangster—"A Night and a Day" and "The Storm of Life," by Hesba Stretton—"Under Shelter," by Annette Lucille Noble—"The Victory Won," by C. S. M.—"Ruthie's Venture," by the author of "A Summer in the Forest"—and "Little Stories for Good Little People."

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

REBUS.—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken 'at the flood, leads on to fortune."

CHARADE.—Independent.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Butterfly, Asclepias.

B A B Y L O N I A  
D U S T B R U S H  
B U T T E R C U P  
F L O T I L L A S  
M A G N E T I Z E  
C O M P A R I N G  
B L I T H E F U L  
B A N D E R O L  
S E C R E T A R Y

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S

C A T  
S A T I N  
T I N  
N

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.—

C A D E T  
A R E N A  
D E B A R  
E N A C T  
T A R T S

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Liberty.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Repeated—a pet deer. 2. It is a camel—calamities. 3. I creep—pierce. 4. Anguish—in a gush. 5. Resist a—satires.

EASY ENIGMA STORY.—Sweetbriar Rose.—Strawberries, roses, air, sweet, briars, saw, two, browse, its, robs, barrow, bow, arrow, breast, bars, sorrier, it, roses, berries.

SQUARE-WORD.

I R I S  
R O S E  
I S I F  
S E E D

ANAGRAM PROVERBS.—1. "As green as grass." 2. "As busy as a

bee." 3. "As cold as charity." 4. "As mad as a March hare."

5. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."

RIDDLE.—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

EASY DECAPTATIONS.—1. Beagle, eagle. 2. Bear, ear. 3. Fox,

ox. 4. Goat, oat. 5. Swine, wine. 6. Weasel, easel. 7. Lark, ark.

8. Plover, lover.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Virgil, Æneid.

V—irgin—A  
I—ren—E  
R—hiutho—N  
G—lauc—E  
I—ner—I  
L—ycome—D

WORD SYNCORATIONS.—1. Terrier—err, tier. 2. Leveret—ever, let. 3. Lawless—awl, less. 4. Flashy—ash, fly. 5. Pageant—age, pant. 6. Tartan—art, tan. 7. Tendon—end, ton. 8. Swinging—wing, sing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Biscay, Naples.

B—aro—N  
I—ow—A  
S—ow—P  
C—ow—L  
A—ppel—E  
Y—e—S

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—Civil.

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.—1. Spectacle-case (specked A—cLEC—ace). 2. Cup and saucer (C upon saw—CER). 3. Shawl (SH—awl). 4. Foot-rest (foot—rest). 5. Breast-pin (B—rest—pin). 6. Diary (die A—eye). 7. Vase (V—ace). 8. Tidy (tied E). 9. Book-mark (book—mark). 10. Portemonnaie (P o'er T—money). 11. Letter-scales (letters K, L, S). 12. Eye-glasses (I—glasses). 13. Pencil-case (pence—L—K's). 14. Easel (E's L). 15. Boa (bow—A). 16. Ear-rings (ear [of corn]—rings). 17. Bouquet (bow K). 18. Locket (lock—ET). 19. Checker-board (checker bored). 20. Club skates (clubs—K—eights). 21. Base-ball (B—ace—B—awl). 22. St. Nicholas (St—nickel—AS). 23. Jockey Club (Jock—key—club). 24. Candy (can—D). 25. 26. Violin, accordion (vial in a cord—ION).

"Mercury" answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the November number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18, from Helen Green, Bessie McLaren, T. Marshall Josselyn, Bessie Lyle, Harrie Y., "Alex," Ella G. Condie, Walter T. Lucas, "Beth," Alice B. Moore, Brainerd P. Emery, "Little B.," Forrest E. Libby, Marguerite B. Newton, J. E. Hill, Archie C. Wellington, Josie M. Brown, Emma Elliot, Nessie E. Stevens, Rachel E. Hutchins, Elizabeth Sherrerd, Benjamin Taylor, Howard Steel Rodgers, Allie Bertram, Hildegard Sterling, Ora L. Dowdy, Nellie Emerson, Agnes M. Hodges, Manning J. A. Logan, Willie Dibblee, Clyde Fitch, W. C. Spencer, Mary W. Wadsworth, Katherine Chapman, Fred Cook, Willie Dunn, Arthur D. Smith, Sallie E. Hewit, Oliver Everett, and Bessie Taylor.

## REBUS, No. 1.



## DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. Distant. 3. A city in Europe. 4. A precious stone. 5. A consonant.

DOWNWARD: 1. A consonant. 2. A fruit. 3. A city in the United States. 4. An animal. 5. A consonant.

BLACK PRINCE.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in hand, but not in eye;  
My second is in breath, but not in sigh;  
My third is in pencil, but not in pen;  
My fourth is in peacock, and also in hen;  
My fifth is in plant, but not in tree;  
My sixth is in latch, but not in key;  
My whole is a girl's name.

M. S.

## SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPE a covering for the head, and leave noisy collision; again, and leave what we all yearn for. 2. Syncope to clutch, and leave to struggle for breath; again, and leave an opening. 3. Syncope an Eastern monarch, and leave a vehicle. 4. Syncope a division of verse, and leave a noted Roman. 5. Syncope an iron fastening, and leave a lodging-place; again, and leave a covering for the head.

CYRIL DEANE.

## DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. To shape. 2. A custom. 3. A fruit. 4. An article of furniture. 5. To lift.

Downward, from left to right: A kind of tree. Upward, from right to left: A word meaning swift.

L. E. D.

## EASY HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. Is Eli on the fence? 2. You came late to-day. 3. Give me that box. 4. Look! what a pen! 5. Do good to all men. 6. Isaac ate three apples. 7. Be at ease; all is well.

T. D. D.

## CHARADE.

My first is a god of mythology.  
Or (making the god an apology)  
A common vessel, small and rude;  
To do my second is much use—  
So thought the famous Robert Bruce;  
My whole is where you keep your food.

P.

## SHAKSPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

1. A FRIEND of Romeo's and kinsman to Escalus. 2. A noted comedy. 3. The Pope's legate in "King John." 4. The principal female character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 5. The rank of Berkeley in "Richard the Second." 6. A fast friend of Shylock. 7. A friend of Hamlet.

The initials and finals form two of Shakspeare's best tragedies.

SEGDWICK.

## ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 1 and 10 is an article; my 3, 4, and 7 is an animal; my 3, 12, 8, and 13 is a kind of bread; my 5, 9, and 7 is a pronoun; my 11, 12, 3, and 14 is a kind of grain; my 2, 6, 3, and 10 is a building. My whole is the name of a President of the United States.

J. J. T.

## DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations: 1, a liquor; 2, a leave-taking; 3, long, thin pieces; 4, dances; 5, cunning; and leave a diamond puzzle composed of—1, a consonant; 2, something used in backgammon; 3, a part of the body; 4, a fish; 5, a consonant.

L. E.

## RIDDLE.

I'm a very little thing, but oh, how smart!  
If you do not see my head, then will your heart  
Find me the greatest treasure that the world can hold,  
Far better than are house, or lands, or gold.  
If now my head be changed, you may declare  
I am a pleasant thing for you to wear.  
If to me as at first you add one letter,  
You then would say that nothing could be better  
To pass a happy life in—naught more sweet  
Could ever be pressed down by weary feet.

H.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. THAT ——— I often hear. 2. ——— trust me, and you will not ——— my sincerity. 3. There is a ——— for a mouse in my ———. 4. I had several ——— of money in ———. 5. I heard the ——— with entire ———.

B.

## TRIPLE PUZZLE.

I.—The following words are concealed in the sentences: 1. Fashions. 2. To eject. 3. The last. 4. At no time. 5. Even. 6. A vowel repeated. 7. A crew. 8. A meadow. 9. A small, flat surface.  
II.—Between the primals and finals there are complete words to each line, save the sixth, viz.: 1. A song. 2. A pronoun. 3. A girl's nickname. 4. A girl's name. 5. Twilight. 6. ———. 7. An article. 8. To consume. 9. Competent.

III.—Primals and finals form a double acrostic, and name two things which are only seen at night.

1. Young ladies should be modest at all times. 2. Does Lou state the truth, ever? 3. Come gather flowers for the Little Schoolma'am. 4. Is this cane very strong? 5. I have for sale velvet and satin. 6. Tell George I invented this puzzle. 7. Is Meg angry with either of us? 8. Is he at Henry's new stable? 9. This table totters as if the floor was uneven.

CYRIL DEANE.

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. A GRACEFUL tree. 2. To worship. 3. Regal. 4. A sharp pain. 5. Aids.

B.

## REBUS, No. 2.

(Read the inscription on this ancient stone.)



## PUZZLE.

FIND the first word; drop the first syllable, and add a new syllable to the second, to form the second word. Then drop the first syllable of that word, and add a new syllable to the second, to form the third word, and so continue until you have all the words.

1. Rancor. 2. A variety of feldspar. 3. A common bird. 4. Part of a spur. 5. Part of the arm. 6. An arbor. 7. A mission.

SEDGWICK.

## EASY ENIGMA.

SEVEN letters. My whole is the chief beauty of a tree. My 1, 4, 6 is a foreign fruit tree. My 5, 3, 2, 7 is a tree found in warm climates, valued more for its juices than fruit.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. THE capital of an ancient country famed for its statues. 2. The largest country in South America. 3. The largest republic in Europe. 4. The capital of a small country in Europe. 5. A country noted for its handsome shawls. 6. A part of North America. The diagonals, read from left to right, name a famous Oriental country.

J. J. T.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the names of two cities in Southern Europe.

1. A grain. 2. What murderers try to prove. 3. A lady's garment. 4. A boy's nickname. 5. A coloring matter. 6. A place of concealment.

B. F.

## ANAGRAMS.

## A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

TRANSPOSE each sentence into the name of a flower. Thus, the letters of "Beaver N" may be made to form "Verbena."

1. Beaver N. 2. Love it. 3. He sees a rat. 4. O ripe hotel. 5. To be sure. 6. Run as the colt "Bob." 7. O sur, I am green.

DOLLY VARDEN.

## CENTRAL EXCEPTIONS.

EXCEPT the central letter from expectations, and leave farming implements; from a vision, and leave a measure; from sounds, and leave parts of the body; from an animal, and leave a row; from to waken, and leave a flower; from Indian corn, and leave confusion; from trees, and leave something good to eat.

The excepted letters, read downward, name a bird.

CYRIL DEANE.







ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

EVERY American boy has read the story,—has heard how the great fort on the Hudson so nearly fell into the hands of the enemy. The British war-ships had crept up the river, and lay at anchor, still and gloomy, while the Americans manned the forts, anxious and watchful. At West Point the sentinels paced up and down, up and down, all the long days and nights, that none might come near to take away the fort and destroy the hopes of the country. All this was in the fall of 1780, and our fortunes were low, and many thought the long and weary war soon would come to a sad and bitter end.

One night, a boat crept down the river and approached the war-ship "Vulture," at anchor near Dobb's Ferry. There was one passenger in the boat, and when they rowed up to the black sides of the ship, he got out and went on board. After some delay, he returned to the boat, and took with him a young man, a British officer. Silently the boat crept over the dark water toward the western shore, as if seeking to make a landing in the woods.

The sentinel, poor, ill-clad, and sorrowful for his country, might pace the bleak parapets, clasp his cold musket, and watch—and watch in vain. His commander was not in his quarters. None knew where he had gone; but far down the river he hid himself among the fir-trees, as if waiting for some one. The boat crept nearer and nearer through the calm, still night. At last, it broke in among the bushes on the water-side. The two passengers got out and climbed the wooded bank, and the boatmen, weary with their labors, lay down

in their boat and soon fell asleep. The British officer soon found some one waiting for him among the trees. So they two met, Major André and Benedict Arnold, secretly in the night, because their deeds were evil.

You know all the rest. How André and Arnold went to a house not far away, and there arranged the miserable bargain. Money and rank for the traitor, the fort and all its arms and soldiers for the British. Not at once and without a fight, but as soon as they chose to come and take it; for the great chain in the river was broken, the fort was torn down in places, the guns were turned away, and everything was ready for an easy capture. Then you remember the morning came, and a party of Americans on the shore began to fire on the "Vulture," and the ship was obliged to slip her anchor and drift away on the tide. André saw it all from the window of the house, and his heart sank within him, for it was his only hope of escape. He was within our lines and liable to capture at any moment. He made an effort to get on board the ship, and it was useless. Then, you remember, the fight across the river and the journey in disguise toward New York, and, at last, the capture. And that was the end; it was all found out, and André was taken away, a prisoner, to the American head-quarters. Arnold escaped on board the "Vulture," and sailed away in safety and disgrace. André was tried as a spy and was executed on the second of October. Finally, so late as the year 1821, his remains were taken to England, and now they sleep in Westminster Abbey.

Such is the story as we commonly read it, but it

VOL. IV.—16.

tells nothing of André himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed, and what he said and did. Here is a picture of him, not as a soldier, for his sword is laid on the drum, and he has dropped a glove on the floor and is writing a letter. No, making a picture—a pen-and-ink sketch of himself from his likeness in the mirror. Look at the curious fashion in which, like other men of his day, he fastened his hair behind with a ribbon. And his ruffled shirt and cuffs, and the military boots and spurs. He seems half soldier, half artist, and that must be the reason they used to call him the artist-soldier.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times. Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester County, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British then kept in our city. Such a little fellow could do no harm, and André took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, André could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette. Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and could you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively, and entertaining man. While he was in this country he kept a journal, and, it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery, and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw. One of the Lancaster boys pleased him so much, and displayed so much talent, that André offered to make an artist of him, and to take him to England when the war was at an end. The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son. The prisoners were afterward removed to Carlisle, and André had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said that the boy "must take particular care in forming the features in faces, and in copying the hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from the life, and then compare their por-

tions with what prints he may have, or what rules he may remember."

All this was during the war, and André himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and, unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but "the colonists." Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouette portraits, and sketches and verses are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentleman whom we now call Major André, the spy.

When he was exchanged, he went back to the British army stationed at Philadelphia, and there he again displayed his many talents. He painted a drop-scene for the theater that was thought to be very fine, and they said of it that "the foliage was uncommonly spirited and graceful." He also wrote verses to be recited in the theater, and even took part in the plays. Once there was a grand pageant in Philadelphia—a water procession on the Delaware, with gayly trimmed boats, and bands of music, and ladies in fancy costumes—all ending in a grand ball. André took an active part in all these pleasurable, designed the costumes for the ladies, wrote verses, and helped to put up the decorations.

All this happened when our poor and discouraged troops were having a sad time of it, waiting and watching for a chance to strike a blow for the country. At last, the British were obliged to leave Philadelphia. André went away with them to New York, and it was there that he received the commission to treat with Arnold for the surrender of West Point, and that only ended in his capture and sad death.

Look at the picture again. See the old Colonial furniture and the face in the little glass. It is said to be a good likeness of André; he often made pictures of himself for his friends, and many of them were preserved long after he died. On the last day that he lived he drew his own portrait from memory with a pen,—that is, without the aid of a mirror,—and the picture is still in existence. While in New York, just before he went up to see General Arnold, he made several silhouette portraits of ladies who then lived there, and all were said to be remarkably correct likenesses, and were, of course, greatly prized afterward as the work of the young, genial, and light-hearted British officer.

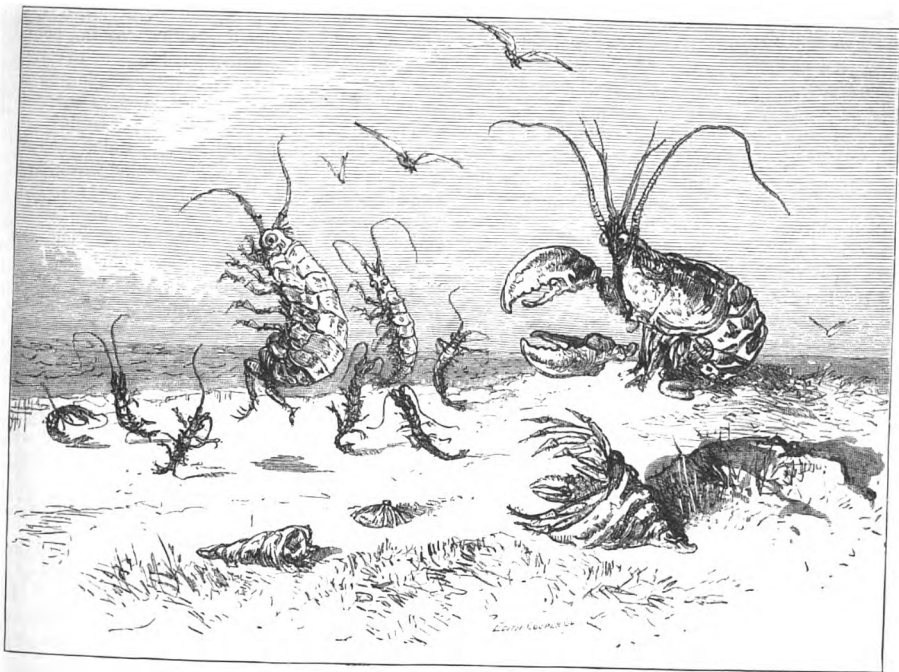
Those Revolutionary days are now very old, and the handsome English gentleman has been dead long, long years. We can forgive his efforts against us now, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to think of him as the artist-soldier rather than the spy at West Point.

## THE SANDHOPPER JIG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

SAID a Shrimp to a Sandhopper, one summer's day  
 (They were walking along the beach):  
 "I am told that you dance in a wonderful way;  
 Pray, would you be willing to teach?"

And up in the air he proceeded to jump,  
 While the Hermit Crab shouted "Hurrah!"  
 And old Mr. Lobster applauded so hard,  
 He broke off his handsomest claw.



"Quite willing, my dear," Sandhopper replied,  
 As merry and pert as a grig;  
 "Call your little ones here, and I'll show 'em the  
 steps  
 Of the rollicking Sandhopper Jig."

"My stars!" cried the children of good Mrs.  
 Shrimp;  
 "We none of us, little or big,  
 Could learn, we are sure, the very high jumps  
 Of the rollicking Sandhopper Jig."

"All alone must you hop your remarkable hops."  
 Said Mr. Sandhopper, "I will."  
 And I have n't a doubt, if you go to the beach,  
 You will find him there frolicking still.



## CLEVER JOE.

BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.



VER so long ago, there was a country, and that country had a king, and that king had a lovely little daughter whose name was the Princess Gay. This name had been chosen for the princess by her god-mother, who was a fairy, because, even when a baby, Princess Gay was never seen without a smile upon her face, two dimples in her rosy cheeks, and another in her chin. In those days, too, the king was so happy that he might with equal propriety have been called King Gay. He was good-natured always, and beamed so with fun that his courtiers and servants, down to the least scullions, beamed also, as if to keep him company. Nothing was to be heard in the palace but laughter and jests, and the giving of conundrums. Melancholy persons, and those afflicted with a passion for gloomy reading and blue-pills, used to be brought by their friends and set under the windows, in hopes that the joyous frolic going on inside might prove contagious and cure them. And all over the world the land had the reputation of being the jolliest in existence and the pleasantest to live in.

This was when Princess Gay was a baby. Before she had grown to be sixteen, all this charming state of things was ended. The king had become crusty, cross, and subject to fits of violent rage. The courtiers were sullen and frightened, the servants scarcely dared speak above a whisper. No more cases of melancholy were brought to the palace windows for cure, and a gloom lay over the land. Shall I tell you the reason of this sad change? Ah, how truly is it written that the love of money is the root of all evil! The reason was that the king's treasury, in which he stored all his valuables, had been robbed, and had kept on being robbed day and night; how, nobody could discover.

New locks were put on the doors, new bars on the windows, the police were instructed to watch the palace, guards were set, the king himself staid up all night, but nothing made any difference. The treasury continued to be robbed, and its contents dwindled so fast, that there was danger, if the thieves were not stopped, that the king would soon be poorer than his own subjects. It is scarcely to

be wondered at if, under these circumstances, the court ceased to be a merry one, and if all its inmates forgot how to smile. All, that is, except the Princess Gay, whose charming nature carried her through all sorts of trouble without a shadow. She laughed and joked, petted her gloomy father, comforted him as well as she could for his losses, and every day mounted her little strawberry-red pony, and went forth for a ride in the fresh air, to revive her own spirits for the task, daily growing more difficult, of keeping up an appearance of cheerfulness in the dismal circle which surrounded her.

The palace was built upon a hill, and at the foot of the hill was a baker's shop, behind which, in a small house, lived the baker, his wife, and their son, a youth of seventeen. This youth, though honest and industrious, had the reputation of being very stupid; so the neighbors, out of derision, had named him Clever Joe. Stupid though he was, Clever Joe had eyes in his head, and he used those round blue eyes very hard indeed every day when the lovely little princess rode past the shop on her pony. She seemed to him like a vision of fairy-land,—so gay, so beautiful, so very, very happy. His gaze followed her as long as she was in sight, and he thought about her all the time he was kneading his loaves or mixing the ginger-nuts, for which the shop was famous.

"How delightful it must be, being a princess!" he said one day.

"I don't know about princesses," replied his mother, "but it is n't particularly nice being a king,—not when he's like our king, at least. He frets so over his money, and the thieves that steal it, that he can hardly eat or sleep. Better be a baker, and keep your appetite, say I."

"How queer that a king should fret!" sighed Clever Joe, opening his eyes wide with wonder at the idea.

Stupid people when they fall in love sometimes grow clever. Joe was in love with Princess Gay, though you have probably guessed that already, because, being a princess, somebody must fall in love with her, and as Joe's name heads this story, of course he is the hero of it. Yes, Clever Joe *was* in love. He meditated on the princess all day and dreamed about her all night. His romantic soul longed for occupations more congenial than the making of household bread and two-penny twists; so he invented a new kind of cream-cake, or tart, with a dab of quince jelly in the middle, around

which rose walls of paste white as snow, brushed over with egg, and flavored with cinnamon and lemon. Such tarts were never seen before in the kingdom. First, the common people tasted and approved, next the mayor of the city got hold of one, smacked his lips and ordered a dozen, and gradually the servants of the palace fell into the habit of coming down the hill to buy them. "The Crown-Princess Tart," was the fine name Joe invented for these dainties, and as they grew in favor, his father, the baker, rubbed his hands and prophesied that fame and fortune were about to descend on the family, and all because of his Clever Joe.

One day, when, having missed two gold cups and a bag of money out of his treasury which were there when he locked up the night before, the king was unusually cross, and the courtiers in consequence unusually low-spirited, Princess Gay came upon her waiting-maid, seated in a corner and smacking her lips over some article which she seemed to be enjoying very much. She jumped up hastily when she saw her mistress, and hid the thing, whatever it was, under her apron.

"You seem to have something nice there," said the princess good-naturedly. "May I inquire what it is?"

"Only a tart, please your royal highness; one of the new tarts which are just now so fashionable."

"And pray what are they? I never heard of them before."

"Oh! I beg your royal highness's pardon for saying 'oh,' but it is so queer that you should not have heard of them before! Why, they are named after your royal highness; 'Crown-Princess Tarts' is what the baker calls them. They are the most wonderful and delicious tarts ever made on earth, your highness."

"Really? You excite my curiosity. I must taste these tarts. Please send or go at once to the shop and get one for me."

"One! I beg your royal highness's pardon, I am sure, but one would never satisfy your royal highness at all. They melt away in your mouth just like nothing, please your highness. I could eat two dozen of them myself!"

"I could n't," said the princess. "That is, I think I could n't, though really, what with robbers, and policemen, and worry and confusion, our meals have been so irregular of late, and, I may say, so bad, that I should really enjoy something nice. Go, therefore, Beltira, and get two dozen of the tarts, since you are sure that is the proper number. I shall probably leave a few, and those will fall to your share. Bring the tarts up here, and I'll have tea in my room. You can order the second equerry to tell the first usher to ask the third lord of the

bedchamber to say to his majesty that I have a headache to-night, and am not coming down."

Off went Beltira, gave her message and sped down the hill to the baker's shop. You can fancy Joe's feelings when informed that the princess was going to try his tarts. His fingers trembled with eagerness, he seized a piece of Swiss muslin and with it dusted out the oven.

"I'll make a batch on purpose," he cried, "and bring them up myself at five o'clock."

When Beltira returned to the palace she found it in great confusion. Another theft had been discovered. The king was raging to and fro with a spiked club in his hand, declaring that he would brain the first ghost of a robber whom he came across. The lord high treasurer had hidden himself, the courtiers had scuttled away like frightened sheep. At the gates stood the guards, armed and doubled, and a proclamation was pinned on the front door which stated that not a soul was to leave or enter the palace that night without being searched.

"And what will poor Joe do?" thought Beltira, "they will open his basket, and then I know well what will happen, for those guards have a passion for pastry! Not a crumb will be left for the poor princess—or myself, unless I can hit upon some plan for getting the tarts unnoticed."

Just then she recollected that in the princess's work-basket was a little key which unlocked a small garden gate, so hidden by rose-bushes that no one would be likely to remember anything about it. This key she easily smuggled into her pocket, and at five o'clock, creeping out quietly, she unlocked the gate, ran down the hill, met Joe coming up, and laid hold of the handle of the precious basket.

"Here," she said, "I won't trouble you to come any farther. In fact, you can't, for the king has ordered that not a soul shall be allowed to pass the gates to-night. I'll carry the cakes in, and you shall have your basket again to-morrow and the money."

"But," said Joe, keeping fast hold of his wares, "I've set my heart on handing the tarts to the princess with my own hands. If I can't come in to-night, I'll just carry my load home, and fetch them up again in the morning."

Beltira peeped under the lid. The tarts were smoking hot and smelt delightfully. "They would be fit to eat to-morrow," she thought to herself. So she coaxed, and pleaded, and urged; she even cried, but the obstinate Joe would not give up his point. Either the crown-princess must take the tarts from his own hands or she must go without them; nothing could shake his resolution.

At last, "Come along, then, you obstinate fellow," cried the girl. "I shall lose my place if we



are caught, and you will lose your head. But no matter; I'm not going to have my mistress disappointed of her treat."

So in at the little gate and upstairs they crept, treading softly that none should hear them. At last they came to the private apartments of the princess. They were grand rooms, tapestried with satin and peacocks' feathers.

Joe had no eyes for anything but her royal highness; and how he saved the basket of pastry from falling out of his frightened hands he never could understand.

She was indeed beautiful, in her blush-colored satin wrapper, trimmed with pearls and garnets; diamond necklaces, bracelet, and shoe-buckles, and her crystal crown (for she only wore her gold one out-of-doors) balanced artfully on one side of her curly head. However, she smiled in such a welcome manner that Joe was very soon at his ease.

"May it please your royal highness," said Beltira, "this stupid fellow would not give up his cakes to any one but yourself, so I was forced to bring him upstairs."

She locked the door as she spoke, for she was mortally afraid that some one would come in, and, producing a silver dish, attempted to open the basket. But Joe waved her back and knelt at the feet of the princess, and, lifting the lid, displayed the tarts, arranged in two lines on a snow white napkin. There were twenty-six, two bakers' dozens, in all, and the savory smell which they sent forth would have made a hermit hungry enough to forget his vows.

The princess bent over them and gave a little cry of surprise and delight. No wonder, for she had never seen pastry like this before—nor, for that matter, had any one else. Each tart was made with jam of a different kind, and in each dab of jam was traced in white sugar a letter, which, taking the tarts in order, made up this sentence: "Peace and joy to our all-beloved."

Still more curious, each tart was flavored with a jam whose name began with the letter traced upon it. Thus, *p* was peach, *a* apricot, *b* blackberry, *l* lemon, and so on. It was in fact a declaration of love written in pie-crust; but the princess was so hungry, and the cakes smelt so nice, that she did not at first find out what they meant.

Beltira brought a plate and fork. The princess seated herself at the table, and commencing with the first letter, *p*, began to eat the tarts one after another, while happy Joe stood by and rubbed his hands. At the letter *r* in "our," which was flavored with rose-juice, the princess stopped.

"You can have the rest, Beltira," she said, rather faintly, for sixteen tarts at a time is a good many for even a princess to eat.

Nothing loth, Beltira began her share, and as she gobbled even faster than the princess, the last crust soon vanished between her lips. But just as she ended, and shook out the napkin,—whack! bang! came a terrible thump at the door. It was the king, who, having been told by one of his spies that a strange man with a basket had been seen stealing down the corridor which led to the princess's rooms, had come, war-club in hand, to look into the matter.

"It's papa!" cried the princess, wringing her hands.

"It's his majesty!" cried Beltira, wringing hers.

"What shall we do?"

"Let me in!" bellowed the king.

"Yes, dear papa,—in one moment," faltered Gay. "Beltira, what is to be done with this poor boy. We must hide him somewhere."

"Yes, but where?" replied Beltira, weeping like a fountain. "You can't stow away a great fellow seven feet long in a bandbox. I shall—lose—my—place,—I know I shall. It's all your fault, you horrid boy! I told you how it would be."

"Let me in!" vociferated the king, with another bang on the door. Crash went the panel; Joe saw one of the spikes of the war-club come through, and his flesh crept.

"The window!" whispered Gay. "Quick! I am coming, dear papa; have patience!"—and she moved toward the door. Like lightning Beltira flew to the casement, opened it, pushed Joe out, closed and re-bolted it; and, just as the king rushed into the room, Joe alighted on the lid of the water-butt, which, luckily, stood beneath the window and broke his fall. He could hear the king raging over his head, and demanding to know where was the thief, the man with the basket; while Beltira loudly declared that no such man had been there, and the princess, with soft words, sought to soothe her angry sire. Unluckily, his majesty, in his furious career round the room, stumbled upon the baker's basket, which Beltira had hidden behind the window curtain. The king glared at the inoffensive object as though it had been a wild beast, and, with one tap of his war-club, dashed it into bits, while Beltira in vain protested that she could not imagine how such a thing could get there. One of the largest pieces of the basket flew through the window, and in company with a goodly quantity of broken glass, descended on Joe's head as he stood on the water-butt beneath.

Terribly afraid that the king would next look out and see him, he was about to fly, when a dozen hoarse barks were heard, and into the court-yard bounded as many huge mastiffs as big as calves. The noise had aroused these ferocious watch-dogs and brought them from their kennels.

"Well," thought Joe, "one needs be clever, indeed, to escape now."

On came the dogs, and above, the king was poking his head out of the window. There was but one way of escape. Joe slipped into the water-butt, and pulled the lid over his head. The monarch looked out from above, but saw nothing.

"Good dogs," cried he, "at him—seize him!" for the dogs were worrying the fragments of basket. The king ordered lanterns, and went down to see what they had caught. The dogs had torn the napkin which had lined the basket into a thousand bits; the king flattered himself that these were pieces of the thief's clothing, and that the mastiffs had eaten the rest of him up!

"But he may have confederates," said the kindly sovereign; "so, to make sure, leave the pack in the court-yard all night."

Joe's heart sank within him at this command, and he settled deeper in the tank.

The water was ice-cold. It reached above his waist, and made him so uncomfortable, that a little after midnight, he could bear it no longer, and lifting the lid of the tank he peeped out. The dogs spied him in a moment—ran at the tank, jumped up, and tried to seize him. To cool their ardor, he joined his hands, filled them with water and dashed it down their throats. This made the pack sneeze and howl, till at last the disturbance reached even to the king's bedroom and interrupted his royal slumbers; at length he sent down to order the dogs chained up at once. This was a great relief to poor Joe, who had half emptied the butt in defending himself from his canine enemies.

Early in the morning came the palace servants, swept the mosaic floor of the court-yard clean, and fetched out all sorts of rugs and carpets, which they beat with long canes. The sound of the blows were more terrible than even the howling of the dogs to poor Joe, who cowered closer in his chilly prison as he listened to them.

At last all went away save two, who were beating a large and splendid carpet made of velvet, with an embroidered pattern upon it of all sorts of gems. It was, in fact, the best carpet of the palace, and was kept for the floor of the state drawing-room, and only used when other kings came to tea. Joe was just thinking whether it would not do to appear and throw himself upon the mercy of these men, when, looking about to see if they were observed, they drew from their pockets a couple of sharp knives, and working fast, cut from the jeweled carpet some long, narrow strips, which they wound round their waists under their clothes.

"Aha!" thought Clever Joe, "I begin to see which way the king's property goes. However, it's no use to cry 'stop, thief!' at present, those

knives look quite too well ground to make it safe to do that. But I shall remember their faces, and the time may come when it will do to give the king a warning."

The two men went away together, probably to hide their plunder, and Joe took the opportunity to climb out of the tank. He was so stiff from his long soaking in the cold water that he could hardly stand, far less walk. There was no time to exercise his limbs, however—all he could do was to seek another hiding-place, and this he found in the heart of the roll of carpet, stowing himself away all the quicker, from the fact that one of the mastiffs, spying him from his kennel, began to bark furiously, and tug as though he would break his chain. In fact, he did break it, but Joe was safe in the carpet, and the servants coming back just then, and seeing the dog capering to and fro, and the traces of water on the pavement, fell upon the animal and thrashed him soundly. Then they took up the carpet and carried it in-doors.

"This is a clever way to get *out* of the palace, I must say," observed Joe to himself, creeping from the roll the moment he was left alone.

Beyond the state drawing-room was another magnificent apartment, where stood a table spread for the king's breakfast. The sight of food was too much for Joe after his long fast. He soon made such havoc with the viands generally, that in a few minutes scarcely enough was left to satisfy a fly.

At that moment, while still a cup was in his hand and a last mouthful of ham-and-egg between his lips, a blast of trumpets was heard and a voice in the passage outside cried:

"Make way, ladies and gentlemen of the court, make way for his majesty the king and her highness the princess royal, coming to breakfast!"

In another moment the king and the whole court entered the room.

His majesty's first exclamation was of dismay over the disappearance of the breakfast; his next of wrath, for he spied Joe.

"Who is this villain?" he cried, "guards, secure him!"

The guards, ten at a time, secured poor Joe, who was too stupefied to move.

"Well, abominable miscreant, detestable marauder," began the king, in a tone not calculated to set any prisoner at ease, "what business brought you here?"

Joe's mouth opened. He was about to utter the truth when, suddenly, he caught sight of the princess's face, very pale, and looking so terrified that he changed his mind and told the first lie that came into his head.

"I am the robber who has stolen your majesty's treasure," he replied.



"Wretch!" said the king, purple with rage, "where have you hidden your ill-gotten gains? Who are your confederates? Confess all at once! Off with his head, guards! off with his head!"

"But, papa," whispered the princess, "if you take off his head, he can't confess."

"True!" said the king. "Don't off with his head, guards, till further orders. So you are the robber, fellow, eh?"

"Exactly," said Joe, "but I am *not* the two robbers who are stealing your majesty's best carpet piecemeal.

"Oh, are not you? Then, pray, who is?"

"That is telling," said Joe, shaking his head wisely, with a side glance at the dishonest servants, who turned pale as they stood among the rest.

Neither threats nor bribes could make Joe say more, so at last the king ordered him to the deepest dungeon in the palace, "for his impudence," as his majesty remarked. He had the consolation of a little grateful look from Princess Gay as the guards led him off; likewise, he had secured a breakfast, which was something pleasant to think of.

And though he was not aware of it, his answers to the king had really been clever. For in the middle of the night, as he lay soundly sleeping in his dungeon, the door opened, and two men stole in. These men were the dishonest servants.

"Hush," said one of them. "Speak low. You are a good fellow not to give up our names to the king. He would have our ears if he guessed that we were the thieves."

"I fancy he would," said Joe. "So it will be well for you to leave the palace before I am examined in the morning, you know."

"Oh, we don't want to leave the palace. There is some excellent picking and stealing here still, and we prefer to stay awhile longer. *You* shall leave the palace instead; that will do quite as well."

"Oh?"

"We will give you a chance to escape."

"That's very kind, I'm sure. But I shall be going away with less than I came in with," said Joe, thinking of his basket and his napkin.

The thieves whispered together.

"Well, then," said one, "since nothing else will content you, you shall have a peep at the Treasury yourself, and as much plunder as you can carry off, provided you will clear out at once, and never come back. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Joe. "But how will you manage about the guard? He comes every half hour to the door, and I have to answer, that he may know I am here. One of you will have to take my place and reply to him for an hour or so, till I am safely off."

"Very well, Buglecord, you stay. Come along, my fine fellow. Oh, your chains? We'll soon rid you of these;" and the thief cut the fetters loose with a pair of nippers. "Make haste," he went on. "I'll come back and let you know, Buglecord, as soon as he's gone."

So the thief and the baker's son left the dungeon noiselessly. As they passed out of the door, Joe felt for the bolt, and quietly shot it into its staple, unperceived by his companion. By many winding ways, upstairs and down-stairs they went, and at last came to the Royal Treasury. There were the guards, bolts, bars, man-traps and signals, all in their proper places; but what good did they do? for the old thief simply touched a spring, and up went one of the big marble flags of the pavement, letting them in as easily as possible. Joe stood in the middle of the treasure-chamber, with his eyes almost popping out of his head for wonderment at the store of gold and silver vessels, coin, and other precious things. It seemed to him that all the thieves in the world might come there daily and steal and steal, and still there would be no end to the riches of the place.

"Hurry! hurry!" said the thief, impatiently.

"I don't know what to choose," said Joe, still staring about him.

"Oh, well, get down upon the ladder by which we entered, and I'll hand you the things," said the thief, chuckling over Joe's silliness.

So Joe stood on the ladder under the trap-door, and the thief began to pass down the articles which were the least valuable, but which he thought good enough for such a stupid youth as Joe. Joe received a few things, then, while the other's back was turned, he softly lowered the flag-stone and made it fast on his side. The thief, perceiving that he was entrapped, beat on the stone and implored Joe to release him; but Joe went his way chuckling; for the funny part was, that the robber dared not raise his voice above a whisper, for fear of rousing the guards outside the door.

Joe hid his booty in his pockets, all except one silver cup. With this in hand, he boldly marched up to the first sentinel he met.

"Hush!" he said. "Here's your share for keeping quiet."

The man stared; but supposing that Joe was a new-comer added to the band of robbers, he said nothing, and allowed him to pass unmolested. They were close to an old chimney, and hastily rubbing his hand upon the soot, Joe made a mark on the back of the fellow's uniform, that he might know him again if he had the chance. Thus he went on, doing the same to each guard he met, till he reached the gate, where he emptied his pocket in paying the porter. To each man who

received his bribe he applied his blackened hand as he passed; and once out of the palace, he took to his heels and ran down the hill toward home.

Early as it was, the baker and his journeymen were already up and kneading bread.

Joe rushed in, wild with excitement.

"All of you come here," he cried, "and do exactly as I say, and we shall make our fortunes."

"How? What do you mean?" they demanded, crowding about him.

helped themselves to out of a neighboring field, the procession rode solemnly up to the palace, and Joe, giving a thundering rap on the knocker, desired the porter to inform the king that the renowned wizard Baricold Maxmaxfarogafarmax, Duke of Shadows and Master of the Night, desired the honor of an immediate audience.

The king, much impressed with this message, made haste to receive the sage in his sleeping-chamber, clapping on a crown over his night-cap,



CLEVER JOE MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Ask no questions, but do as I say," was all the reply Joe would make; but so earnest and decided was his air, that they obeyed, and did as he directed, without farther delay.

What he directed was, that each man should dress himself in some outlandish way at once. Some of them wrapped themselves in sheets, others in fur blankets; two or three who had old masks put them on, and Joe himself improvised a hasty costume out of flour-bags, which, being yellow lettered with red, had a very odd and fantastic appearance. Then mounted on donkeys, which they

by way of grandeur, and sitting up on his pillows, holding his scepter, which he always took to bed with him, in his hand. Joe went at once to the point.

"Your majesty," he said, bowing profoundly before the monarch, "I am come to relieve you of a great perplexity. No natural means will enable you to discover the thieves who desolate your treasury; but I, the great Baricold Maxmaxfarogafarmax, I can, and I will."

"Will you, really, Mr. Barifaxicomaxy?" cried the overjoyed king, leaping up and falling on the

neck of the baker's son. "Heaven indeed has sent you. I have been at my wit's end about those same thieves. Rid me of them, and take what you will, even to a quarter of my kingdom."

"Your majesty," replied the sorcerer in a majestic tone, "I don't want a quarter of your kingdom. I would n't have it if I might. I want only one single thing within your majesty's power to grant, and that thing I must have, or the thieves must go on thieving."

"And what is that?" inquired the king, trembling with impatience."

"The hand of your beautiful daughter, the Princess Gay," replied Joe, with a magnificent bow.

"Well," said the king, who, much as he loved the child, loved money better, and was delighted that the magician's views took this sentimental turn, "my daughter's hand, eh? Well, it is a bargain. Rid me of the robbers, and you shall have her and welcome."

"I must first trouble your majesty to put on your clothes," observed Joe.

His majesty, who was usually something of a dawdle, dressed with the speed of light.

"And now," observed Joe, "to the dungeons."

He led the way, and pausing before the door of that in which he had been himself confined, thus addressed the king:

"The poor youth you shut up here was innocent. By my magic art I have removed him, and have put in his place one of the real culprits who have robbed your majesty."

"What!" cried the king, as the door opened; "one of my most trusted servants! Oh, you villain, you monster of ingratitude!" and he hit him such a rap with his scepter, that it echoed through the vault. "Put chains on him at once!" roared the king. "I vowed that the rogue should feel the weight of my indignation, and he shall."

It was done.

"And now to the Treasury," said Joe.

When that door was opened, inside sat thief number two, with his pocket-handkerchief at his eyes.

"How did you get here?" demanded the king.

"Your majesty, I cannot tell," faltered the man. "Perhaps I walked in my sleep. I used to as a child!"

"I'll walk you!" roared the irate king. "Pack him off, guards, and serve him like the other one."

It was done.

"Now," proceeded Joe, "your majesty will please have all your guards, sentinels, and porters called in and caused to defile before me."

In they came, amazed and wondering.

"By my magic art," said the wizard, "I have set a black mark between the shoulders of all among these men who are confederates of the gang who have so long plundered your Royal Treasury. Right about face, my men; march forward and let us see."

The guilty guards wriggled fearfully, and twisted their heads nearly off in the attempt to catch a glimpse of their own backs. All was in vain; there were the fatal marks, and each in turn was marched off to prison.

By this time, Princess Gay, beautiful as the morning, had joined the group. The sorcerer, with his false beard, red-and-yellow robes, and pointed cap, made her shudder with fear; and when the king, taking her hand, led her forward and said, "My daughter, behold your husband," she began to cry piteously.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed, "I cannot,—indeed I cannot!"

"Why not?" demanded the king, knitting his brows. "The only possible pretext for disobeying me would be a previous attachment, and I know perfectly well there is nothing of that sort."

"Oh, yes, there is!" cried the princess, at her wit's end for an excuse. "I have an attachment. I love" (and she racked her brains to think of some one), "I love—a boy who brought me some cream-cakes yesterday. Lovely cream-cakes. Never did I see their like. That boy is my choice, and him only can I wed,"—for, thought Gay to herself, "he is miles off by this time, probably; and while they are searching for him, I can invent some other excuse."

"A baker's boy!" began the king, in his deepest tones, but the magician plucked his sleeve.

"Your majesty, say nothing," he whispered. "My art can compass even this miracle."

Saying this, he tore away his false beard, flung his cloak of flour-bags aside, pulled the conical cap from his head, and stood there in his proper person, rosy and youthful.

The princess gave a scream. The king gave another.

"Is it you?" said Gay.

"Is it you?" demanded the king.

"It is I," replied Joe, winking secretly at each.

The king joined their hands.

"Be happy, my children!" said he.

And they *were* happy. Whether the princess ever knew positively if her husband was wizard or was baker's son, I cannot tell. Sometimes she fancied him one, and sometimes the other. No more money disappeared from the royal treasury. The king recovered his temper, and the court its merriment. Gay went on smiling, as befitted her name; and she and Joe agreed admirably. One

thing was observable : on the anniversary of their wedding-day, they always had a private frolic, shut up in their own rooms, with only Beltira to wait upon them. No one knew what was done on these occasions ; but the courtiers, listening at the

key-hole, used to hear a clinking of forks and plates, and smell a strange, delicious fragrance, which nobody could explain. Some persisted that this fragrance was the smell of freshly-baked cream-tarts. I wonder if it was ?



THE VALENTINE.



## THE INDIAN GIRL AND HER MESSENGER-BIRD.

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.

ONCE upon a time, there was an Indian who lived in a big woods on the banks of a beautiful river, and he did nothing all day long but catch fish and hunt wild deer. Well, this Indian had two lovely little daughters, and he named one Sunbeam, because she was so bright and cheerful, and the other he called Starlight, because, he said, her sweet eyes twinkled like the stars.

Sunbeam and Starlight were as gay as butterflies,

She could not play, for Starlight was gone, she knew not where; so she took the bright feathers out of her hair, and sat down by the river and cried and cried for Starlight to come back to her. But when her father told her that Starlight was gone to the Spirit-land of love and beauty, and would be happy for ever and ever, Sunbeam was comforted.

"Now," said she, "I know where darling Starlight is, and I can kiss her and talk to her again."



SUNBEAM LETS THE GLAD BIRD GO.

and as busy as bees, from morning till night. They ran races under the shady trees, made bouquets of wild flowers, swung on grape-vine swings, turned berries and acorns into beads, and dressed their glossy black hair with bright feathers that beautiful birds had dropped. They loved each other so much, and were so happy together, that they never knew what trouble meant until, one day, Starlight got very sick, and before the big moon came over the tree-tops, the sweet Indian child had closed her starry eyes in death, and rested for the last time upon her soft little deer-skin bed. And now, for the first time, Sunbeam's heart was full of grief.

Sunbeam had heard her people say that the birds were messengers from the Spirit-land. So she hunted through the woods until she found a little song-bird, that was too young to fly, fast asleep in its nest. She carried it gently home, put it into a cage, and watched over it and fed it tenderly day after day until its wings grew strong and it filled the woods with its music. Then she carried it in her soft little hands to Starlight's grave; and after she had loaded it with kisses and messages of love for Starlight, she told it never to cease its sweetest song or fold its shining wings until it had flown to the Spirit-land. She let it go, and the

glad bird, as it rose above the tall green trees, poured forth a song more joyful than any that Sunbeam had ever heard. Higher and higher it flew, and sweeter and sweeter grew its song, until at last both its form and its music were lost in the floating summer clouds.

Then Sunbeam ran swiftly over the soft grass to her father, and told him, with a bright smile and a light heart, that she had talked with dear Starlight, and had kissed her sweet rosy mouth again; and Sunbeam was once more her father's bright and happy little Indian girl.

## "FESTINA LENTE."

BY THOMAS HUGHES,

AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," ETC., ETC.

A SUMMONS from ST. NICHOLAS! One of those fresh and sincere voices, which seem to me to be very truly characteristic of the New World, comes across the three thousand miles of sea rolling and leaping under these wild south winds. It reminds me of certain good intentions of mine, of pledges half given years ago, and never even half redeemed. It asks, not indeed for payment in full, but for some small installment, some acknowledgment of the debt, which will serve to prevent the statute of limitations from running. It tells me of a crowd of eager and bright young listeners, who think I may have some word to say to them which they want to hear,—an eager, bright young crowd of American boys, from nine to eighteen years of age,—and asks "if I can have the heart to refuse" to say it.

Not I, indeed! For I never had the heart to refuse anything to such applicants. But how to redeem my pledge—what word to say to such an audience—how to reach the hearts of "the youth that own the coming years" in a land which is not my own, though I can scarcely look on it as a foreign land,—there lies the puzzle.

The sight of an ordinary crowd, we are told, is—in England, at least—always a sad one, if you take note of the expression of the faces in repose; though it may be inspiring enough when any strong wave of feeling is passing through or over them. I should say, from my own experience, that "pathetic" rather than "melancholy" is the true word, even for a grown-up crowd, and it most certainly is with a crowd of boys. Who can help being roused and lifted out of the humdrum jog-trot of the daily life of middle age when he gets in touch with them—lifted, though it may be only for

a short hour or so, by the inspiring contact of overflowing health, and joy and hope, into the breezy, buoyant atmosphere of early morning?

When all the world is young, lads,  
And all the trees are green,  
With every goose a swan, lads,  
And every lass a queen,—  
Then heigh for boot and horse, lads,  
And round the world away!  
Young blood must have its course, lads,  
And every dog his day.

Yes, pathetic is the true word. For even while looking on the young faces, and feeling the pulse and inspiration of the dawn of life down to one's finger ends, thoughts of another kind will crowd up into the mind,—“thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,”—of beginnings cut short, of projects abandoned, of designs marred, of expectations unfulfilled.

But fair, and softly! How soon one's pen runs away with one! These are not the words I meant to say, or the thoughts I meant to suggest, to you, the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS. You will touch the pathetic side of life, all of you, soon enough. Why should I thrust it on you before the appointed hour?

Meantime I say, revel in the dawn. Rejoice in your young strength and life; aim high, and build your castles like brave young architects, only taking care to dig the foundations deep, and to lay them with care and patience. Whether you will ever be able to build on them such brave and lofty towers and halls as you dream of now, matters comparatively little to you or your country. A thousand accidents and chances will determine in the coming years what the superstructure shall be,—accidents

and chances we call them for want of a better name,—which you cannot control in the outset, but which will be controlled and settled for you.

What materials you will have to work with who can say? To one clay, to another wood, to another marble, to another jewels and precious stones, will be served out in the great workshop of the world. You cannot make your choice; it will be made for you. But this you can and may do, and should be doing now: You can so prepare the ground and the foundations, that whatever material shall come to your hand hereafter, shall surely be made the most of, and used in the best way; so that whether you have to build marble palaces, or brick houses, or log huts, the work shall be faithful and strong, and fit to stand the stress of the wildest weather, and the wear and tear of time.

What are these foundations but the principles and habits which underlie the character of the man, and which can only be laid to good purpose by the boy? Truthfulness, self-control, simplicity, obedience,—these are the great corner-stones, to be welded and bound together by the cement of patience. "If I had only one word to speak to my boys," said one of the wisest and best educators of our time, "it should be Patience, Patience, Patience, over and over again." The world is getting into such a feverish hurry, and we are going so fast, that we are all in danger of missing the best things in life—the common sights and sounds which lie by the way-side on every stage of the journey, and nowhere in greater profusion than on the first stage. This is our trouble, and likely to be more and more the trouble of our children.

But, happily for us, our boys are the least affected by the disease of any section of society. The upper-school boy, unless he is a mere shiftless ne'er-do-well (a very small section of any community), is, as a rule, more than content with his daily life; he is rejoicing and glorying in it. And his daily life repays him with interest. He stands there, at seventeen or eighteen, on the verge of manhood,—a boy still in heart, full of enthusiasms and aspirations, but with an intellect and body patiently and carefully trained, looking hopefully to the next step in life, but unwilling to hurry it,—the best poised and most equally developed human creature, take him all round, that our life can show. He has not sold his birthright, and the grand morning hours of life, when boyhood is maturing, have passed slowly over him, leaving behind them a bouquet and fragrance which will sweeten the coming years, and a reserve of strength for the labor and heat of the approaching midday.

"Ah, your boy keeps his birthright, and ours sells it for a very poor mess of pottage," writes one American friend to me; while another says,

"You, in England, have a proverb, 'Boys will be boys'; ours should run just the other way, 'Boys won't be boys,'—I wish to heaven they would, and no one would grudge paying for broken glass and crockery."

"Have you had any American boys under you?" I asked of one of the ablest English masters, who has had great experience at two of our best public schools.

"Yes," he said, "I have had several as pupils, and have known a good many more; and nice, clever fellows they were. Very like our own boys, too, but older of their age, as a rule."

"Ah, you found it so!" I said. "I suppose they did n't care so much for games. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, partly so; but not exactly. They seemed rather to endure than to enjoy their lives, not only in the playing-fields, but in the schools. There were several promising cricketers, for instance, amongst them; but they did n't work at it as most of our boys do, or get the same zest out of it. And it was much the same with their school-work. They did it because they were sent there to do it, and did n't care to be left behind. But they could n't throw themselves into the life with any enthusiasm, and so lost much of the pleasure, as well as the profit, of it."

"But might n't that come from early associations and training? Our boys have a world of their own which is sufficient for them. To be captain of the school, or of the eleven, or of bigside football, or of the boats, is to be famous in that little world which they have heard their big brothers talk of ever since they were breeched. But an American boy has not been reared in the traditions, and so can't care so much for our boy's world. He feels like an outsider at an English school."

"Possibly. At any rate, it's a great loss, and would hinder me from sending over a boy of mine if I were an American."

"What! Not even to learn to write Greek and Latin verses? I fancy that art is ignored on the other side, and you know you think in your secret soul that life must be a poor thing to a man who can't amuse himself in a leisure half-hour by turning the last popular song into iambs, or longs and shorts."

"Well, so be it. Great, I own, are iambs, and great are longs and shorts; but you may pay too much for them, and the Yankee boy, I'm afraid, buys our culture too dear. It does n't satisfy him. It is n't what he wants. Over here he is n't willing to remain a boy; very likely, as you say, because he feels like an outsider in our boy's world. Probably at home he would find something answering to it, in which he could let himself out, and be

satisfied, without wanting to discount life, and be a man before his time."

How is it, my boys? Are my correspondents and friends right? Are you hurrying up your own lives, and therefore, so far as you can, spoiling the life of your country? Well, if so, the only word I have to say to you (like my friend above referred to) is—patience, patience, patience! But I am a stranger, and know little of your needs or your hopes. Let me cite, then, one who has the best right to speak to you, and whose words ought to go straight to the heart of every American boy. Take down your Lowell, and look out a little poem (not one of his best in workmanship, but a gem in spirit and motive) called "Hebe." The gods' messenger descends to earth, bearing in her hands their choicest gift, the cup brimming with nectar—inspiration, and solace, and strength—for the lip

of him whom the gods approve. The youth rushes to meet her—will snatch the cup from her hand. In his haste it is broken, and the precious contents spilled on the ground.

"O spendthrift haste! await the gods:  
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;  
Haste scatters on unthankful sods  
The immortal gift in vain libations.  
Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
And shuns the hand would seize upon her;  
Follow thy life, and she shall sue  
To pour for thee the cup of honor."

Yes, follow your lives, and you will control them; get ahead of them, and they will slip from under your hand. You are bred with a strong faith in your country and her destiny; justify that faith then, and remember that "he that believeth shall not make haste."

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## STARS AND DAISIES.

BY LOUIS MUNSON.

THE stars are tiny daisies high,  
Opening and shutting in the sky;  
While daisies are the stars below,  
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

The star-buds blossom in the night,  
And love the moon's calm, tender light;  
But daisies bloom out in the day,  
And watch the strong sun on his way.

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## A TALK ABOUT CANARIES.

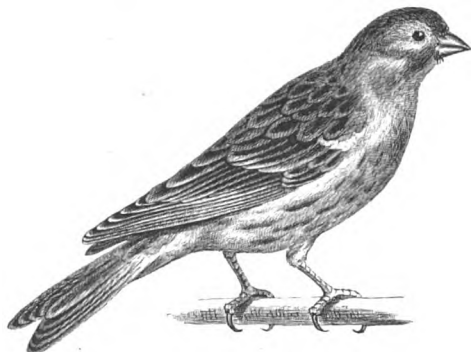
BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

It is so long ago, that now we do not know just when the canary-bird first began to be a favorite cage-bird in Europe, but it was some time in the fourteenth century. Its native land is Southern Africa and some of the islands off its Atlantic coast, including Ascension, Cape de Verde, and St. Helena, where Napoleon Bonaparte was imprisoned. It is curious that it should have received

its name from the Canary Islands, which are also in that part of the world, for it is said to have been unknown there until some tame ones escaped to the shore from an Italian ship which was wrecked near by. Since then "Canaries" have become abundant on those islands.

The plumage of the wild male bird varies from greenish-yellow on the throat and breast, to golden-

yellow lower down; the sides and thighs are dirty white; the top of the head and back brownish-ash, streaked with brown; the wing-feathers are brown-black, with pale edges. The color of the female is more dingy and indistinct. It builds its nest in thick bushes, lays from four to six pale-blue eggs, and hatches five or six broods in a season, the first appearing in March. Its habits are very much like those of our yellow thistle-bird, or



THE WILD CANARY.

goldfinch. This is a very different bird, you will notice, from our larger, clear-yellow cage-bird; yet the one familiar to us in the United States is perhaps nearer the original form than the majority of the thirty or forty known varieties of the canary which have been produced by the skill of persons accustomed to rearing them, many of which greatly differ from the ordinary bird not only in shape, as you see displayed in the group of "fancy" varieties on the next page, but also in the tints of their coats, and the character and arrangement of the markings.

The bird in the upper right-hand corner of the picture is known as the "Manchester copy," from the city of Manchester, England, where it originated; the hooded, or crested, one under it is a "Norwich buff-crested fancy," named after Norwich, England; the big-shouldered one at the left is a favorite in Scotland, under the name of the "Glasgow don;" but the "Belgian" variety in the center of the group, which is so slender that it can almost pass through a finger-ring, is the highest prized and most delicate of all. It is cultivated chiefly in Belgium.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird-stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive; these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however, where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant

shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great center whence the world is supplied with singing-birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Hartz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs, secure from all harm. When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away round to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore.

So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably twenty-five thousand came to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or two birds singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of a small menagerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

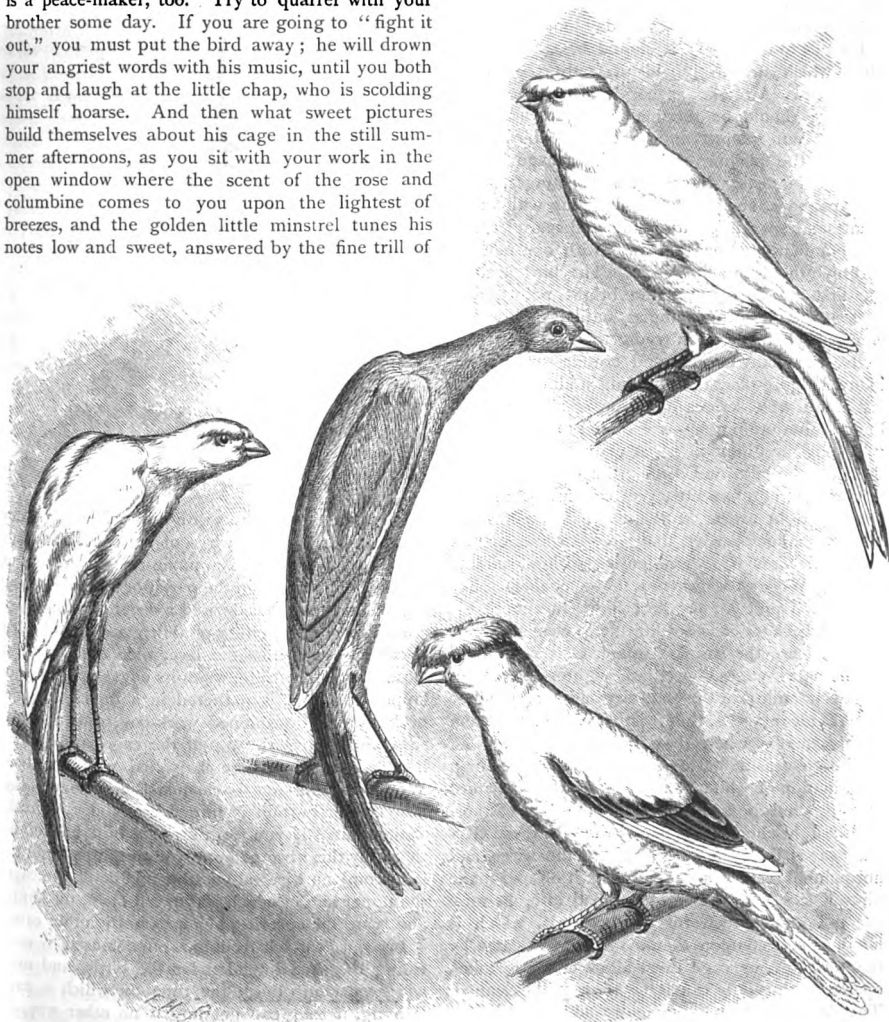
The bird-shops are always a curious sight, and some curious people keep them,—usually kindly old Germans, who have become so used to handling tenderly the delicate little creatures, that it is doubtful whether they could be harsh and rough if they tried.

And this is just one of the beautiful things about having a canary in the house, that it is all the time preaching us a cheery little sermon. It sings to us, "Be happy, be happy, be happy! Keep cool, keep cool, keep cool! Be contented, be gentle, be pure, be true, be trustful!" And it sets us a beautiful example every hour. Why, a canary's good-nature is something wonderful! Next time you are "blue," go and listen to his melody bubbling up out of his throat, the notes tumbling head over heels out of his mouth as though they could n't get out fast enough to tell how gay he feels,—and see if you don't catch his jollity and begin to whistle and sing, too, before you know it. He does n't bother himself if his breakfast or bath

is late! Not he. He says, "Oh! well, I 'spect Nellie has something bigger than I am to look after; I'll put in the time singing"—and at it he goes, calling so loud and strong that Nellie soon hears him, and rewards him with fresh seed. He is a peace-maker, too. Try to quarrel with your brother some day. If you are going to "fight it out," you must put the bird away; he will drown your angriest words with his music, until you both stop and laugh at the little chap, who is scolding himself hoarse. And then what sweet pictures build themselves about his cage in the still summer afternoons, as you sit with your work in the open window where the scent of the rose and columbine comes to you upon the lightest of breezes, and the golden little minstrel tunes his notes low and sweet, answered by the fine trill of

fold the little trouble he costs, by the sunshine he brings into the house, and by the gentle, loving care for all sweet and tender things which he teaches us day by day.

If we keep a canary, of course we want it always



SOME FANCY VARIETIES OF THE CANARY.

the chippy whispering to his mate in the lilac-bush, and the loving talk of pretty warblers which you cannot see, but only hear in the tall shade-trees of the garden! Our Pet pays us a hundred-

to be just so healthy and happy; but whether it is so or not, will depend almost entirely on the care we take of it; and it is quite useless—or rather very wrong—for us to undertake for our pleasure the



charge of a little prisoner, even though only a bird, unless we are prepared to spend time and labor enough to make its captivity just as pleasant as possible. When even decently attended to, a canary probably does not feel its confinement; and there is no doubt that if it is properly cared for, it has not one hour of sadness all day long.

First as to the cage: It should be suited to the birds which are to inhabit it, setting off their attractions. Airiness, space, light and ease of cleaning, should be the main recommendations, both for our interest and that of the birds. In general, the plainer and simpler a cage is, the better. Fantastic shapes,—Swiss cottages, Chinese pagodas, and the like,—dangling with ornaments and sparkling with points and spangles, are an abomination; they run away with our money, and hide the little fairy within. The bird itself is the first one to discover the bright points, and peck at the glittering spangles, until it poisons or chokes itself to death in trying to eat them; and lastly, the many corners and crinkles are just so many lodging-places for vermin and dirt. This last is the most serious objection of all, for cleanliness—absolute purity—is essential to every canary's health and happiness. A plain, simple cage is therefore the best, and usually the cheapest. But it is better to go to a little greater expense in getting the right article at first, even if you have to have it made to order, than to waste money and risk your birds by experimenting with unsuitable cages. Wooden cages are to be avoided also, because, if pretty, they cost high, but more especially because it is so difficult to cleanse them. The best are the simple, square, German, metallic-enameled cages,—prettiest, lightest to carry, most economical in the end, airy and commodious. The disadvantage is, that it is not easy to get them in this country, where they are rather costly.

The color is a matter of taste, but white, or a combination of white and green, is perhaps most pleasing and best adapted to the colors of most birds; light chocolate is good also. In these German cages the color is burnt into the wires, and not painted on where Pet can peck it off and make himself sick. Brass cages are bad also, because the poisonous green rust or verdigris, which is likely to collect upon them, is sure to be eaten by the bird. Your cage must allow of being taken apart, for thus only can it be thoroughly cleaned. The door should be sufficiently large to admit a good-sized bathing tray. As to food and drinking vessels, the conical "fountains" for seeds are to be avoided; they become foul. Pet can only get at the top seeds, and so starves in the midst of seeming abundance. Tin cups rust, and are otherwise bad, so that the only proper arrangement are cups

of glass or porcelain, square or circular, two inches deep by one across. The perches should be plain round sticks, unvarnished, and no two of the same thickness; if the cage is a large one, a swing of enameled metal or polished wood is a source of endless amusement to the occupant.



A CAGE WITH LACE BAG FOR CATCHING SEED.

Pet scatters seed-husks with a liberal bill in every direction through the wires of his cage, and thus sometimes becomes so annoying as to prevent us keeping him near us in the parlor or library. Some ingenious person has devised a cover to catch these crumbs. A strip, either of thin gauze, or of what is called "wash-illusion" lace, wide enough to fit loosely about the cage, when its edges are sewed or lapped together, is gathered in a bunch like the neck of an old-fashioned work-bag, and attached six inches above the top of the cage, and also six inches below it, where it is tied with a ribbon. Whenever the cage is cleaned the bottom of this lace bag or curtain is untied and the seed-husks shaken out. If you feel that your bird has too little air by this arrangement, you might suspend the lace from the wires about the middle of the cage, the upper half of which is thus left open, puckering and tying the covering below as in the other case.

In aviaries much trouble is often caused by mice eating the seed intended for the birds, and mice will even climb down the rope by which a cage is hung, if they can get into it no other way, so fond are they of the hemp and rape. The next engraving shows how this thieving may be prevented by passing the cord through a disk of stout pasteboard, tin, or glass, which will sway with the weight of the mouse and afford him no chance to hold on to its smooth surface.

Another matter is where you put your cage or aviary. The place should be neither too hot, nor too cold, nor in drafts. In summer, especially at the time of nesting, a high sunny window, out of the reach of cats, and where cooling breezes blow about him all day, will bring out Pet's gayest songs and warm into their richest beauty the golden hues of his plumage. In winter a window would be the worst possible place for him, for there he is exposed to the dozen steady drafts of cold air which incessantly pour in through the crevices in sashes and panes. In cold weather the best place for birds is the wall of a dwelling-room on which the sun shines. There their spirits are kept gay by human companionship, and, being always in sight, their supply of food and water is less likely to be forgotten. Stove-heat, however, and particularly the presence of gas in the room, is bad for canaries, and to avoid the evil effects of the last, which makes the air near the ceiling insufferably hot, causing the canary to molt out of season, to droop, etc., a good plan is to have the cage suspended from a pulley, and in the evening to lower it to within four feet or so of the floor. An even temperature, summer and winter, ought, if possible, to be secured for the birds. At night, if the room is to become cold, the cage should be wrapped in a woollen shawl, or, at least, in thick paper, leaving an air-hole. It is always better, where possible, to have a little room devoted to the birds alone, but this, of course, is only practicable where you have plenty of space and money.

Now, having your pet comfortably and prettily housed, comes the duty of his daily care. I say *duty*, for if we undertake to keep an innocent creature in captivity, we are bound to make its life just as joyous as we can. A canary will manage to live for a long time, and even be cheerful now and then, surrounded by filth and half starved, for it has a wonderfully buoyant disposition; but it will not be happy, and no person has a right to call himself a bird-lover, or even fancier, who will allow his canaries to suffer from neglect.

The first essential is cleanliness,—scrupulous neatness all the time. The cage must be thoroughly cleansed every morning, or every other morning, in all parts, and care should be taken that the seed is free from dirt, the water pure, and the sand on the floor of the cage well cleaned by being previously boiled in water. The corners and wooden parts should be particularly looked at, the perches well scraped, and twice a week plunged in boiling water to kill any of those pests, the red mites, that may have got there. Pet must have a bath every day in a sufficiently large tub, but it will not do to let him bathe whenever he pleases, and hence the water must not be left in the cage after he has once finished. He must not

lack a good supply of seed and plenty of the purest drinking-water. A bird is so tirelessly active and so warm-blooded that it uses up its heat and strength a great deal faster than any other animal. It therefore needs constant nourishment, and a simple morning or evening meal will not do at all; it must have seed all the time, and in return will reward you by songs of thanksgiving without end. A starved bird not only will not sing, but his coat loses its plumpness and gloss, his manner becomes listless, and some morning you find him dead and stiff in the bottom of his cage.

This introduces the subject of food. Canary-seed is their bread and butter—the wild food of their native land. They can hardly live without this, but they need a variety—not made up of rich biscuit, cake, bread and butter, or the like, which will soon ruin a bird's delicate digestion—but of the seeds and green parts of many other plants, such as



A DISCONCERTED MOUSE.

hemp, rape, millet, linseed and poppy, and the crushed seeds of many garden vegetables, mixed with the canary-seed, or given separately. Canary and rape seed mixed is called "black-and-white bird-seed." The seeds of many of our road-side weeds,—chickweed, plantain, feathery heads of grass,—and fresh, tender young leaves of watercress, plantain, lettuce and cabbage are appreciated; while a perfectly ripe strawberry or pieces of mellow-sweet apples and pears are dainties to a canary. Plums, cherries, stone-fruits, and rinds are objectionable for the acid they contain. The green food given should be perfectly fresh, and if you live in the city a good plan is to plant a quantity of bird-seed in saucers of earth, and when the canary, hemp, rape, or millet is sufficiently grown to look green at the top, pull it up, roots and all, and throw it into the cage. You shall see how quickly your pets will seize it! These are so tough that a



canary needs still harder substances to aid his digestion, and will naturally resort to the sand in the bottom of the cage; you must therefore choose your sand carefully—sea-sand is the best, because saltish—and wash it clean. The bird needs lime also, out of which to build the shells of its eggs; supply this want with hens' egg-shells, except during the nesting season. Daily and regularly fed with plenty of seed, and saved from devouring "jim-cracks" in the shape of meat and other un-

stroy his health, or we have been over-indulgent and injured his stomach with rich food, or else we have allowed him to associate with some diseased bird and so catch the malady. It is always one of these three causes that kills our birds,—leaving accidents and old age out of the question,—and all three of these we can avoid.

The symptoms by which you can tell whether or not your canary is in the enjoyment of health are: The general appearance of his plumage, the



THE CANARY THAT ALWAYS CAME BACK.

wholesome things, there is no harm in once in a while allowing Pet a taste of hard-boiled egg, or a lump of sugar, but such sweets must be sparingly supplied. If you are watchful, you will soon come to know what effect certain food has upon your bird, and to understand that what he can eat at one season is not good for him at another—when molting, for example.

It is disagreeable to have anything to say about disease in such dear little objects as our birds; but, unfortunately, they sometimes fall sick, yet may occasionally become mopish and ill for a few days in spite of all we can do; but permanent disease is *always* due to some neglect on our part. Either we have allowed his cage to be so dirty as to de-

color of his eyes, beak and legs, and last, though not least, his liveliness or his lack of it. A bird's health is usually most delicate at the time of the yearly renewal of the coat of feathers, or "molting," which in the Northern States begins in August, or earlier in hot weather. Too early molting should be checked by removal of the bird to a cooler room and by frequent baths, but not by medicine. Unless the time is very much out of the way, however, it is generally best to let nature have its own course, only guarding against chills; for if Pet catches cold at this time, he is a dead bird! Strong light—but not the direct rays of the sun—is of the utmost importance now, deepening the colors of the new feathers. While

molting, your bird should have plenty of water for drinking and bathing; and if he seems to suffer from having a skin so tough that the growing quills will not push through readily, anoint the sore parts with a brush dipped in slightly warm castor-oil. A generous diet, some stimulant in the drinking-water, like a rusty nail or an addition of a trifle of brandy or sherry wine, an extra allowance of linseed, and unusual attention on your part, will help your favorite through this trying season.

Sometimes the feet and legs become tender, sore, and scaly. This is caused by foul perches; and the treatment is to hold the feet frequently in warmish water, sometimes adding a trifle of arnica to it, and to anoint them with oil. Inflammation in various parts of the body, hoarseness of the voice, and dizziness are not uncommon complaints; but to give full instruction about half of these troublesome diseases would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS; and where care and common sense do not prevent or cure them, there are books to be consulted on the subject, especially those published in England. After all, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the tender care which neither neglects nor frightens the canary is worth a whole college of doctors. So much for their bodily troubles.

Canaries show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. They soon come to know their masters or mistresses, and will often follow them about. I "mind," as a Scotch girl would say, a little lassie who had a pet bird so tame that in pleasant weather she used every day to open the window and let it go out of the house, for it would always return at evening, tapping on the window-panes to be let in, if the sash happened to be closed. An English gentleman had a canary for several years which never was kept in a cage, and in summer was always flying out to the gate or down the road to meet its master, perching on his finger, nestling in his bosom, or, best of all, clinging in his hair, where it was completely happy; at the same time only one other person in the house would it allow to touch it, resenting any attempt at familiarity with the fiercest anger. At last, however, this bold little fellow got bewildered in a sudden dense fog, and was lost. Canaries can live out-of-doors in our climate very well in the summer, and some-

times join the families of wild birds; but their house-bred constitutions can hardly stand the cold of winter, and escaped birds probably all perish before spring. They are very affectionate little creatures, always prefer companions, and will make friends even with their natural enemies. A fancier in London had a cat which, with her kittens, would eat out of the canaries' dish in the bird-



OLD TRAY AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

room, and never think of harming them, while the birds seemed to enjoy Tabby's society. The picture of the bird in the dog's mouth tells a true story of a canary in France which really would go into Old Tray's open mouth, and sit there in perfect security; reminding us of the birds which venture into the horrid jaws of the crocodiles dozing on the banks of the Nile, finding some kind of food there, and never being harmed by the lazy reptiles.

On the other hand, canaries are easily frightened. I knew of one which was thrown into convulsions and died simply because a gentleman placed his white hat suddenly near the cage. What must have been the terror of that poor bird I saw in Thirty-fifth street, New York, the other day! Its cage had been placed close up against the broad pane of a front window, outside of which there was a little balcony. A large cat saw it, and thought he had a fine prize; so he crept stealthily across the balcony until he thought he was near enough, when he made a spring, and to his surprise pounced hard against the strong plate-glass, which evidently he had not seen in his way—it was so clear. It was amusing to watch the cat sneak away, abashed, and sore-headed, but the canary was terribly shocked. There is always danger from cats in hanging cages out-of-doors, and also danger from small hawks and butcher-



birds, which frequently drag Pet through the wires and devour him.

To *lame* birds and to train them to perform tricks are two very different things. Any one may do the first by constant, quiet kindness, endless attention, and patience. Accustom the bird to your presence, and let it understand that, whatever you do about it, nothing is intended for its terror or harm. This learned, teaching it to perch on your finger, or come to your whistle and call, is only a matter of time and gentle patience. Some odd tricks may be taught them if they are 'cute,—for different birds differ very greatly in their ability

to learn, as well as in their natural talents and dispositions,—but the astonishing exploits of some troupes of "performing birds" which are exhibited about the country are all taught to them by a terribly cruel course of lessons, and you ought not to make your Pet emulate these performances.

The Germans often teach young birds tunes and the songs of other birds; but the operation is a slow and tedious one, and the result not very satisfactory. It seems to me that our highest wish should be to perfect all that is natural to a canary, and not try to make him something else than he is, or was intended to be.

## THE FIRST PARTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

MISS Annabel McCarty  
Was invited to a party,  
"Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;  
And the maiden was delighted  
To think she was invited  
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget  
Ran and told the news to Bridget,  
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,  
And said, with accents hearty,  
"T will be the swatest party  
If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling  
Was positively killing!  
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!  
And the gloves so very cunning!  
She was altogether "stunning,"  
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,  
With copious interjections  
Of "Sit up straight!" and "Don't do this, or that!—t would be absurd!"  
But, what with their caressing,  
And the agony of dressing,  
Miss Annabel McCarty did n't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,  
And the sight was most entrancing,  
As if fairy-land, and floral band, were holding jubilee;

There was laughing, there was pouting;  
 There was singing, there was shouting;  
 And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty  
 Was the youngest at the party,  
 And every one remarked that she was beautifully drest;  
 Like a doll she sat demurely  
 On the sofa, thinking surely  
 It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;  
 The naughty boys would crowd her;  
 "I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;  
 And then, without a warning,  
 Her home instructions scorning,  
 She screamed: "*I want my supper!—and I want to go to bed!*"

Now big folks, who are older,  
 Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,  
 For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined  
 To leave the ball, or party,  
 As did Annabel McCarty,  
 But we had n't half her courage, and we could n't speak our mind!

## PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

### INTRODUCTION.

PATTIKIN had a way of calling her home "my house," as if she were the owner of the Parsonage, and all that was in it. Ask her where she lived, and she would say, "Up to my house." Ask where was her hat, when she was found out bareheaded in the sun, and she would point her cunning, dimpled finger and say, "In my house." So we who loved Pattikin, and thought her baby ways very winsome and sweet, came to call the old red house that sheltered us "Pattikin's house." I hope you will be pleased with the story of some of the good times we had there.

### CHAPTER I.

#### BLACKBERRYING.

THE minister tipped the sugar-bowl toward him, picked out a lump and put it into Pattikin's mouth,

and then leaned his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, reflectively.

"We must economize!" said he.

"Now, father," said his wife, "that makes three lumps of sugar you've given Pattikin since we sat down to supper, and it is n't good for her. Besides that, the firkin's empty."

"Out of sugar again, are we! Why, I thought it was only a week ago — But never mind! We may as well begin to economize there as anywhere, perhaps. We can go without sugar."

"Oh no, father!" said Thirza, and Tilda and Pattikin, "we can't!" And, "Oh no, father, — not go without *any* sugar!" was echoed by Seth, Samuel, Simon and Sandy.

"We might do with less, I suppose," said their mother.

"Look here!" said the minister,—and he took his wallet out of his pocket, and inverted it over his plate and shook it well. From one of the com-

partments a tiny, shining half-dime fell, and jingled down on the plate. "That five-cents is a happy surprise to me! I thought there was absolutely nothing there," said he. "What do you think about the sugar, and economizing, now?"

"I think we'd better have begun a little sooner," said his wife.

"Pho! you'll get more money right off!" said Pattikin. "You always do. We could n't go 'thout no sugar in our tea."

She might have been rewarded for her hopeful and encouraging view of the matter with another lump, if her mother had not seized upon the bowl and carried it off, and shut it up in the cupboard.

"So much must be kept sacredly for company and the baby," said she, "if we are really to have no more at present."

"But you don't mean it, father?" said Thirza.

"I don't see but I must mean it, unless we have a windfall or a wedding."

"Oh, I hate economizing!" said Seth, in a tone of great disgust. "I'd a great deal rather earn money."

"Well, young man, suppose you do earn some, for a change," said his father.

"I could, if you'd let me," said Seth. "Milan Straw says blackberries are thicker than spatter up in Johonnet's Acre."

"And they're selling for ninepence a quart in Chester," said Simon.

"And you had rather have sugar than the blackberries?" said his father. "I am not so sure I had."

"I'd rather have some sugar and some blackberries," said Seth.

"Well, you can have Old Gray and go there blackberrying to-morrow morning, as early as you please; and in the afternoon you may go to Chester and sell them. And there's a dollar's worth of sugar, and a half-bushel (or less) of blackberries besides, for you, mother, and not a cent to pay."

"Oh, father, don't go to counting the chickens before they are hatched!" said Thirza. "We sha' n't have good luck if you do."

"A fig for luck, and a fortune for faithful, persevering work," said the minister, gayly. "That pony should be caught to-night, children, if you are to get an early start."

"May we all go with you to the pasture, father?" asked Tilda.

"To be sure! The more the merrier, if mother does n't need you!"

"We'll do our work after we get home. It's 'yes,' is n't it, mother? That's good!"—and away they flew from the table in search of hats and bonnets.

"Suppose we all go!" said the minister to his wife, while he stood waiting. "Could n't you?"

"What, blackberrying? And take the baby? No, indeed! But I hope they will get some. You might go with them. The girls will want to go; and Pattikin's too little to be trusted with them, unless you do."

"Oh yes!" put in Pattikin, who stood bonneted already at her father's elbow. "I must go. I never went blackberryin' 'n all my life."

"We'll see," said the minister.

It was a charming walk to the pasture; and it was n't the least trouble to catch the pony. The minister had put some gray beans into a two-quart measure, and when he shook the beans about in the measure, the gray pony heard and came running to them, and as her nose went down into the measure the bridle went over her head. That was n't cheating, for she liked gray beans, and the minister let her eat them all up. It was, in fact, a bargain, and the pony understood perfectly that she was being bridled for work; but still she wanted the beans.

"Now, if anybody wants to ride home on the gray pony, let them be on hand!" said the minister.

They were all on hand already, but they crowded up a little nearer and called out, "I do!"—"I do!"—"I do!" to show that they were on hand, and were lifted one by one to the gray pony's back, and set in a row from her head to her tail. Pattikin, being the least of the children, sat nearest the head, and held on by the mane with both hands. Her father also held her by one foot, as he walked along beside her. Thirza held on to Tilda, and Tilda held on to Simon, and the boys all clung together, with their knees pressed hard against the pony's sides, and so they reached home in safety.

Then they all worked like bees to get everything ready for an early start. The empty sugar-firkin was packed with cold beef, johnny-cake, and pickles for their luncheon; and baskets, pails, and dippers were collected, and all the chores done up; and then they went early to bed, as Pattikin said, "so morning would come quicker."

I do not know by what arguments the minister prevailed upon her; but when the breakfast was over, in the gray dawn of the next morning, the children were delighted to see their mother putting on her green calash (that's what the women called their sun-bonnets when I was a little girl), and wrapping the baby in his blanket, to go with them.

Johonnet's Acre was three miles off, and the wildest, most delightful spot in all Pemigewasset Valley. And it was just as Milan Straw had said. Every bush was bending low under its weight of plump, dark, luscious berries. Baskets, pails, and dippers were filled again and again, and emptied into the firkin after the luncheon was taken out;



THE BLACKBERRY PARTY AT JOHONNET'S ACRE.

nd they ate as many as they possibly could, and  
 of their lips and fingers royally purple.

Their mother laid the baby down in his blanket  
 nder a shady bush, and picked too ; and the min-

ister picked faster than any of them, till the sugar-  
 firkin, and another they had brought, were both full,  
 and heaped up so they could n't get the cover on.

Then they sat down on the grass and rested and



ate their luncheon, and wished there had been more, and picked berries off the top of the firkins till the covers would go on. And their father told them the wonderful story of Samson; how he carried off the gates of the city on his shoulders; how he killed the lion, and all about the riddle, and also about the foxes with firebrands tied to their tails. The children never tired of this story, though they had heard it many times.

And then it was time to go home, for the pony must have dinner and a good rest before he went to Chester.

Only Seth and Samuel were to go to Chester. This was so well settled that there was no teasing even from Pattikin. Very manly and important, the two set off, armed with directions how and where to tie Old Gray,—what to do, and what not to do, in every possible emergency.

Very proud and satisfied they came back at sundown, and delivered the firkin, heavy with the coveted sugar, into the eager hands of the bevy of brothers and sisters who came out to meet them.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MINISTER'S TOMATOES.

ONE afternoon in the spring, before the black-berrying, of which I told you, Thirza and Tilda went across the road to visit Mrs. Vesta Preston. Mrs. Vesta was young Mrs. Preston's aunt, and lived upstairs, and never got out of the chair because she had had paralysis. Mrs. Preston took good care of her. But the poor lady often got very tired of sitting all alone in her room with no one to speak to, for Mrs. Preston must be about her work down-stairs; so Thirza and Tilda went to see her quite often, and their visits were always acceptable.

They carried their work and sewed this time, because they had not finished their shirt, and Mrs. Vesta liked to see them sew. Sometimes they carried her flowers in the summer time, and in autumn the gayly colored maple leaves, or bunches of wintergreen berries, or, if nothing else was to be found, bits of the red-tipped moss. There was no season that the woods did not yield something to reward their search—no, not even when the ground was thickly covered with snow, for was n't there always spruce gum on the trees?

But this time it happened they had nothing to bring. On the contrary, Mrs. Vesta had something for them.

"It's a new kind of seed," she explained. "My niece sent them from down below. She says they produce a vine that bears a beautiful red fruit larger than a plum or an apple,—not at all like either,—

but very nice, stewed for sauce or eaten raw. The city folks set great store by them. They call them tomatoes, and they must be planted early in a hot-bed, if you want them to do much up here."

"But we have n't any hot-bed," said Tilda.

"But you can plant them in a box, and keep them in the window," said Mrs. Vesta.

"Yes'm; so we can. And we've got earth enough in the box I had my geranium in last fall. It's down cellar yet," said Thirza.

They went home, very proud of the six precious seeds that they carried carefully wrapped in paper.

The minister entered into their project with zeal. He showed them how to make small birch bark boxes, in each of which they could plant one seed. Then when the garden was ready the boxes could be cut apart and the plant set in the ground without disturbing its roots.

The boxes were set in a row along the south window, and watched, and tended and watered, and the result was five strong, healthy plants to set in the garden when the middle of May came.

"I hope the 'matos wont smell so, as the vines do. If they do, I sha'n't want any, I'm sure," said Pattikin.

It was not long after that blackberry excursion that the first fruits of the tomato-vines were ripened.

The minister went out to the garden in the afternoon, followed by Thirza, Sandy, Tilda and Pattikin, to gather them.

"They are beauties, anyhow; and I'm sure I shall like them," said Thirza.

"So am I," said Tilda.

But Pattikin smelled them, and withheld her judgment.

They did n't know about scalding off the skins, so the minister pared them with his pocket-knife. Then they put them into the stew-pan, and very soon they were cooked.

"I wonder whether they should be sweetened," said the minister, bending over them and stirring, for in such an important affair he could n't leave the cooking entirely to the feminine department. He dipped out a spoonful and cooled it with his breath, and tasted. He just restrained a wry face. The children, watching, knew that too.

"Run over, Tilda, and ask Mrs. Preston what we should use for seasoning."

Tilda came back in a minute, breathless:

"Salt and pepper, and a bit of butter."

"Oho! Here goes, then."

And he was about to feston the condiments with lavish hand.

"Let me," said his wife, who better understood the proper proportions to use.

So she salted, and peppered, and buttered, and then they were poured out into the best sauce-

ish, which had been brought from the parlor cupboard for this grand occasion.

"I think it smells kind o' good," said Simon, as they drew their chairs about the table. The best plates were out too, and the father served a portion to each. Then there was a general tasting; queer, doubtful looks at one another; and then a general smiling, which quickened into laughter, and a merry peal rang out through the open windows, the echo of which reached even poor Mrs. Vesta's ears as she sat in her lonely sisters apartment.

"To think we've worked, and watched, and toiled all summer for those things," said Seth, wiping away the tears his mirth had brought.



PATTIKIN.

the minister had laughed with the rest, but he was not, like the rest, inclined to give it up so. They were said to be very healthy; the city people thought them highly, and he was going to like them. He tasted, and tasted again, till by dint of persistent trying, he almost thought he did like them.

"What shall I do with those that are left?" asked the minister, when the meal was over.

"Give 'em to the pigs," said Simon.

"Mrs. Jones (have I told you the family name ones?) still looked at her husband and waited for an answer.

"Well," said he, "there will be more ripe in a

few days, and then I will try them cut up raw, with salt and vinegar and pepper. I think I should like them better that way."

So the pigs had the remaining portion, which was the largest part of the cooked tomatoes.

The vines were astonishingly prolific. They gave their fruit lavishly, prodigally, recklessly, and still kept on blossoming and forming new fruit, as if there always would be more behind, till frost came. By that time the minister had really learned to like them; and Simon and Thirza and Tilda, who always wished to do as their father did, liked them too. But nothing could induce Patinkin to taste them again.

They learned to dry them, to make catsup of them, to seal them up in bottles; and, in short, the tomato was from this time an institution in the minister's family.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GATHERING CORN.

THE minister had a farm—a very little one—three or four acres. One-half was devoted to corn and potatoes, and a few scraggy old apple-trees. The other half was devoted chiefly to mineralogy. There was plenty of the "testimony of the rocks" there, if the children could have read it. They often wondered about them. How did they all come there?—sugar-loaf rocks; low flat-topped rocks large enough to be called ledges; big, high masses, equal in size to a moderate dwelling-house, cleft down the middle as smoothly as if done with a knife. Was that done when "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and darkness was over all the land?"

There were, too, miniature caves, which the little girls furnished after their simple fashion, and in which they played through many a bright summer-day, where they bestowed their treasure of gray moss and green, and the mineral collections with which they were forever loading down their pockets.

But, more than all the rocks and caves, they prized the frog-pond that lay beyond the ledges, and reached away out into Mr. Iturbide's pasture. Such plays as they had there on Saturday afternoons, or in vacation after the corn was got in! But speaking of the corn reminds me that I intended to tell you in this chapter about work and not about play. For it was all ready to be gathered.

Seth, and Samuel, and Simon cut the stalks. Seth had a long knife with a red handle that he thought looked like a sword, and he led his army out to invade the field, with all the dignity and confidence of a great general. Simon had a sickle shaped like a half-moon. Simon had a nondescript





sort of knife, which had been freshly sharpened, and could be made to do great execution.

Sandy guided the gray pony, which was harnessed to the green wagon to carry up the corn to the barn, where they would husk it. The girls gathered the stalks into bundles, which they tied with pumpkin-vines, and loaded the wagon with them.

Pattikin thought she helped amazingly, but the most she did was to stub her toes against the corn-stubble and fall over the great yellow pumpkins, and gnaw sweet apples. Once she said, "Oh, dear! I keep stubbin' my toes for ever 'n' everlasting."

Then Thirza said, "I would n't work. Sit down, and rest awhile." So Pattikin sat down.

While she was resting, the gray and white kitten came down into the field, and went about rubbing herself against the children. Pattikin caught her and held her in her lap, and whispered in her ear: "You stay here with me, and when the load goes up to the barn, we'll have a ride. They don't 'low anybody but me to ride; but I'll smuggle you up in my apron so they won't see."

The kitty nestled down in Patty's lap, and purred as if she understood. Pretty soon the load was ready, and Pattikin scrambled up on top by the help of Thirza, who pushed her up from behind. She was a little slow and awkward about it, because of the load in her apron.

And Seth called out, "Come, hurry. We want to get started quick. We've got so much to do."

Because their father was going to Association next day, and must use the gray pony, he had promised them, if they could get the corn all in that night, in the evening he would help them make molasses candy.

When Pattikin was up, she chose her seat on top of a bundle of stalks, and they went bumping along. Once or twice, Kitty, who was n't used to riding over such rough ground, tried to get out of the apron and jump down to run away on her own feet, which, I suppose, she thought much the safer way of getting through the world. At length she really did get out, and gave a daring leap right over the wagon wheel, and coming to the ground right side up, as they say a cat always will, scam-

pered for the house. Pattikin had reached out a little too far in trying to recover her, the bundle of stalks she was sitting on rolled and went off over the wheel, and Patty after it.

There was a deal of shouting and whoaing before the pony was stopped. The children gathered round to see if any bones were broken. To their great joy, Pattikin had escaped with only a little bump on her forehead and a bruise on her knee from some stones that lay in the way.

"They are always coming all over the field, those stones!" said Sandy. "We pick them all out clean—bushels and bushels of 'em—after every plowing, but there are always just as many. I believe they grow."

"Our farm will be all stone-wall after awhile, if it goes on so many years," said Samuel.

"I suppose there'll have to be another stone-picking this fall," said Sandy.

"Yes," said Seth, "after the crops are all in. You'd better walk the rest of the way, Patty."

"Oh, I don't want to," said Pattikin. "My knee aches awful, and I should n't wonder if I got lamer."

So, as Pattikin was rather spoiled by the rest, they helped her up again, and cautioning her to take a safer seat, they went on.

"We're going to dig pertaters, to-morrow," said Sandy. "I heard father say so."

"Pertaters! I can talk better grammar than that myself," said Pattikin.

"Better be looking out that you don't fall off the load than minding my grammar," said Sandy, tickling the bottom of her foot with a straw, by way of retaliation.

"Poh! I'm not going to fall off again," said Patty, curling her feet up under her dress for protection.

"I would n't talk about grammar till I could say association," said Sandy.

"I can—*sosation*," said Pattikin.

All the children laughed.

"There!" said Thirza. "You be still, now, Sandy! Father said we were not to quarrel."

They got the corn all into the barn by sundown, and after supper, the minister said — But that must come in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)



"Did I not know your extreme patience under correction, I should hesitate to tell them, or rather *it*, for I have only noticed one in my acquaintance with you. You are, sir, I grieve to say it, but you are, sir, extremely haughty and exclusive in your manners. Your blood, your aristocratic breeding, your culture, and your refinement all tend to cause you to look upon your more vulgar yet still honest fellow-creatures with a courteous haughtiness, if I may so express it. It is a fault to which your superior station may plead some extenuation; still it is a fault. Let me beg you, honored sir, to cor-

he would scarcely deign to notice the other barn-yard creatures.

One day the fox said: "It has always been a subject of much wonder to me why a creature of so much intellect, and with such a proper amount of self-respect as yourself, should submit, as you do, to the absolute rule of human beings. Now here am I, a simple-minded, jog-trot animal, with not one-half the wit and shrewdness of the least one of you here in the barn-yard, and yet I am absolutely free and untrammelled in my movements. I own allegiance to no one and am my own master, while



THE GOSLING IS PUNISHED.

rect this one failing, and so render yourself the model of perfection you would then be. Recollect, sir, that though humbler, we are still your fellow-creatures."

The cock stood upon one leg meditating for a long while upon this speech; at length he heaved a sigh, and said:

"I feel that you are correct; you have acted the part of a true friend. Yes, I confess that you are correct."

From that time the cock's friendship for the fox greatly increased, while his overbearing manners toward the other creatures in no wise diminished.

The crafty fox frequently turned the conversation, in their subsequent interviews, upon the subject of family distinction, and cunningly contrived so to flatter the vanity of the cock that, in time, he became puffed up with pride to such an extent that

you and your humbler associates are dependent for the very necessities of life upon the will of your masters."

"That is very true," said the cock, reflectively.

"Now," continued the fox, "I have thought of a most excellent idea. I know a delightful and secluded spot, sir, where a little colony could be started far away from the habitation of man, and where you could soon show the world that intelligent poultry need not be entirely subservient to the will of these miserable human beings. Here are you with blood, breeding and great natural dignity of bearing (I need hardly mention such a well-known quality of yours as intelligence), a born ruler in fact. If, now, some of your mentally advanced creatures—such, for instance, as the geese and turkeys, and even the ducks—would only be persuaded to start a small community somewhere, you, sir,

have the very making of a king or even an emperor in you, and might prove yourself an excellent example of a noble and generous ruler."

This plan pleased the cock amazingly.

"I shall consider your proposition," said he. "And you can guide us, you say, to such a spot as you have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir! I know the very place," said the fox.

The idea of the colony took root in the poultry-

yard immediately, and spread in popularity amazingly, for each creature imagined that he himself had the ability, mentally, to become in time a prominent politician, if not a leader. One night, accordingly, everything was arranged, and the crafty fox guided the poor deluded creatures to a most secluded portion of the adjoining forest.

None of them ever returned again, yet it was rumored, far and wide, that the crafty fox was subsisting entirely upon the little community.

## THE STARS IN FEBRUARY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern heavens present no change of special importance since last month. The Dragon has been carried away from his former *hovering* position, and now appears as if swooping downward, though in a direction contrary to that of his real motion around the pole. The ancient observers do not seem to have attached any importance, by the way, to the direction in which the star-sphere turns; and, indeed, a motion so slow as not to be perceptible by ordinary vision might well be left out of account in forming imaginary star-groups. Some of the figures go forward, as Orion, the Great Bear, Bôôtes (the Herdsman), the Lion, and so forth; others go backward, as the Dragon, the Ram, the Bull, Pegasus (the Winged Horse), and so on; while others, like Ophiuchus, the Serpent-Bearer, are supposed to face the observer and so travel sideways; and others, again, travel on their head, as Hercules, Cepheus, and Andromeda. It is quite clear that those who invented the constellation figures did not trouble themselves much about the rotation of the star-vault.

There may be noticed in the northern heavens, as seen in February, a vacant space above the pole, girt round by the constellations Auriga (the Charioteer) overhead, Perseus (the Rescuer), Cassiopeia (the Seated Lady), Cepheus (her royal husband), and the two Bears. In this poverty-stricken region there are no stars of the first three magnitudes, and only four or five of the fourth magnitude. The ancient astronomers could imagine no constellations in these spaces. It is to the moderns, and especially to Hevelius, that we owe the constellations which have been figured in these barren

districts. The Cameleopard, or Giraffe, is one; the Lynx another. I cannot say, for my own part, that I see either a giraffe or a lynx there. Certainly, if you draw the connecting lines shown in the map, you get as fair a picture of a giraffe (inverted at present) as can possibly be made with a couple of lines; but it seems to me—though I do not claim to be an artist—that rather more than two lines are needed to picture a respectable giraffe. Besides, the lines are not on the sky, and the liveliest fancy would not think of connecting these stars by imaginary lines, so widely remote are the stars, and so insignificant.

The Little Bear is now gradually getting round (at the selected hour of evening observation) to a position such as a bear might reasonably assume. Last month, this small bear was hanging head downward by the end of his absurdly long tail. He is now slowly rising from that undignified position, and by next month he will have fairly placed himself on his feet. For the present we can leave him to his struggles; but next month we shall consider his history and the duties which he has discharged for many hundreds of years.

Turning to the southern skies, we find full compensation for the relatively uninteresting aspect of the northern heavens. The most resplendent constellation in the heavens is now in full glory in the south. There, close to the meridian, or mid south,

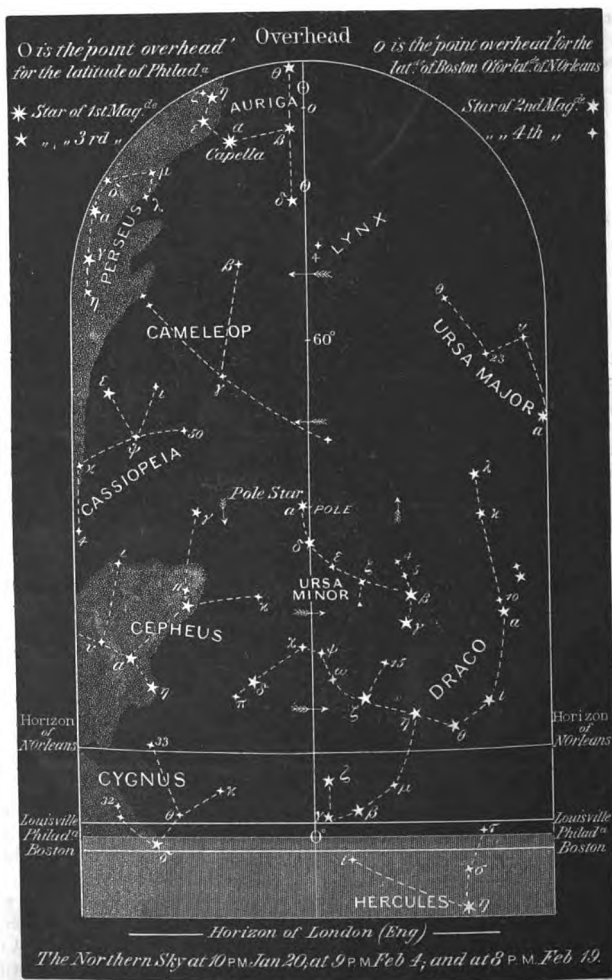
"Begin with many a blazing star,  
Stands the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, hunter of the beast.  
His sword hangs gleaming by his side,  
And on his arm the lion's hide,  
Scatters across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair."



No one can mistake this most beautiful constellation. The two bright shoulder stars, Betelgeuse ( $\alpha$ ) and Bellatrix ( $\gamma$ ), the brilliant star Rigel on the giant's advanced foot, the triply gemmed belt ( $\zeta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\delta$ ), and the pendent sword tipped with the bright star  $\iota$ , distinguish Orion unmistakably. But,

say nothing of numbers of faint stars scattered all over it, justify the words of the poet, who sang :

"Orion's beams! Orion's beams!  
His star-gemmed belt, and shining blade;  
His isles of light, his silvery streams,  
And gloomy gulfs of mystic shade."

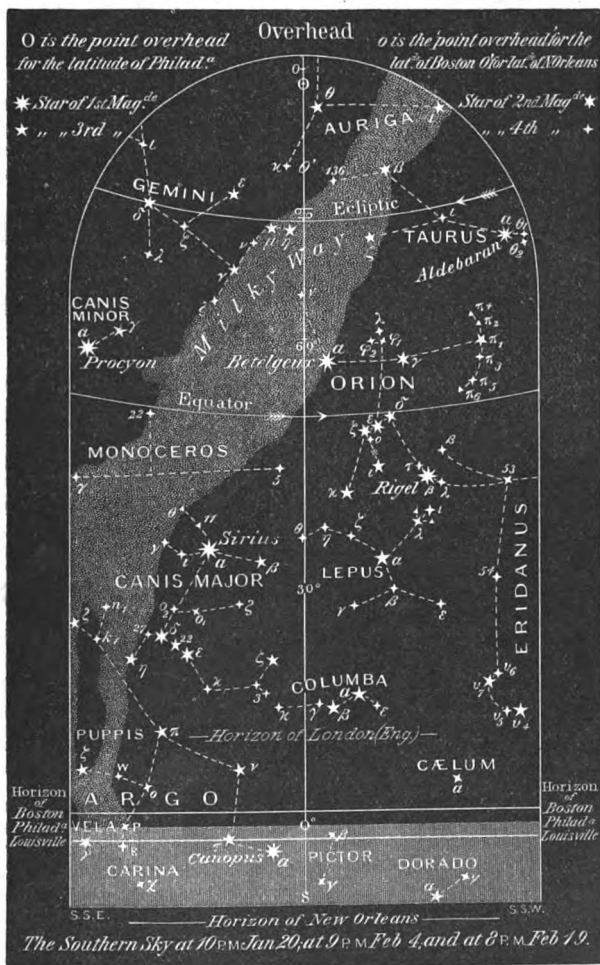


besides these glories, there are others; the curve of small stars forming the giant's shield (a lion's hide), the misty light of the great nebula which lies on the sword (where shown), and on clear nights the dappled light of the Milky Way, which really extends over a part of this constellation, to

From the first beginning of astronomy, and probably long before astronomy was thought of, this constellation was figured as a giant; sometimes a giant hunter, a sort of celestial Nimrod; sometimes as a warrior. He commonly wielded an immense club in his right hand (the star  $\nu$  marked the handle

of the club), and a shield (formed by the stars  $\pi_1$ ,  $\pi_2$  etc.) in his left. The star  $\beta$  of the constellation Eridanus really marks the giant's bent knee; and originally the constellation Lepus (or, the Hare) formed a chariot in which the hunter or warrior stood. In some old manuscripts of the middle

The cut on the next page shows Orion as he is now generally pictured. He is somewhat out of drawing, because of the necessity of keeping certain stars in particular positions with respect to him. Thus Betelgeux is derived from the Arabic *ibt-al-jauzá*, the giant's shoulder. Bellatrix, or the



ages, the stars of Lepus formed a throne for Orion. In fact, this little constellation, although named the Hare from time immemorial, has been called by several other names, inasmuch that Ideler, after quoting several names, wrathfully adds, "And God knows how many more there are."

VOL. IV.—18.

Amazon star, belongs of right to the other shoulder, and Rigel to the advanced foot, while the three stars of the belt fix the position of the giant's waist. To tell the truth, he is an ill-shaped giant, anyway, and cannot be otherwise depicted.

Below Lepus (the Hare) you see the neat little

group Columba, or the Dove. This is one of the younger constellations, and was invented by Hevelius, perhaps to show that the ship Argo, which you see low down on the left, is no other than Noah's Ark. In fact, the name given to the small group originally was Columba Noachi, or Noah's Dove. Approaching the mid south, you now see the brightest star in the whole heavens—Sirius, the famous Dog-star. The constellation Canis Major, the Greater Dog (which might much better be called simply Canis), was one of Orion's hunting-dogs, Canis Minor being the other; but we can hardly suppose Lepus was the sole prey pursued by so great a giant and two such fine dogs. The constellation Canis Major is chiefly remarkable for the Dog-star. In old times this star was thought to bring pestilence. Homer speaks of it (not by name, however) as the star

"Whose burning breath  
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death."

Many among the ancients supposed that this star was in reality as large as the sun. Thus Manilius said :

"T is strongly credited this owns a light  
And runs a course not than the sun's less bright;  
But that, remov'd from sight so great a way,  
It seems to cast a dim and weaker ray."

It has been shown in our own time, however, that even this estimate, which was by many thought too daring, falls far short of the truth. It has been calculated that Sirius gives out three hundred times as much light (and doubtless three hundred times as much heat) as our sun. So that it would make us rather uncomfortable if our sun were removed and Sirius set in his place. Sir W. Herschel says that when he turned his large four-feet mirror on this star, the light was like that of the rising sun, and it was impossible to look at the star without pain to the eye. Sirius is in reality in rapid motion, though, owing to his enormous distance, he seems at rest. He is rushing through space at the rate of about thirty miles in every second of time! In a year he traverses nearly six times the distance which separates our earth from the sun. But this enormous annual journey is only about 1/70000th part of the distance which separates him from our earth; and as he is traveling away from us, we need not be greatly troubled on account of him. He is so far from us that his light has been no less than twenty years on its way to us, so that in reality, instead of saying we see Sirius, we ought to say we see where Sirius *was* some twenty years ago. Most of the stars are even farther away, so that if every one of them were in a single instant destroyed, we should still see them—that is, their light—for many

years, and probably the greater number of them would still seem to be shining in the heavens long after the youngest of us were dead; perhaps even after our great-grandchildren had passed away.

Canis Minor, the Lesser Dog, is a much less important star-group than Canis Major; but still it is one of the old constellations. Its chief star is called Procyon, or the Fore-dog, because this star is seen as a morning star earlier than Sirius. The Arabian astronomers gave it a name of similar meaning, to wit, *Al-kelb-al-mutekaadem*; but I think Procyon sounds almost as well, and as it is the name by which the star is usually called, it may, perhaps, be better to use it instead of the Arabian name, though this is very pretty. Procyon, like Sirius, was sup-



THE CONSTELLATION ORION.

posed to be a star of evil omen, especially as bringing bad weather. "What meteoroscooper," said Leonard Digges, the astrologer, "yea, who that is learned in matters astronomical, noteth not the great effects at the rising of the star called the *Little Dogge*?"

The constellation Gemini, or the Twins, is now approaching the south, but will be more fully within the range of our next monthly map. The sign marked  $\text{♋}$  is that of Cancer, or the Crab, which the sun enters at midsummer. You will observe that we have now reached the part of the ecliptic highest above the equator, which is, of course, the part reached by the sun at midsummer. The point marked  $\text{♋}$  is at its highest in the south at noon on

or about June 21st, and is then occupied by the sun; it is at its highest in the south at midnight on or about December 20, and the sun is then exactly opposite to this point, or at his lowest below the northern horizon.

Those who live as far south as New Orleans, see well raised above the horizon the star Canopus, in the stern of the good ship Argo. There is presented to them, at this season, a view of more first

magnitude stars than can be seen at any other time in one quarter of the heavens. For besides the splendid equal-sided triangle formed by Procyon, Betelgeux. and Sirius, they see Aldebaran, Rigel, and Canopus, the last-named surpassing every star in the heavens except Sirius alone.

Next month, the great ship Argo will have come better into view; and I defer till then my account of this fine constellation.

[See "Letter-Box."]

## A VALENTINE.

BY A. E. C.

If you will be my valentine,  
My charming little dear,  
The sun can never help but shine  
Throughout the coming year.

The lessons all will put themselves  
Into your little pate;  
The hardest sums you have, you'll see  
All answered on your slate.

If you will be my valentine,  
You'll see in all your walks  
Fresh lemon-drops on every twig,  
And peanuts on the stalks;

While hot mince-pies, all hand in hand,  
Meet you at every stile;  
With raisins marching on in front,  
And figs in single file.

P. S.—But if from you I never hear,  
Nor even get a line,  
I'll ask some other nicer girl  
To be my valentine.





## HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE ACCIDENT.

THE boy lay perfectly still and tried to go to sleep again. But exciting thoughts kept him awake. He lived over again the events of the past few days,—the funeral, the auction, the journey,—and thought many times of all that Florie and her mother had said to him.

As it grew lighter he got up, dressed himself noiselessly, and leaving Alphonse asleep, went out upon deck.

The pilot's bell was tinkling fitfully. The paddle-wheels—motionless for a moment, then reversed—dashed the boiling water into foam. The steamer was coming to a landing at the foot of a large town (to Jacob's eyes it looked large) on the Ohio shore. A few passengers were preparing to land. Among them Jacob was rejoiced to see the tall Kentuckian.

"We shall be rid of him!" he thought, and looked with impatience to see the colonel set foot upon the gangway plank.

But what was that which Corkright carried in his hand? A violin-case! It resembled Pinkey's so much that Jacob observed it with a start of suspicion and alarm. He drew near, to get a closer look at it. He felt sure it was the professor's.

The deck-hands already had hold of the plank, or "bridge," to push it out. In less than a minute Corkright would be gone. There was not an instant to lose. The boy ran back to the state-room, and made a hasty search. The violin was not there.

"Mr. Pinkey! Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" cried Jacob, shaking his friend, who lay asleep in his clothes.

"What's wanting?" snarled the dancing-master, starting up, and seeing Jacob.

"That man—Colonel Corkright—has got your violin!"

"What of it? Can't a gentleman have a fiddle, but you must —"

"But he is going off with it!—going ashore!" said Jacob, all excitement. "I'll stop him! I'll tell the captain!"

He was hurrying out. Alphonse called after him sharply:

"You wont do anything of the sort! Come back here, you ninny! It's all right."

Perfectly bewildered, Jacob turned and stared at his friend.

"I've sold him the violin," said Alphonse. "He

took a fancy to it, and offered me a right smart price—and I've a much better one than that. Don't make a fool of yourself. Let me sleep."

Pinkey sank back upon the pillow, in which he buried his rumpled ringlets. Jacob could not help speaking a word in self-defense.

"I had heard you say you thought so much of that violin—you would not part with it for anything—it was worth twice its weight in gold! So when I saw him going ashore with it, of course I —"

But here Alphonse made an impatient movement, and Jacob withdrew, reaching the gangway just in time to see Corkright move off with the violin.

Pinkey did not appear at breakfast, nor indeed for some hours after. Jacob looked into the state-room two or three times during the forenoon, and saw him still lying in the berth, with his disordered curls about his face.

At last, going in about dinner-time, he found him disentangling the said curls before the glass.

"Hallo! Come in, boy!" said the professor, as Jacob hesitated. "I took cold on deck last night —had a horrible headache this morning—but I'm all right now."

The charming Alphonse was himself again. The boy sat down on a stool and watched his friend at his toilet.

"How are the ladies?" said Pinkey, twirling a ringlet round his finger.

"Rather lonesome without you, I should think, —for I suppose you mean the sisters."

"To be sure I do. I lay awake half the night trying to decide in my mind which to choose."

Jacob knew that this was a prodigious fib; but he was too glad to see Alphonse in a cheerful mood again, to question the accuracy of his statements.

"Lonesome, did you say? What makes you think so?"

"They are not half so gay as they were yesterday; and I heard them inquiring about you."

"No doubt of it!" laughed Alphonse.

"And about Colonel Corkright."

"Bah!" Pinkey shook his ringlets, with a shrug. "Well, what did anybody tell 'em about me and the colonel?"

"Somebody said Corkright got off the boat to take the cars; and then Dory—or Doshy—I can't tell 'em apart —"

"Dory is the one in green,—no, the one in pink

—is she?" said Alphonse. "I did know, but ———  
Hallo! what in the name of ———"

Pinky did not finish his sentence, for the reason that he suddenly went reeling over against the berths with the water-pitcher, which he had just lifted for the purpose of filling a glass.

Jacob also, seated upon his stool, found himself carried over against the lower berth, with a strange momentum; and at the same time there resounded a chorus of screams and a clashing of chairs in the adjoining cabin.

It happened that the passengers were just sitting down to dinner, when everybody and everything went swaying and lurching all one way, toward the bow. This singular pressure of all objects forward lasted three or four seconds, the boat meanwhile straining from stem to stern. Then it ceased. The engine was silent. The steamer had stopped.

"An accident!" cried Jacob, starting up wildly.

"Got aground, that's all," said Professor Pinkey, and coolly proceeded to fill his glass.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ON A SAND-BAR.

JACOB ran out to make an observation, and soon came hurrying back with news.

"We're fast aground on a sand-bar, between a low sandy island—what they call a *tow-head*—and the Ohio shore. There was plenty of water where we are a few days ago, and they say the bar has lately been formed."

"The sand-bars in the river are constantly shifting," replied Alphonse. "I've been aground on 'em before!"

"The woods here are close to the shore," said Jacob; "and there seems to have been a sort of slide in one place, where some trees have fallen over into the water. We had just passed the fallen trees when we struck. There's a broader passage over the other side of the tow-head, but there are bars there too; and, besides, there was a steam-tug in the water, with ten flat-boats in tow, loaded with coal."

"Well, what's the prospect of our getting off?" said Pinkey, putting on his coat and buttoning it at the waist.

"Poor, I think. The engine is backing water furiously, but we don't move. I heard the mate tell the captain—who was just sitting down to dinner when we struck—that it's a serious business."

"No doubt," said Alphonse, gayly. "Serious for the boat, and for people who are in a hurry, but not for gentlemen of leisure like us, Jacob. Be easy in your mind, my boy. Pleasant weather—good company—and we get our board and lodgings if it takes a month to make the trip. All ready

now, Jacob, my boy!"—and Alphonse walked out to dinner.

The passengers, many of whom had gone out like Jacob to observe the situation, had now returned and taken their seats at the table. Pinkey found his place with the ladies at the upper end, where an obsequious waiter had kept his chair tipped forward for him; while Jacob went humbly to a seat near the foot.

The accident afforded an agreeable topic of conversation; and after dinner everybody went out to witness the efforts making to get the steamboat off the bar.

A hawser had been stretched to the shore, and a gang of men were heaving away at it, while the reversed paddle-wheels revolved. But all to no purpose. The steamer did not move.

"If they don't get her off soon, they can't in all summer," said Mr. Pinkey, cheerfully. "The river is falling, and we shall soon be high and dry here. I was once two weeks aboard a steamboat aground on a bar above Paducah. We had to wait for the river to rise. We hired another steamboat to help us off, but it was no use,—it snapped the big cable like a thread. We had lively times, though; we gentlemen used to go ashore every day and hunt wild turkeys. But it was n't so pleasant for old ladies without any knitting. Think of two weeks on a sand-bar, Mrs. Chipperly!"

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Chipperly. "What *shall* we do?"

"Have some music, for one thing," cried Dory. "Oh, Mr. Pinkey! where's your violin?"

Jacob watched Alphonse, and wondered what he would say.

"Ladies," replied the professor, with his sweetest smile, "you know how delighted I should be to gratify you. But I am distressed to be obliged to say that I have broken three strings to my instrument, and I have n't another with me."

"How mean!" said Doshy. "It's dreadful, here in the hot sun. Wish we were over in those nice woods on the bank! Oh, Mr. Pinkey! why can't we get the boat of these men, and have a little fun ashore?"

"Oh, daughters! I can't hear of your going in the boat!" said Mrs. Chipperly, fanning herself. "It's so dangerous!"

"We shall be perfectly safe in Mr. Pinkey's care," said Dory.

"Certainly," said Alphonse. "I pledge my own life, madam, that I will bring back your lovely daughters unharmed. I'll see the captain. He'll do anything for me. If we can't have the small-boat, I'll make 'em launch the yawl."

He went off, and returned presently.

"All right! we can have the boat and a couple



of men to row us over, as soon as they've got some new kink in their hawser, which does n't work right where it is."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey, that's just lovely!" exclaimed Dory. "Now let's make up our party."

The twins having proposed the excursion, and Mr. Pinkey having engaged the boat, they invited whom they pleased to go with them, and a party of seven was soon formed.

Jacob looked wistfully at Alphonse. Of course he wanted to go too; but Alphonse took no notice of him. And when, after considerable delay, he saw the boat with its merry occupants push off without him, his heart swelled with a sense of wrong.

Avoiding the cable, which was stretched from

not go. He was getting a little acquainted with her now. She came up to him as he stood gazing over the rail at the pleasant woods where the distant laughter was.

"Why did n't *you* go?" she said.

"I was n't asked to," Jacob replied.

"Why did n't you go without being asked?"

"Oh, I did n't like to invite myself where I was n't wanted."

Florie looked into his face with an arch, quizzical expression.

"You are a kind of goose; don't you think you are?"

"Yes, I suppose I am," said Jacob, humbly.

"Do you think," she cried, "if I had wanted to go in that boat, I would n't have jumped in and



JACOB AND FLORIE IN THE SKIFF.

the stern to the farthest of the fallen trunks on the Ohio side, the boat kept on up-stream until it reached a landing-place which suited Alphonse. There the bow was run ashore, and the ladies helped up the slope.

Jacob heard their gay voices as they gathered on the bank, and had glimpses of them as they climbed up into the woods that covered the terracelike bluff. He could hear the laughter of the sisters long after they disappeared from view. There was a romantic charm about it all, which kept alive his grief at being left behind.

His only solace was in thinking that Florie did

gone? I mean, if I were a boy like you. A boy can do anything, and nobody minds him."

"Don't you do about everything you take a notion to?" Jacob asked.

"Oh no, not half the things!"

"What is there you deny yourself?"

"Oh, for one thing, I'd like to step up to your friend Mr. Pinkey, almost any time of day, and say to him, 'Please, don't make a fool of yourself any more.' It's a dreadful temptation. But I resist it. I shut my teeth hard!" She showed how, laughing and shaking her curls, as she ran away.

A steam-tug now appeared, coming up the river;

and it was soon engaged in helping the grounded boat off the bar. Still but little progress was made. The afternoon was hot and sultry, and it was very dull on board the steamer.

## CHAPTER X.

### JACOB'S LITTLE TRIP UP THE RIVER.

THE boat which had taken Pinkey's party ashore now lay unused under the gangway. Jacob, boy-like, got into it. When the men came to use it again, he stayed in. He soon began to pull an oar with them. Then when they left the boat, he rowed about in it a little on his own account, keeping it within easy reach of the steamer, in case it should be wanted.

The captain came to the rail and spoke to him. Jacob held his oars, and looked up, expecting a reproof.

"Can you pull that boat up to the bank where Pinkey's party is?"

"Yes, I think so," said Jacob.

"Well, we don't want it now, and you might row it up there and keep it till they want to come back. We're fast working off now. Tell Pinkey I'll blow the whistle for him when we're about ready to start."

Jacob was delighted. He dipped the oars with a will. He had never had much practice in rowing before, and it had a great fascination for him. To start off now with an actual commission from the captain—to pull up against the stream to the boat's previous landing-place—was something to make him proud.

"Oh, let me go with you!" cried a girlish voice, and Florie's bright eyes and dancing curls appeared over the steamer's side.

"Be still, Florie!" said her mother, drawing her back.

"I shall be glad to have her go, if you are willing," said Jacob.

Florie was accustomed to having her own way, and she had it now. The mother consulted the captain, who said there was no danger. Florie came running down to the lower-deck, where Jacob pulled the skiff alongside, and she was lowered into it.

"Take good care of her, Jacob!" said the mother, earnestly.

"Oh, I will,—don't fear!" cried the lad as he pulled joyfully away, seated on the middle thwart, with Florie's sunny face beaming on him from the stern.

He ran under the end of the cable, gave the tug-boat, which was astern of the steamer, a wide berth, and then pulled over toward the Ohio shore. They were soon quite close to the other end of the

cable, but on the upper side of it, just above the fallen trees,—their leafy tops, still green, half immersed in the water; while the wooded hill rose high above.

"Is n't this nice?" said Florie.

"I like it," said Jacob, happier than he had ever been before.

There was no breeze stirring, but the sun had gone under a cloud, and the air seemed cool there by the shore.

"Let's not go for Pinkey's party yet," said Florie, "but row away up the river, and have a nice little adventure!"

Nothing would have suited Jacob so well. But he thought he ought to report to Pinkey first. So he pulled to the landing-place, where he got sight of two or three of the party up in the woods.

"Tell Pinkey the boat is here," he called out to them. "I'll be rowing a little way up the stream till you're ready to start. But you must start anyway, the captain says, when the whistle blows."

Having delivered his message, he pushed off again.

"Oh, now I hope the whistle wont blow for an hour!" exclaimed Florie.

Jacob hoped so too. And they had their wish. Evening was coming on, while the skiff glided in and out and up and down by the shore, in the yellowish current; and still there was no call from the beach, no signal whistle from the boat.

Suddenly Florie exclaimed: "How dark it is growing! Is it night?"

A vast black shadow had fallen upon the river. Jacob looked up at the sky.

"It's near night, but it's that thunder-cloud that makes it so dark. There's going to be a storm. I think we'd better put back."

"Oh yes!" said Florie. "I'm not afraid, but mamma will be afraid for me."

Jacob did not fail to notice this evidence of a tender and thoughtful heart under all the gay young creature's fun and nonsense. He also remembered his own pledge to her mother.

The boat, propelled by his sturdy young arms, glided rapidly down the stream to the landing-place, which it reached just as Pinkey's party—probably alarmed by the sudden darkness—came scrambling down the bank; all but Pinkey himself and one of the sisters.

The blackness of the sky and river became appalling. Just then the steamboat's whistle sounded. A vague fear fell upon Jacob, as he sat by his oars, impatiently waiting for the passengers. It was Dory who was missing; and Doshy scolded her and Alphonse well in their absence, and called them with loud screams.

A prolonged growl of thunder shook the sky.



Before it had died away, another signal shriek from the steam-whistle came sweeping across the water, and died in hollow echoes along the winding and hilly shores far up the river. At last Dory and Alphonse came rustling and crashing through the woods and down the bank.

They were soon aboard. But it was some little time before the boat, laden with its full freight of passengers, could be got off. Alphonse appeared to be out of spirits,—perhaps in consequence of Doshy's sharp words,—and did not seem to know what to do. There were two other men aboard, but they were afraid of muddying their boots. The management of the whole matter fell upon Jacob.

He did not lose his wits.

"Get more on to the stern, ladies, if you please!" he cried; and, jumping into the water, he pushed off the bow, which had lodged on the slope of the bank.

As soon as they were afloat, he was aboard, and at the oars again.

"You've wet your feet, Jacob, my boy," said Mr. Pinkey, standing behind him, between the thwarts.

"I may get wetter still,—so may we all!" said Jacob, straining at the oars, as the first great drops of the thunder-shower began to dance on the water.

"And all on your and Dory's account, Alphonse Pinkey!" said Doshy. "Just think of our silks,—it will ruin them!"

"Don't you want help, Jacob?" asked one of the men. "I never pulled an oar, but I can try."

"Thank you. We are all right now. We shall go down fast enough with the current."

Jacob glanced over his shoulder, to look at his course. His face was full of wild energy, and a dark, wild beauty, with the lurid light upon it. Florie sat in the stern watching him, without saying a word.

## CHAPTER XI.

### SOMETHING SUDDEN.

THEY were not yet in the full current. They were passing almost within oar's reach of the great tree-tops in the water, when a voice sang out from the tug, a few rods off in the stream:

"Look out for the hawser!"

Jacob had forgotten all about the hawser. Or, perhaps, not seeing it anywhere, he thought it had been cast off from the shore and hauled aboard the steamer. He looked again. No cable appeared in sight across his course. But now he heard shouts from the steamer, and again came the

warning cry from the tug: "Look out for the hawser!—the hawser!"

At that moment he caught a glimpse of the shore end of it, attached to the butt of one of the great trees. The cable ran down into the water directly under the course of the skiff. It was slack. But the stern of the steamboat, to which the other end was still fast, and which had been hauled over toward the shore, was now swinging off again, swayed by the current.

The cable was straightening,—the cable was rising!

Jacob saw the danger, and backed water with all his might. The darkness, the splashing rain, the roar of the thunder, and the shriek of the steam-whistle added terror to the scene.

He was too late. The line rose under the bow, which it caught, and hoisted slowly and steadily into the air.

The four ladies sprang up with terrified screams, and either jumped or fell over into the water. One or two of the men also went overboard. The rest—Jacob and Florie among the number—clung to the rearing boat, until, the strained cable rising to a height of five or six feet, it slid back heavily, and fell over, capsized, into the water.

When a frightful accident occurs, it is seldom that anybody can tell afterward just how it took place. Spectators are often more excited than the actors in it. Moments seem minutes,—minutes almost hours. One person remembers vividly one thing, another something quite different; and no two tell the story alike.

We are concerned chiefly with what Jacob felt and saw.

He had not the faintest recollection afterward of what happened to anybody else, at the time when he was tumbled into the water by the capsizing of the boat. He thought of Florie and Alphonse, but did not see them, and had not the slightest knowledge of what had become of them.

When he rose to the surface after his plunge, he instinctively caught hold of one side of the boat, which was uppermost, and held himself there, with his head above water, while he looked around. Frantic shrieks filled his ears; and he saw at his side two women clinging to the boat, sustained and encouraged by one of the men.

He looked for Florie, and saw the skirt of a dress afloat just within his reach. He seized it, and drew hard at it, still holding to the skiff, regardless of the shrieks of one of the women, who, selfishly viewing only her own danger, told him not to pull the boat over in that way.

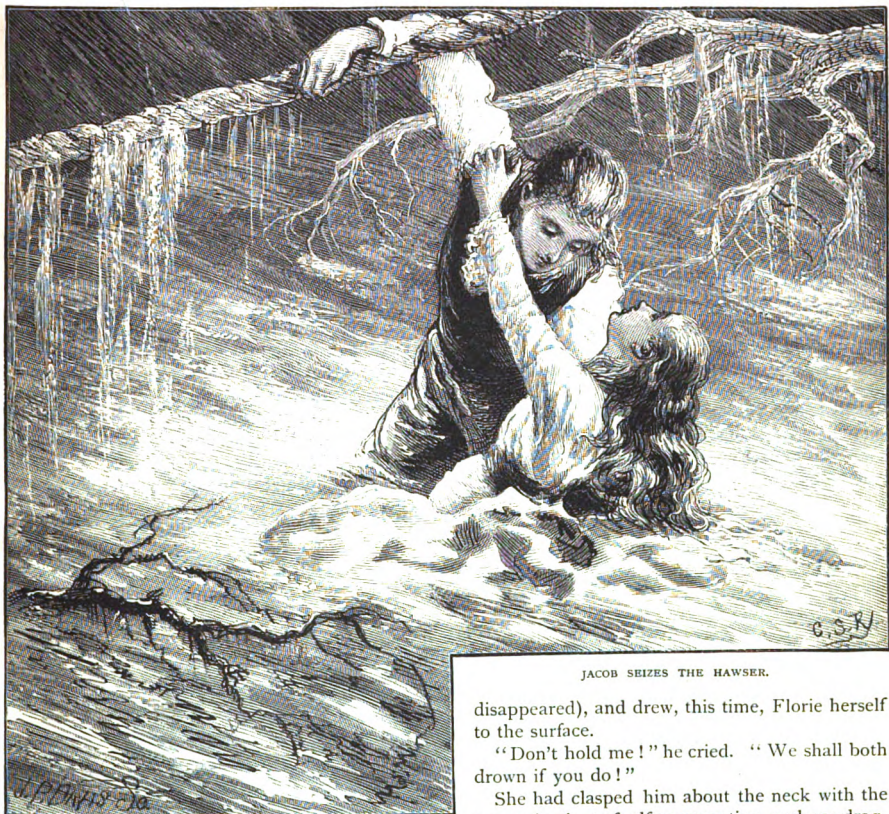
Jacob hauled at the skirt, then grasped an arm that appeared, and drew a dripping head to the surface. Everything was so changed by the water,

the gloom, and the terror that seemed to fill the very air, that it was a moment before he was fully conscious that it was not Florie whose hand he had placed securely on the boat. It was one of the twin-sisters,—Dory, as he afterward learned.

But where was Florie? He remembered her mother's charge. He remembered, also, that it was through his own fatal blundering that the ac-

boat, he might regain it, if he had only himself to care for. But could he hope ever to bring her to the boat, or reach it himself again, should he try to save her?

Such thoughts flashed through his mind; he saw all the danger at a glance; but he did not hesitate an instant. He launched out from the boat, caught the struggling hand (one had already



JACOB SEIZES THE HAWSER.

disappeared), and drew, this time, Florie herself to the surface.

"Don't hold me!" he cried. "We shall both drown if you do!"

She had clasped him about the neck with the strong instinct of self-preservation, and was dragging him down with her as she sank again in spite of all his efforts.

The boat was at least three yards away, drifting slowly with the current. Two persons had reached the nearest tree-top, where they were clinging and calling for help. But the tree-top was as far as the boat. The oars were adrift. And Florie, who had not heard, or had not understood, a word he said to her, was strangling him in her paroxysm of fear.

He succeeded in unclasping her hands from his neck. Still, she clung to him, and would not let

cident had happened; and for the first time felt all the horror of the situation.

He heard a faint cry, and saw—where she had not been when he looked before—Florie struggling at the surface. She had sunk once, and would presently sink again,—she was already going down.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she gasped.

Her voice died to a gurgle. Then only her hands were seen.

She was out of Jacob's reach. He was not a good swimmer. If he had loosed his hold of the



him swim. His strength was nearly gone. He could no longer keep her head above water; he felt himself sinking.

Suddenly, just as he gave up all hope, a great object plashed within his reach. It was the hawser, which, having been strained to the utmost by the swinging off of the steamboat, had now slackened.

He seized it with one arm, supporting Florie with the other. He feared it would sink again, and carry them down with it. But a boat had already put off from the tug; swift strokes of six strong oars brought it to the spot; and Jacob and Florie were quickly taken aboard.

The four clinging to the boat were next picked up. Then the two holding to the tree-top were rescued. The woman was Doshy, and the man was not Alphonse.

Alphonse alone was missing.

Jacob was quite beside himself with terror and remorse as they rowed up and down amidst thunder and lightning and pouring rain, picking up a hat or two, and looking for the lost man.

He did not reflect that he had probably been the means of saving two lives,—that Florie, if not Dory, would certainly have been drowned but for him. He did not consider that they might have been caught by the cable just the same if anybody else had held the oars; or that they might safely have passed it but for the delay occasioned by Alphonse himself. He saw only the frightful fact that he had had charge of the boat,—that he had

taken it into danger,—that through him his best, his dearest, his only friend in the world (for he could not now remember one of Pinky's faults) had been drowned.

There could be no doubt of it at last. Great was the wonder that he, the most accomplished man of all, should have been the only one to perish. It was hardly possible but that a youth who knew so many other things, knew also how to swim, and there was but one theory to account for his death.

"The boat must 'a' fell on him in the water, when it slewed off the hawser," said one of the tug's men. "Stunted him, and kep' him from comin' up to breathe."

The capsized boat had been righted by the steamer's yawl. If Pinky had been under it, he must have sunk and gone down with the current.

No signs of him were discovered, and it soon became evident that it was useless to continue the search with any expectation of rescuing him alive.

It seemed all a terrible dream to Jacob. The storm, the half-drowned women and girls huddled in the bottom of the boat, their friends watching in terrible uncertainty from the steamer, Florie calling, "Mamma! I am safe!" All this was but the background, as it were, of the awful picture. The loss of his friend was the chief horror. He thought of him, but a little while ago so radiant, so full of life, and now —!

Things happened "sudden" with Alphonse.

*(To be continued.)*



A JOLLY SLIDE.

## TRAGEDY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"You queer little wonderful owl! you atom so fluffy and small!  
Half a handful of feathers and two great eyes! How came you alive at all?  
And why do you sit here blinking, as blind as a bat in the light,  
With your pale eyes bigger than saucers? Now who ever saw such a sight!

"And what ails chickadee, tell me! What makes him so flutter and scream  
Round and over you where you sit like a tiny ghost in a dream?  
I thought him a sensible fellow, quite steady and calm and wise,  
But only see how he hops and flits, and hear how wildly he cries!

"What is the matter, you owl? You will not be frightened away!—  
Do you mean on that twig of a lilac-bush the whole night long to stay?  
Are you bewitching my chicka-dee-dee? I really believe that you are!  
I wish you'd go off, you strange brown bird—oh, ever and ever so far!

"I fear you are weaving and winding some kind of a dreadful charm;  
If I leave poor chicka-dee-dee with you, I'm sure he will come to harm.  
But what can I do? We can't stay here forever together, we three—  
One anxious child, and an owl weird, and a frightened chicka-dee-dee!"

I could not frighten the owl away, and chickadee would not come,  
So I just ran off with a heavy heart, and told my mother at home;  
But when my brothers and sisters went the curious sight to see,  
The owl was gone, and there lay on the ground *two feathers* of chicka-dee-dee!

## THE PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THEY went.

The lady from Philadelphia had invited Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys to her own house, promising to find rooms for Agamemnon and Solomon John in the neighborhood, asking them to take their meals at her house.

But she lived far down in the city, and Mrs. Peterkin felt she would not want to go such a distance every day to the exhibition. Agamemnon and Solomon John proposed stopping at the Great Atlas Hotel just outside the grounds. The little boys wished they could spend the night inside.

Meanwhile, a friend told them of lodgings they

could have up-town, on the same side of the river as the Centennial grounds, and Mrs. Peterkin decided for this. She was afraid of fire in one of the lath-and-plaster hotels, and Mr. Peterkin agreed with her.

So a kind and respectful letter was written to the lady from Philadelphia, declining her invitation, but hoping to be able to call upon her often during their visit.

They did not reach their lodgings till late at night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, so were scarcely ready for an early start the next morning. Then they had to hold consultation as to the best method of proceeding, and to ask their fellow-





boarders how to reach the horse-cars, for they were shocked to find that they were nearly two miles from the nearest entrance to the grounds. Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Solomon John would not mind walking, but Mrs. Peterkin declared it would be too much for her, and the first day they all wished to go together. Mrs. Peterkin had brought with her, all the way, a camp-stool, as she knew she should want to sit down often and it might be difficult to find a seat.

Elizabeth Eliza had an extra shawl, Mr. Peterkin his umbrella, and the little boys their coats; they found it something of a walk to Lancaster avenue, and they were obliged to take it slowly. By the time they reached it, every car that passed was so crowded there was not even a foothold. But the cars going south were all empty. Agamemnon had heard from one of the returned Centennial visitors that it was a good plan to take a car going down to the starting point of the upward bound cars. This they decided to do, it would give them also a view of the city. They were about an hour going down, and a little while finding the right car, but did reach one with plenty of seats. This soon became crowded, and was slow in its progress, and it was a long time before they reached the grounds. They were then some time in deciding whether to follow the people who were going into the Main Building, or those who went in at the principal gate. Then Mrs. Peterkin, who carried her camp-stool, did not like to have the family separated in going in, so she wanted to manage that all should go through the turnstile together, which was difficult to do and to pay their separate fifty-cent pieces. So when they were all inside, and Mr. Peterkin looked at his watch, he found it was already nearly three o'clock! Now some of their fellow-boarders had earnestly advised them to come back early, as the cars were so crowded at a later hour. And Mrs. Peterkin had made up her mind it would be best as it was her first day, to return at three o'clock. At the same time they discovered they were all very hungry, and Mr. Peterkin proposed they should go back to some of the numerous restaurants he had seen outside of the grounds, and then go home. But they all exclaimed against this. They were now in the broad space between the Main Building and Machinery Hall when, as they walked on, Elizabeth Eliza espied the sign of the "House of Public Comfort."

"This is exactly what we want," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will get our lunch there."

But, unfortunately, there was a very large crowd by the lunch counter. It was impossible for the whole family to press up together, and very difficult to find anything to eat. Solomon John did find some popped-corn balls in magenta-colored paper

for the little boys, and Agamemnon secured some doughnuts for his mother and Elizabeth Eliza, while his father succeeded in eating a few raw oysters. The crowd was so great that Mrs. Peterkin could not even open her camp-stool.

"I think now," said she, "we had better go back, we have had enough for one day, and everybody says we ought not over-tire ourselves at the beginning, and I am sure I was over-tired when I got here."

Agamemnon thought they had not yet fairly looked at things. They could hardly say when they went back to their boarding-house what they had seen. So they all went to the center of the large square of entrances by the fountain, and looked at the Main Building on one side, and Machinery Hall on the other, and decided that would do for the first day.

They found a car with plenty of seats, and Mrs. Peterkin felt herself rested for the walk home from the avenue.

The next day they started early, and were among the first to reach the grounds.

They proposed to take the tour of the grounds in one of the railroad cars. In this way they could get an idea of the whole. They joined a crowd of people rushing to one of the platforms to secure seats as a train came along. Mrs. Peterkin was near being left behind, it was so hard for her to decide which seat to take; and the hurry was so great, the rest of the family, thinking she was going to be left, all got out again and were obliged to hustle in the minute the train was starting.

The little boys were anxious to get out at the first stopping-place, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin preferred to make the whole tour and see everything first. In and out they went among the various buildings. Mrs. Peterkin said she would ask nothing better than to spend the day in this way. Agamemnon had a map, and tried to point out the several buildings as they came to them, but it was difficult to discover the numbers attached to them in the map. Meanwhile Solomon John studied the different colors of the flags. After some time Elizabeth Eliza said:

"I did not know they had so many of these 'Woman's Pavilions.'"

"I think they must have one for each State," said Mr. Peterkin.

"It is astonishing how much they are alike," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"With so many buildings," said Mr. Peterkin, "you could not expect to have them all different."

"Still," said Agamemnon, "I should not think they would have so many of these statues of horses with wings."

"They are very fine," said Mr. Peterkin. "No wonder they repeat them so often."

"They come in pairs," said Solomon John.

"We have seen them five times. I counted," said one of the little boys.

Elizabeth Eliza, started: "We must have made the tour at least five times! I have seen five Woman's Pavilions!"

"This is the very place where we got in," said Solomon John.

The whole family made a rush to get out, for they had just reached a platform, and the time for stopping was very short. Mrs. Peterkin stooped to extricate her camp-stool, which she had put under the seat, and getting it out with trouble, she looked up to find that the car was taking her on, and all the family behind on the platform! She wished to get out, but was held back by the other passengers, who declared she would break her neck if she jumped from the car in motion.

But at the next stopping-place she felt so flustered she hardly knew what to do, so she kept on and on till she felt she must somehow make up her mind to leave that car, and with a desperate resolution she stepped out on the platform. She found herself in a deserted part of the grounds, a few gentlemen only getting out to go to the Brewers' Hall. Though there was a crowd everywhere else, it seemed very solitary here. Mrs. Peterkin went round and round the Brewers' Hall, uncertain where to go. At last a gentleman noticed her, and asked if he could help her. When she told her case, he asked if her family had appointed any place of meeting in case of accident. Mrs. Peterkin thought she remembered their talking of the Main Building as a rendezvous. The gentleman advised her taking the train directly for the Main Building. She shook her head; she had already spent the morning in the cars. The gentleman smiled, but asked her to go on with him and he would show her where to get out.

Mrs. Peterkin joined him gratefully, and they took a train at a neighboring platform. But they had not gone very far, and were making another stop, when Mrs. Peterkin gave a scream! There was her family standing in a row ready to receive her! She was so agitated she could hardly get out, and almost fainted with delight at the meeting.

It appeared that a ticket-seller on the platform had advised the family to take a train back, and wait on some platform till they should see their mother passing. Mrs. Peterkin shuddered to think how she might have been walking round and round the Brewers' Hall all day, if it had not been for meeting the kindly gentleman.

The next thing was to get something to eat,

though Mrs. Peterkin was too agitated to think of it; they went to the Vienna Bakery, not far away, and found an immense crowd. Only one or two places could be obtained in the veranda outside, and the family took turns in sitting. Then it was that Mrs. Peterkin found she had left her camp-stool in the car! The family in general did not regret it, for it was heavy and inconvenient to carry, and Mrs. Peterkin confessed she found it difficult to use it, as it always tumbled over when she went to sit down. It was one of the three-legged ones.

It seemed now time to go home, but Agamemnon, who had been studying the map, proposed they should pass through the Main Building on their way out, for a glimpse of it, as they had not yet been inside one of the buildings, and it was their second day.

They hastened on with this plan, and went in at the grand middle entrance. And here they felt as if they were really at the Exhibition. The high pillars, the crowded aisles, filled them with wonder.

A seat was found for Mrs. Peterkin near the very middle. Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza ventured to leave her for a moment while they looked at the famous Elington display, and the little boys stood at her side finishing some popped-corn balls. Suddenly Mrs. Peterkin saw the rest disappear from her sight. She sent the little boys to call them back. She directly left her seat to follow, but she lost sight of the little boys. There was a seething crowd going up and down. She tried to return to her seat but could not find it. Her head was bewildered. She was sure she must have turned the wrong way. It all looked so much alike, stair-ways going up to the dome at each corner, and no signs of her family. The strains arose from the immense organ of "Home, Sweet Home." She felt that now she should never see that home again! She sat down, she got up again! A kindly lady asked if she could help her, and Mrs. Peterkin was forced to explain, for the second time that day, that she had lost her family! The lady turned to one of the guards, who asked Mrs. Peterkin many questions. She described Elizabeth Eliza with a brown dress and cock's feather in her hat and note-book in her hand. The guard pointed out seven ladies in sight, each wearing brown dresses, hats with cock's feathers, and note-books in their hands,—neither of them Elizabeth Eliza.

He advised Mrs. Peterkin to wait awhile in the same place and then go home, as it was growing late. But how could she go? She did not have the address of her boarding-place, and never could remember those numbered streets. It might be one number just as well as another. The policeman asked where she came from? If anybody at

home knew her address? Mrs. Peterkin thought the Bromwichs knew; the Bromwichs planned coming to the same place. He then told Mrs. Peterkin not to stir from her seat till he returned. She ventured scarcely to look to the right or the left. Indeed, she was almost sure the eye of another policeman was upon her. How she hoped the Bromwichs would never know her position! It seemed an age that the policeman was gone, yet she was surprised when he returned with her address, for which he had telegraphed to the Bromwichs. Mrs. Peterkin looked at him in dumb surprise, but he hurried her toward the main exit, promising to show her to the right cars. Slowly and sadly she followed to the door, when what was her astonishment to find, across the door-way in a straight row, her family awaiting her!

They too were under the care of a friendly policeman, who had advised them to await their mother there. Eager to leave, they all hurried away, passed the difficult turnstile, hastened to the cars.

"Let us get home! Let us get home!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, unwilling to listen to any explanations.

A crowd was pursuing the Lancaster avenue car, and the family joined in the rush. Mr. Peterkin succeeded in lifting in Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys; the rest had to stand all the way on the edges of the cars.

Mrs. Peterkin reached the boarding-place in hysterics. She passed a restless night, disturbed by dreams of walking round and round the Brewers' Hall, of Mr. Peterkin falling from the steps of the cars and being run over, of policemen watching her, and she declared they must go home, she could not stay a day longer.

But all the family exclaimed against this. They had seen nothing as yet.

They decided to stay, and transfer their quarters the next night to one of the hotels by the grounds. According to the advice of one of their fellow-boarders, after depositing and checking their baggage at the House of Public Comfort, they went to the Massachusetts Building. Mrs. Peterkin was enchanted with the parlor and its cheery wood fire, and declared she would prefer to spend the day there, instead of going into the crowded buildings. She had some rolls and sandwiches that she had brought from the boarding-house that would serve for her luncheon, and it was agreed she should be left there for the day, and that the family would return for her at half-past four, in time for a little walk afterward in the grounds.

The family left her, relieved to think of her comfort. The heart of Mr. Peterkin swelled as he thought she was under the protection of the shield of Massachusetts.

They decided to separate. Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon would take the little boys to the Agricultural Building, and to the American Restaurant for lunch, while Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John planned the Art Gallery and *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*; for Elizabeth Eliza had been studying the French grammar, and wanted to try talking a little French. They had heard of all these places from their fellow-boarders. They were to meet in the Main Building, in front of Egypt, at half-past three.

They did all assemble there, to their surprise, but not until much after that hour. Mr. Peterkin and his party were wild with enthusiasm. They had been through Agricultural Hall, and had seen "Old Abe," looking so much like a stuffed eagle, that they were astonished when he moved his head. The little boys had bought chocolates and candies at every refreshment stand, and had eaten the bread which they had seen made by the baker of the Queen, and apples cored by the apple-corer, and had bought little tin pails of the Leaf-lard man, and had lunched at the Banqueting-hall of the American Restaurant, and were now eager to try the restaurants in the Main Building.

Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John had not so much to report. They were so crushed in the Art Gallery by the mass of people, that Elizabeth Eliza could not even lift her note-book, or examine her catalogue. She believed they had been into every room in the Art Gallery and in the Annex, but she could only look at the upper pictures, and could not stop at any. She was sure there must be more United States pictures than from any other country. The only work of art which she could remember enough to describe was the large bust of Washington, sitting on the eagle. They had found a seat near this, where they could examine it closely, and wondered why the eagle was not crushed.

Both Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza agreed with the little boys that they would like another lunch, for their expedition to the *Trois Frères* was not satisfactory, and Elizabeth Eliza fancied their waiter could hardly have been a Frenchman, as he did not understand her French.

The little boys were now impatient for the restaurant, and they found seats in one of the galleries, where it was so pleasant looking down upon the crowd below, that Mr. Peterkin decided to go and bring Mrs. Peterkin to join them, while Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John were to order their oysters. He looked at his watch, and found, to his horror, it was now five o'clock! And he hastened away. He did not seem to be gone long, for he came back breathless, to say that Mrs. Peterkin was no longer in the parlor of the Massachusetts Building!

Mrs. Peterkin, meanwhile, had enjoyed a comfortable nap in the quiet room, had walked about to look at the pictures, had eaten her luncheon, and when the chimes rung twelve, she was surprised to find the day was not farther gone. Still, she sat awhile, and looked out of the window; but she grew weary and restless, and when a party set forth from the room to go to the Main Building, she decided to join them.

They made a little tour first by St. George's Hill, the Japanese Dwelling, the Canada Log-house, and at last entered the Main Building, and Mrs. Peterkin found herself in Italy. The party whom she had joined took her to see the Norwegian groups, where they left her to meet other of their friends.

She stayed awhile in Norway and Sweden, then went on to China. Here everything was so strange that she sunk into a seat bewildered. She felt she was in the midst of a weird dream,—strange figures on screens and vases, a mandarin nodding at her, idols glaring at her. She wished herself back in the safe parlor; she was sorry she ever had left it.

Ah! did she but know that at that moment the little boys were trying some ice-cream soda at a stand near by! Wearily she rose again and inquired the time, to find it was after half-past four! In her agitation, she went out in front of the building, and took the wrong direction. A kindly lady set her right again, but it was half-past five when she reached the shelter of the Massachusetts Building, going up the steps at the very moment Mr. Peterkin was announcing the

terrible fact of her disappearance to the astounded family.

Mrs. Peterkin went in, to find every one gathering bags and parcels, preparing to leave. Where should she go? She rushed madly toward the door, and there stood the lady from Philadelphia, who directly declared she would take Mrs. Peterkin home with her.

Mrs. Peterkin hardly knew how to leave her family behind in this uncertainty, but she followed mechanically the lady from Philadelphia and her party. As they went down the steps, they saw in front of them Mr. Peterkin and all the family in a row. Again they had consulted a policeman, who had advised them to visit the Massachusetts room once more.

Mrs. Peterkin spent the next day quietly with the lady from Philadelphia. The rest of the family went to the Exhibition. They went through the Machinery Hall, stopping, as the day before, at every confectionery-stand and refreshment-room, wasting some time in the middle of the day, because Agamemnon preferred seeing the Corliss engine stop, and Solomon John wanted to wait and see it set going. But they had seen a great deal, and, to please the little boys, they had even visited the Fat Woman outside the grounds.

The next day, the lady from Philadelphia and her daughters assisted the party to the station. It was difficult for all to get through the crowd as a family, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin did cling together, and met Elizabeth Eliza, the little boys, Solomon John, and Agamemnon outside the barrier.

## RAIN, HAIL, SNOW.

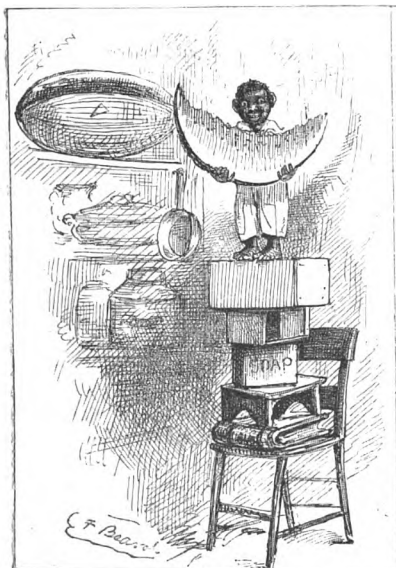
PITTER, patter! pitter, patter!  
Hear the rain  
Beat against the window-pane!

Clitter, clatter! clitter, clatter!  
Tells the tale;  
Now the rain is turned to hail!

Soft and light,  
Pure and white!  
On the ground  
Not a sound!  
Now we know  
It is snow!



## JIM AND THE WATER-MELON.



LITTLE JIM FINDS THE WATER-MELON.



BUT HIS MOTHER SUDDENLY COMES IN.

## ESTHER, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

ESTHER was a little London girl. When she was a baby only fourteen months old, she could run about on her two chubby legs just as well as any child. Her mother was a poor wash-woman, whose whole week was made up of Mondays, and little Esther had to take care of herself a great deal. Just fancy a baby taking care of its own self! Esther used to get very tired of it sometimes; and then her mother would lift her from the floor and call her a poor little chick-a-biddy, and carry her to the door, where she could see the people, and the horses and wagons, and sometimes a happy baby trundling by in his gay little carriage.

One day when her mother was very busy, Esther thought it would be nice to take herself to the door,

and when she had reached the door she thought it would be nicer still to go out into the street and trudge away—just as everybody else did.

Poor little baby! She knew no better than to go right in the way of the carriages, and before any one could save her she had fallen down on the rough pavement, and men had shouted "Look out!" and a pale crowd had gathered about her insensible little form. The driver of the horse that hurt her looked on hopelessly, and even the horse looked sorrowfully back at her as he tried to jerk his head away from the men who held him.

She was not killed, but she was always lame after that, and had to walk with crutches. In time, she learned to read and write and sew; and she could

play with her rag doll, but she could not run and romp like other little girls, and she could not sweep or make beds for her mother.

When she was eight years old her mother was sick with a fever, and had to stay in bed a great many days. Esther was a good, kind girl, and she wished, all the time, that she could work and earn money to buy nice fruits and jellies for her mother.

One morning, as she was going to the grocer's for tea, she stopped at the corner to look at old Mr. Sunshine's lovely flowers. His real name was Anderson, but the children called him "Sunshine," because he was so cheery and pleasant, and always had his finest flowers out in the sun-shiny weather.

Esther had some pennies she had been saving up to buy a doll. But when she saw the red roses and the bright pinks, the milk-white lilies and the pots of forget-me-nots, she thought she would give up the doll and buy one of these sweet flowers for her mother.

She asked the prices of some of them, and they were all worth a great many more pennies than she could pay. I suppose she looked very sorry about it, for Mr. Sunshine said:

"Now, you'd *like* one of these roses, would n't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Esther; "but I must wait until I have saved more pennies."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Sunshine. "If you'll sit here on this bench and sell this basketful of nosegays for me, I'll give you the rose."

If Esther had not been lame, may be she would have danced for joy. As it was, she looked up in Mr. Sunshine's face with the gladdest smile you ever saw, and said she would go right home and ask her mother.

Her mother willingly gave consent; and in a short time Esther was sitting among the flowers, in her clean white apron and best hat, looking as nice as a daisy herself; and now and then somebody would stop and buy a flower or two.

VOL. IV.—19.

About noon there was quite a rush for nosegays. A great many gentlemen bought them. Some put them carefully in their pockets, and some fastened them in their button-holes, and one gentleman bought one and put it in the chubby hand of a little baby he was wheeling in a carriage.



ESTHER AND MR. SUNSHINE.

When Mr. Sunshine came around to look in the basket there were only three left, and Esther had a whole handful of pennies for him. Mr. Sunshine counted them and said it was all right, and that Esther could take her rose and go home to dinner. Then he happened to think that Esther could n't walk with her crutches and carry the rose too; so he went home with her and carried the rose. And when he had reached the door he said:

"You can come and sell flowers for me every morning, if you like, and I will pay you a shilling every noon."

This seemed like a great deal of money to Esther, and she was almost ready to cry for joy when she told her mother about it.

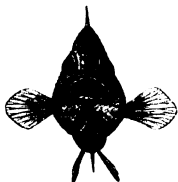
So she went every day and sold flowers for Mr. Sunshine, until by and by she had plenty of money for oranges, and had saved enough to set up a little flower-stand of her own, close beside Mr. Sunshine, who was very glad of her company. And this was how little Esther came to be a flower-girl.

## THE FACES OF FISHES.

BY HERBERT E. COPELAND.

DID you ever look a fish in the face? If not, you may now have an opportunity, for here are the faces of six fishes.

No. 1 is a Rock-Bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*, Raf.),\* a fish found in many waters, and is our representative of the family of sun-fishes. When only an inch or two long, it is a favorite aquarium



NO. 1. ROCK-BASS.

fish, on account of its beautiful sides, marbled in black and bronze. All the family are eaters of flesh, and this front view shows us how admirably they are fitted to cleave the water in their rapid course. This fish and his nearest cousins are the Paul Pry's of the water, always wishing to know all about it. They seem, in the aquarium, to be animated interrogation points. Let a snail go up to get a breath of fresh air, and a sun-fish has watched the whole proceeding. A darter, buried in the sand, has moved his tail until the edge of the fin has come through; and a sun-fish is standing on his head over the spot, wondering what it would be best to do about it.

They glide through the water with no apparent exertion, except a gentle fanning of the throat-fins, prominent in the picture.

\* The abbreviation *Raf.* after the scientific names of fishes indicates that they were first described by Rafinesque, a very great naturalist, who traveled in 1820 in the valley of the Ohio, collecting and describing its animals and plants. He worked without the aid of the Government or of wealthy institutions of learning, often traveling long distances on foot with a pack of specimens on his back. People used to suppose in those days that all the great naturalists lived in Europe; and it therefore happened that he and his fishes were long neglected. But now these errors are disappearing.

No. 2 is a Horned-Pout (*Amiurus nebulosus*, Le Sueur), belonging to the family of cat-fishes. Living upon the bottom, those eight barbels on his face and lips probably serve as organs of sense, aiding his little eyes to find his dinner. Boys believe these fishes see best by night, or when the water is muddy, and claim to be more successful than in catching them. That they are slow swimmers is evident from their shape, as seen in front; and a vessel modeled from a cat-fish would never be much of a sailer. They live on worms and such slow-moving animals as they find on or near the bottom, or eat dead food, thus acting as scavengers.

No. 3 is a Log-Perch (*Percina caprodes*, Raf.), one of the family of darters. They are confined to the United States, and are found in most Western streams. They swim mostly by quick movements of the greatly expanded throat, or *pectoral*, fins, which, in the figure, look like wings. They have very queer ways, and are constant sources of

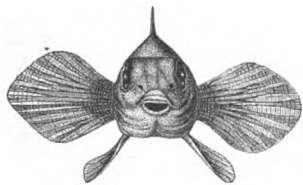


NO. 2. HORNED-POUT.

pleasure and amusement to the owners of aquaria. Climbing weeds, burrowing in the sand, perched on stones, or cracking the shell of an unlucky snail against the glass side of their prison,

they seem possessed of more than fishy knowledge. Their teeth and habits show them to be carnivorous.

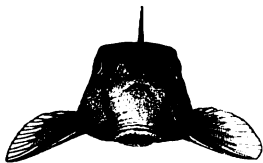
No. 4 is the Stone-Lugger (*Hyphantelium nigricans*, Le Sueur), belonging to the family of suckers. It shows its relationship in this front view of its mouth, looking as if pouting. It is found on stony ripples, where it lies head up-stream, in small companies; and when disturbed, it darts swiftly away. It is a fish of such singular beauty when small, that it would be adapted for the aquarium, were it not almost impossible to obtain specimens



NO. 3. LOG-PERCH.

of small size; it having, probably, a rapid growth. It is supposed to be by preference an eater of vegetables, but is often caught with a hook baited with worms. It gets its name of "lugger" in the North, and of "toter" in the South, from a supposed habit of carrying small stones on its head. It is certain that it moves stones by inserting its flat head under them.

No. 5 is called the Goblin (*Pegedicthys ictalurops*, Raf.). It is the fresh-water representative of the family of cottoids, most of its relatives thriving



NO. 4. STONE-LUGGER.

only in salt-water. It has been found in springs in Kentucky, and also in caves in the same State. It is supposed to enter the caves to catch

the blind-fish living in them. The specimen from which the drawing was made was found in White River, at Indianapolis. It was the only one caught



NO. 5. GOBLIN.

during many months' fishing, and it may have been a straggler. With its enormous pectorals, mailed head, and little eyes, it looks idiotic; and our specimen never proved its sanity, for it died the first night after we put it in the aquarium.

No. 6 is Rosy-face (*Alburnellus rubrifrons*, Cope), a very indefinite name for one of the great family of minnows, or cyprinoids. They are all toothless, being vegetarians, and are of much value in the aquarium, eating away the minute plants and decaying vegetation. Many of them are very pretty, especially in the spring, when they become brilliantly colored and sprout little knobs on their



NO. 6. ROSY-FACE.

noses. To this family belong the dace, the chubs, the minnows, and, in fact, the greater number of the little fish that fill the brooks and that awaken every one's first interest in fishes. I hope none of us may ever be far removed in spirit from those days when a thread, a bent pin, a hazel rod, and a cup of angle-worms completed our idea of outfit; and a forked stick strung full of "shiners" made our cup of happiness run over. If whatever knowledge we may now have should make us despise these youthful joys, we should never look a fish in the face again.



## THE ADOPTED CHICKEN.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens and ducks and turkeys, and among them there was a brown hen named Yellowfoot, who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickies; and she knew if she laid an egg every day until there were twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks.

So she laid a nice white egg every day. But she never could get twelve, because every day the cook took her egg away; and so Yellowfoot felt very sadly.

Now another hen, named Tufty, thought it would be nice to have little chickens too; but she was very smart, and she found a place away off, that the cook did n't know about, and there she hid her eggs; and one day she surprised all the other hens by walking into the chicken-yard with twelve little chickens toddling after her!

Now I had heard how sorry poor Yellowfoot felt because she had no little chickens, and when I saw Tufty walking about so proudly with her twelve, I felt very sorry indeed for Yellowfoot.

Well, that very afternoon something very funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail-fence a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running around near her a little lonely chicken just out of its shell, making such a pitiful little "peep-peep." I took it up in my apron and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean, and he said that a hen's egg had by mistake been put with the turkey's eggs, and as it takes a week longer for turkeys' eggs to hatch than it does for hens' eggs, the poor little chicken had come out of its shell a week before there was anybody to take care of it.

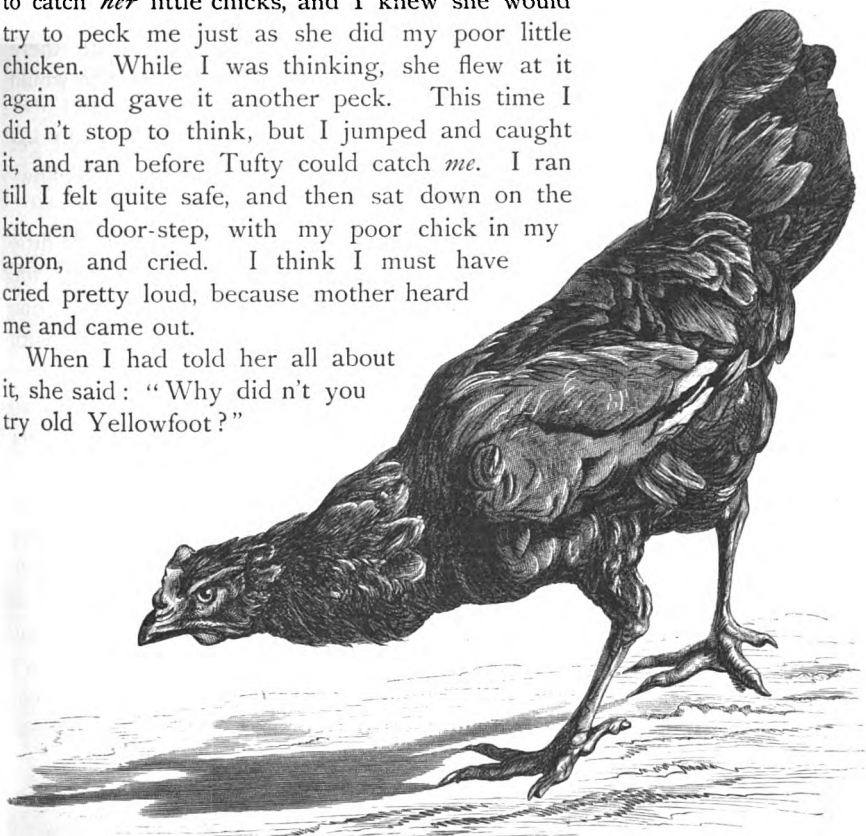
When I heard this, I thought: "Poor little chickie! what *will* you do, for I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey gets ready to do it, and you'll be dead by that time?" And then suddenly I thought: "Why, this little chick is just as old as the twelve that were hatched this morning; now I'll take it to the chicken-yard and put it down among them, and Tufty will take care of it." So I ran to the chicken-yard and put it with the other little chicks, and it ran after Tufty just like the others.

But you cannot believe how badly Tufty acted! The minute she heard the strange little "peep" with the twelve other little "peeps," she turned

around and stood still a minute, and then all her feathers began to stick out, and she bobbed her head a minute, and then she pounced at my poor little chicken and gave her an awful peck!

Was n't it cruel? I did not know what to do. I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think if I went near her that I was going to catch *her* little chicks, and I knew she would try to peck me just as she did my poor little chicken. While I was thinking, she flew at it again and gave it another peck. This time I did n't stop to think, but I jumped and caught it, and ran before Tufty could catch *me*. I ran till I felt quite safe, and then sat down on the kitchen door-step, with my poor chick in my apron, and cried. I think I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out.

When I had told her all about it, she said: "Why did n't you try old Yellowfoot?"



OLD YELLOWFOOT.

At that, I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight, and my poor little chicken dropped on the grass; but it did n't hurt it, and I put it carefully back in my apron, and went to the chicken-yard again, to try mother's plan.

I had a hard time finding old Yellowfoot, but finally I came upon her, looking very doleful, in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her with a stick, but she would not come out. So, finally, I turned the barrel over, so she

had to come out. But she looked very angry, and made a great deal of noise about it. I waited till she got quiet, and then I put my little chicken down by her. And, oh! you should have seen her then! She looked at it a minute, and, when it "peeped," she gave a quiet little "cluck," just as if she were trying it to see how it sounded. And then the little chicken "peeped" again, and Yellowfoot "clucked" again and walked ahead a little, and chickie followed her.

So my little chicken had found some one to take care of her, and I named her "Lucky" right away. And, oh! how proud Yellowfoot was! She strutted everywhere with her one chick, and all the love and care that she was going to give to twelve she gave to this one. She scratched for it, and "clucked" for it, and fought for it, and gave it all the broad cover of her warm wings at night. And little Lucky seemed to know that she had all the care that was meant for twelve, for she was the happiest little chick that ever lived.

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## TWO KITTENS.

---

ONE little kitten

Scrubbing down its nose;  
The other little kitten  
Smelling of a rose.

One little kitten

Scratching up a tree;  
The other little kitten  
Nestling close to me.

One little kitten

Dashing at a fly;  
The other little kitten  
Singing "Baby bye."

One little kitten

Not a word to say;  
The other little kitten  
Talking all the day.

One little kitten,  
Downy soft with fur ;  
The other little kitten—  
Who can picture her?

Darling little kitten,  
Rosy, dimpled, curled,  
She's my wee, white kitten  
Out of all the world !

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### THE NAUGHTY DOLL.

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*Little Mother.* Now, Dolly, can you look me in the face and say you did n't go down to the river while I was at church? You can't say it, I see you can't, and you must go to bed without your supper.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, my chicks! Christmas and "New Year's" are gone, and the good, steady, every-day work of the year is fairly begun. All hail to modest little February, with its fewer days and meeker manners!—and health and happiness to every one of you, my Valentines!

## WERE-WOLVES.

JACK hears queer things out here in the woods. Last summer, there was a picnic under the trees quite near me, and I overheard a tallish man in green glasses telling a party of youngsters that according to the ancient myths, there used to be in certain countries were-wolves,—persons who, through some bad influence, had changed into wild beasts.

Just to think of it! It fairly made me shudder; but the story-teller went on to say that these were-wolves often became themselves again through a kind word, or by being recognized by their fellow-creatures. To illustrate this, he told the following legend:

"One Christmas-eve, a woman, whose husband had years before turned into a wolf and disappeared, went at night to the pantry to lay aside a joint of meat for to-morrow's dinner. There she saw a wolf standing with its paws on the window-sill, looking wistfully in at her. 'Ah, dearest,' said she, 'if I knew that thou wert really my husband, I would give thee a bone!' Whereupon the wolf-skin fell off, and her husband stood before her in the same old clothes that he had worn on the day when he became a wolf."

Ah, my beloved, I am afraid there are were-wolves yet in the world—men and women, and even little children, who, through want and suffering and vice, have become brutal. But underneath the wolf-skin is the human heart, and a kind word in

recognition of the fact that they are still human will go a long way toward changing them to their better selves. The old charm has not lost all its power. Try it. I dare say you girls and boys may some day meet with were-wolves,—coarse, gruff, brutish creatures. Don't be afraid of them, and, above all, don't speak rudely to them. Say a kind word to them, and see if the wolf-skin does n't fall off.

## A FRIEND TO THE BIRDS.

Newburyport, Mass., Oct. 25.

DEAR JACK: Please ask ST. NICHOLAS to put me down a Bird-defender, for I have always loved birds, and shall be glad to do anything to help them. When we lived in New York, I always fed the sparrows in Stuyvesant Park during the winter. I used to take bits of stale bread, and crumble it over a certain grass-plot, giving a peculiar cry as I did so. The minute I gave that call, the sparrows would fly down,—sometimes over a hundred of them,—and pick up the crumbs, shrieking, and scratching, and pecking one another with their beaks—all trying to get the largest pieces. In spring, when they were building their nests, I used to take them cotton-wool, about which they were still more eager.—Your loving friend,

GRACE ETHEL.

## SUPPOSING A CASE.

SUPPOSING we could all live without air,—which it is very certain we cannot,—but I'm only *supposing*. Supposing, then, that there were no need of breathing, and that there was no atmosphere, could we hear anything?

No, this busy, beautiful earth, and the sky about it, would be as still as the grave. Not a human voice could be heard, nor song of bird, nor the murmur of winds.

Did you ever think of it before? But that is not all. Not only would all sounds be hushed, but, according to certain learned birds, all sight would be lost. Not an image could be carried to our eyes. Not only flowers and faces would vanish; the very light of sun and stars would come to us no more.

These remarks, my dears, are not intended to harrow your feelings, but simply to prompt you to look into this matter of the atmosphere. You'll find that authorities differ in regard to the carrying of light and sound; and it is not at all certain that somebody may not be mistaken.

## THE BEE THAT SAVED A KINGDOM.

HERE is a fable that has never been told in print, though it is very popular in the Bee country:

Once upon a time, there was a bad king, and the people wished him to make a certain good law. "No," said he, "I will not make that law,—it is too good. It will make peace. Here is the law I wish to make. Then all my people will go to war."

The two documents lay in front of him on the table all written out, and whichever one he signed would be the law of the land. He took up a big quill pen, drew the bad law nearer to him, and dipped the pen in the ink.

Just then, a bee began to buzz. It was a wise bee.

"Z-z-z-z-z! No zuch zlaw zhall pazz!" buzzed the bee, over and over again; but no one noticed him. "Zign ze ozzer—ze ozzer—ze ozzer!"

The king would not listen; so the wise bee lit

on his nose and stung him just a little, still buzzing: "Zign ze ozzer,—zign ze ozzer,—ze ozzer,—ze ozzer,—ze ozzer!"

"Open the window," roared the king, "and drive out this bee, or kill him!"

They opened the window. Out flew the bee, and in rushed the wind. It blew in very hard. The papers flapped and flew across the table. The bad king was so mad that he stamped his foot, seized one of the papers, and signed it in a rage. There was his name,—*"King Blunderbuss,"*—and nothing could alter it. Then he saw that in his haste and rage he had signed the good law. But he was too proud to own his mistake.

The bee hurried to the garden and whispered to the honeysuckles:

"Zome of your bezt,—zome of your bezt! The good law iz zigned, and all zhall be peaze and happinezz!"

So the honeysuckles gave him all their best honey, and the people outside of the king's palace built great bonfires and shouted with joy:

"Long live the king! Long live the good King Blunderbuss!"

"Oho!" said the king to himself, when he heard this; "that is the best sound I have heard for many a year."

And after that, he was afraid to give way to anger, for fear he might sign a bad law, by mistake. The bee did not have to light on his nose again. The king made only good laws, and to the end of his days his people shouted:

"Long live the king!"

#### NEW YORK STREET-LAMPS IN 1697 AND 1876.

WELL, well! What things a Jack-in-the-Pulpit may hear if he listens to human folk! If Deacon Green and the Little Schoolma'am had not talked about them, as they sat on the willow-stumps last summer, watching the fire-flies, how could your Jack have learned anything about such things as street-lamps?

It appears that in the seventeenth century, when the city of New York was but little more than a village, there was for a long time no system of lighting the streets. On dark nights, each citizen who ventured out-of-doors was expected to provide himself with a lantern; and at long intervals one might see a lighted lamp hung in front of the door of some wealthy citizen.

It was not until 1697 that the aldermen were charged to enforce the duty, "that every seventh householder, in the dark time of the moon, cause a lantern and a candle to be hung out of his window on a pole, the expense to be divided among the seven families."

This was probably considered an excellent way of street-lighting at the time. But what a change would one of the aldermen of 1697 find, could he now follow on some moonless night the double line of gas-lamps extending from the Battery to Fordham, a distance of fifteen miles! Who would not like to accompany him as he silently passed

over the well-paved ways, once so wild and swampy, and to see his astonished gaze as the long lines of lighted lamps revealed tall fronts of stately marble stores and brown-stone houses; and on through the



beautiful Central Park, and—still further, over well-made roads—out into the open country beyond it, yet still within the city's limits? Do you think that the ancient alderman would recognize in the great new city the quiet village that he once knew and loved?

#### A TRUE MULE STORY.

MT. Lebanon, La.

DEAR JACK: The rescue of a mule in Bienville Parish, La., from a well sixty feet deep, caused so much surprise and interest here lately that I send an account to you.

It is vouched for by some of the best citizens of this place, who witnessed it, and I assure you it is every word true.

This mule fell hind-feet backward into an old dry well sixty feet deep: it is supposed that the edge of the well caved in with him. All efforts to rescue him were fruitless, as he was completely wedged in. Finally, the owner of the mule, supposing that the poor creature was severely injured by the fall, decided that it would be more merciful to have him killed than to allow him to starve to death. Not knowing any other way of dispatching him, he had a cart-load of dirt thrown in upon him. But, instead of allowing himself to be buried alive, his muleship quickly shook off the dirt and pressed it down with his feet; thus raising himself several inches above his original position. Another load was thrown in, with the same result; and then some one said that if the mule would continue trampling down the dirt, it was possible that he might be extricated; it would be no harm to try, any way. Acting on this suggestion, all the farm-hands went to work filling the well, carefully pouring the dirt in on the sides, so as not to hurt the mule. It was slow work filling that deep well, but a hearty interest was awakened by the perseverance with which the poor animal tramped down the dirt, and all worked with willing hands.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, did he ascend, until the great well was filled within a few feet of the top; then, as complacently as if nothing strange had happened, his muleship stepped out safe and sound!

I think, if he could have then been blessed with the gift of speech, he would have said, "All's well that ends well!" Wasn't he a plucky old fellow?

PLEASANT RIDERHOOD.

#### COMFORT FOR SHORT FOLKS.

THOSE tiresome people the statisticians—who, nevertheless, find out so many things that the world is very glad to know—tell us that on all long marches, or undertakings requiring great strength and endurance, it is the tall men who fail first. In Arctic, or in African explorations, and in armies and navies the world over, it has been found that short men are the longest—workers. So, if any of my boys think that they are not growing tall fast enough, let them remember that what they lose in height they may gain in powers of endurance; and in the long run these are worth more than any other personal possession, saving always an honest, open heart and conscience.

## HARUM SCARUM.

Words by "ALBA" (Little Folk Songs).  
*Allegretto (Chorus in unison).*

Music by F. Boett.

Ha - rum Sca - rum, Win - kum Wa - rum, A ter - ri - ble fel - low is Ha - rum Sca - rum!

*p*

Up the stairs and in - to the door, Scatt'ring things all o - ver the floor, Thro' the win - dows and

*cres.* *mf*

out on the leads, Shak - ing the house a - bout our heads, Shak - ing the house a -

*f*

bou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - out our heads.

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

*1st.*  
*mf*  
Down the chim - ney in clouds of smoke, To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke, While the

*2d.*  
To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke, While the

*3d.*  
While the

*mf*  
house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec - ta - cles,  
house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec - ta - cles,  
house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec - ta - cles,

*cres.*  
*f*  
snee - zes her spec - ta - cles, snee - zes her spec - ta - cles in - - - to the coals.

*cres.*  
*f*  
snee - zes her spec - ta - cles, snee - zes her spec - ta - cles in - - - to the coals.

*f rall.*  
snee - zes her spec - ta - cles in - - - to the coals.

*cres.*  
*f* *sf* *sf* *sf*  
*rall.*





## THE LETTER-BOX.

We are not afraid of congratulating ourselves too much upon having so good and wise a person as Thomas Hughes to talk to our readers. Mr. Hughes is one of England's cleverest writers and best men. He was educated first at Rugby, where the celebrated Latin scholar, Dr. Arnold, was Master, and then at Oxford University; and his "School-days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" are spirited and truthful accounts of his own school-life. These books will be read with delight by young and old for years and years to come. Mr. Hughes has also written several other works, which are equally entertaining in their way, if they do not contain quite as much hearty fun as the college stories. After graduation, Mr. Hughes studied law, attained a high position in his profession, and finally became a member of the British Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his wise and liberal actions. He has always been a sturdy friend to America, and in 1869 made us a long visit, lecturing in several cities, where he was warmly and honorably received.

We have great faith that our boys—and girls too—will put a true value upon the thoughtful words he writes. But let the motto "*Festina lente*" prompt them to *make haste slowly* as they read the article, so as to take in the full meaning of the honest, strong-hearted Englishman, who is known all over the English-speaking world as the friend of the school-boy.

THERE was a slight error in Prof. Proctor's article in the January number. It is to be found in the sentence concerning Taurus, in the first column on page 171. The statement there made was intended to refer to the Pleiades instead of to Taurus, so that the proper reading is: "*The Pleiades* now shine highest in the skies at midnight toward the end of November," etc.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers find "The Hidden Flower," in the following verses?

Far from haunts by mortals known,  
Long had a tiny floweret grown;  
A brook flowed near in noisy strife,  
And gave the tender blossom life.  
There, happy in its humble sphere,  
Naught marred its joy from year to year.  
One summer morn the sun rose bright,  
The flower rejoiced to see his light;  
But now beneath his scathing beam  
More shallow grew the narrow stream;  
Arose as mist toward the sky,  
And left its stony pathway dry;  
And soon with sadly drooping head  
The little flower lay withered dead.

*Explanation*—Take the first letter of the first line, the second letter of second line, the third of the third, and so on to the twelfth line; and the name Forget-me-not will appear.

GABRIEL GRAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, as so many of the girls and boys have written you, I would try my hand at a note, and see if you will be glad to receive it. I have a cat which every one thinks is a model. He is of a very musical turn of mind. He will not be satisfied with any bed but the piano. He also sits on the stool and runs scales with his fore-paws. It may seem to be a large story, but it is true.—Yours truly,  
MARGUERITE B. NEWTON.

DEAR, LOVELY ST. NICHOLAS: We like you ever and ever so much, and wish you came every day instead of every month. We see so many letters in the "Letter-Box," that we thought we should like very much to write and thank you for the very great pleasure you afford us, and also those boys and girls whose letters we find it such fun to read. We like Jack, too, and wish he really was a flower that we might gather him in the field, and take him home to keep forever; only that would be selfish.

Can you tell us where we may find the line "An undevout astronomer is mad?"  
BERTIE AND HATTIE H. BROWN.

The line referred to is in Young's "Night Thoughts"—Night IX., line 771.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., West Virginia, Nov. 28, 1896.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I broke my bank open to get these three dollars to send you, so you will please send me ST. NICHOLAS for the next twelve months. Please send it to me, and oblige yours,  
WELLS J. HAWKS.

P.S.—I would rather have your ST. NICHOLAS than a big dog with a brass collar.  
WELLS.

Chester, Pa., 1896.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you, or any of your readers, inform me the date of the day upon which Russia acknowledged the independence of the United States? If you can, I will be very thankful, for I have looked in several histories to find out, but they only state that Russia acknowledged it in July, 1783. I like "Jon of Iceland," and think the "Boy Emigrants" is the best story ever published.—Your constant reader,  
HIRAN HATHAWAY, JR.

Russia could not *acknowledge* our independence. She might have recognized it, but did not do so for a long time after the Revolution. When, in 1777, we applied to several of the European Powers for assistance and recognition, Russia was not called a great Power, and we did not apply to her. In December, 1780, Francis Dana, of Massachusetts, was elected Minister to Russia, and he reached St. Petersburg in September, 1781. It was hoped that he could then secure our recognition, but he was advised by friends not to present his letters, as he would not be received. For a long time Mr. Dana lived there as a private citizen, and then, in February, 1783, he sent in his letters. After a long delay, he was informed that he could not be officially received till Great Britain had received an American Minister. These were hard terms, and Mr. Dana returned home in August, 1783. For a long time we had no diplomatic relations with Russia. In 1791, our ships began to call at Russian ports, and a friendly trade sprang up and grew so fast, that Russia, at last, *asked* us to send a Minister to her court. In June, 1809, John Quincy Adams was appointed Minister to Russia, and that was the beginning of our intercourse. The first treaty with Russia was a commercial one, and was signed in 1824. Russia has always been our friend, but she did not formally recognize us till she asked us to send a Minister to her court in 1809.

MRS. DODGE: Please don't make any mistakes in having our delightful magazine in Chicago on time, as I get into all sorts of trouble when the 20th passes without it. Just as soon as that day comes, and I get home at night, a crowd of little heads appears over the banister of the stairs, and a perfect chorus of voices demands, "Where is the ST. NICHOLAS?" The last number was a few days late, and there was much disappointment among our little olive-branches; and I must concede I shared it with them. But when it did come, we were all richly repaid for the delay. It is a perfect casket of gems, and is the most welcome visitor that comes to our house. We talk of it to all our friends; and I believe if every father who loves his pets only knew the delight it would afford them, that your subscribers would be counted by millions.  
A. L. M.

ST. NICHOLAS for December was purposely delayed by the publishers. It was an extraordinarily large number, and was the Christmas number of the present volume.

Monticello, Minn., 1896.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yes, I *will* do it. Do what? Write to the ST. NICHOLAS "Letter-Box." I am one of the children between the ages of eight and eighty who have read every number of the beautiful and delightful magazine since published. And isn't it delightful? Beautiful inside and out? Just look at the gay but chaste covers—so cheerful!

This writing to the "Letter-Box" is what I have been inclined to do every month, after having read and enjoyed the book. I wanted to express my thanks to the publishers, and to Mrs. Dodge, for the delightful enjoyment it has given me, and those for whom it is sent. I was deterred from doing this when I thought of how many, *every* letters had to be read, and how much labor performed. But I just want to tell, in addition to the testimony of the lady of Beverly, New Jersey, how the good and delight which ST. NICHOLAS affords may be extended, and hundreds of children who are hungry for such reading and illustrations may be supplied.

Out in Oregon, I have six nephews and nieces, whom I have never seen. I wanted to make them a Christmas present.

brought on a headache thinking what would please them all. ST. NICHOLAS eased the headache, and was just the thing; and so it has gone to them ever since. I cannot begin to tell of the pleasure given and received—the letters and postal-cards coming back, saying: "Oh, aunty, we are so delighted with ST. NICHOLAS! It is just SPLENDID!"

While in Kansas, I managed to let a good many children read my copy before sending it to Oregon; and just here comes the place to say what I am writing for.

I know there are hundreds of kind children who would willingly contribute toward copies for other children who have no such reading, nor means to get it, if only they knew how and where to send. Perhaps many of you have helped to endow the "Churchman Cots" in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and other places, during the last year.

If some wise man or woman could suggest the better way, how many more copies of ST. NICHOLAS can be put into the hands and homes of children who have no such pleasures! Surely to all of us occur some child or family to whom a whole year can be made happy every month, by a gift of ST. NICHOLAS, which may be subscribed for at any time of the year. Think of the untold happiness that can be given, if only the army of ST. NICHOLAS's patrons will enlist and scatter the magazine in the homes now without it.

AUNT JANE.

Spencer, Ind., 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl six years old, and I want to write a letter to the Letter-Box and surprise my papa. Papa has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for me three years. I think your pictures and stories are very nice. I have a pretty canary bird, but I am a bird-defender. I went to the "Centennial," and saw the Colorado woman's museum you told us about. Good-bye.

EDNA FOWLER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this "piece of Poetry," requesting that we sign it only with his "initial":

#### THE AURORA.

THE Aurora is a balloon of colour yellow,  
Able to sail across brooks, rivers, and meadows;  
Made of cotton and of cords by human men  
And filled about one third with hydrogen.

It rose up in the air; a beautiful sight!  
And like a bird commenced its airy flight;  
To seaward it went, pushed by a gentle breeze,  
And, going, men could see its size diminishing.

Beautiful as the sun shown on its sides,  
We men below shouted, yelled and cried;  
When Godard, the owner of the balloon,  
Waved his hat, but he out of sight was soon.

The Aurora continued on its airy course,  
Steady as a mule and swift as a horse;  
Until it arrived at the other side of the Seine,  
And descended near the edge of the treacherous main.

It was then packed up in a very small space,  
And sent away to Paris,—that great place  
For balloons, and for voyages to the moon;  
And there it could hold up its head and wave its plumes  
With the greatest of its race. W.

College Point, L. I., 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please publish an account of the process of the manufacture of marbles in your next number? I have asked several teachers, but have been quite unsuccessful in learning how, and where they are made.

I thought I would ask you, as the ST. NICHOLAS is always eagerly read, and the boys will be ever so much obliged for the information. Very respectfully,

CLARA S. MARHOLD.

#### MAKING MARBLES.

In making marbles, glass, agate, china, or porcelain and crystalline limestone or marble are used; and by painting, glazing, polishing, and decorating these materials, over one hundred different kinds of marbles are manufactured. The cheaper marbles are made of common crockeryware. Girls and boys pick up small lumps of the wet clay, and skillfully roll them into little balls in their hands. These balls of clay are then ranged on tables in the open air, or under open sheds to dry. When they are partly dried they are rolled between the palms once more, and then placed, one at a time, on tiny three-legged stools or tripods, in a kiln or oven. When the oven is full, a fire is made under it, and the marbles are baked till they are as hard

as a piece of chinaware. These porcelain marbles are made in a number of different sizes, and in a number of shades of blue, white, and brown. Some look like the brown tea-pots used to steep tea on the stove. Others have a beautiful pearly glaze, like the best china tea-cups; some are painted in bright colors on a dull surface; and some have the colors burned in, just as the gold bands and pictures are burned into dinner-plates. You can readily tell the china marbles by looking at them closely, and there you will find three little marks or blemishes showing where the soft marble stood on its little iron tripod in the oven. The glass marbles are made either of clear glass or of the colored glass the glass-blowers use. The clear glass marbles are made by dipping an iron rod in the melted glass, and taking up a little bunch of the white, hot, sticky, paste. By dropping this into an iron mold, or by whirling the rod round in his hand, the glass-man makes little globes of glass that, after they have been hardened or annealed in a furnace, make the big marbles boys so delight to use. Sometimes the glass-man puts a glass figure of a dog, or other animal on the end of his iron rod, and then the hot glass flows all round it, and when it is done there is the dog locked up in the marble. To make the colored glass marbles the glass-maker puts a number of glass rods of different colors together in a bundle, and then holds the ends in a hot fire, and they melt and run together. Then, with a quick twist, he turns the end into a round ball, or drops it into a mold, and the pretty marble, marked with bands and ribbons of color, is finished. You can always tell which are the glass marbles by the little mark on one side where the ball was broken from the rod when it was finished. The agates,—the most valuable of all marbles,—are made of real agate. Workmen pick up bits of the rough stone and hold them against a grindstone. By moving them quickly about on the stone, the piece of agate is gradually filed down into a nearly perfect ball. If you hold an agate between the eye and the light you can see the little facets, or marks made by the grindstone dotted all over the marble. The common marbles are made of marble, or other hard stone, by placing bits of stones in a heavy mill, where they are rolled round and round between two mill-stones, and gradually worn down into smooth balls. Another method is to place a strong wooden barrel on bearings so that it will easily turn over and over on its axis. This barrel is usually placed in a small stream or brook, and is so arranged that the water will turn it over and over like a water-wheel as it rushes under it. Bits of stone put in the barrel then, tumble over the other for hours, and grind and rub against each other till they come out smooth and round. Such a barrel is called a "tumble," and any boy living near a brook could, without much trouble, make one, and manufacture his own marbles at very little expense.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a year; we all like you very much. I was very interested in that piece in the "Young Contributors' Department," "My Squirrel." I like animals very much. Many thanks to Mr. Noah Brooks for his delightful story. I like all the stories very much; they give so much information. The "Letter-Box" is very nice; I enjoy reading it. There is one question I would like to ask, and that is, Are you ever going to have any more German stories for translation? That was the principal reason for taking the book with mamma, that we might improve in our German. I hope you will have one soon. I am going to try to be "worth my weight in gold" in sewing. I will now close.

Yours truly, T. L.

Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you told us some time ago how to make a fort, the idea occurred to us boys that a fort about the size of a school-house would be a good one. So, after many trials, we succeeded in making some, which we thought were very nice. And I thought the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS might not know how to man their forts, so I would write and tell you, and then you could tell them.

The way we make them is this: Take a piece of letter-paper, draw a soldier on it in any position you want,—either on guard, charging, etc. Then cut out the paper in the shape of the drawing; after which, cut some like the pattern from pasteboard, and then cut some small squares of pasteboard with slits in them, and in those slits put the feet of the soldiers, and you will see they will stand up very nicely. Then, by drawing a picture of a gun, and also a cannon, and cutting them out of pasteboard in the same way, your fort will be complete; except a flag, which you paint according to the nation that you want your soldiers to represent. Of course, you must paint your soldiers with a unit of a fort about the size of a school-house.

We have also invented a nice kind of gun for shooting peas. Take a piece of cane and cut a notch in it all around, to which you fasten a piece of elastic, forming a loop over the end of the cane. Then you make a ramrod like a pop-gun handle, and over the end

of it place the elastic loop, so that when drawn back it will have a good spring, and send the pea, or anything that you may choose to load with, with a great deal of force.

Hoping that what I have told you may be of sufficient interest to find a place in your "Letter-Box," I remain yours always,

ROBERT McDUGALL.

"CHARL" should have been credited with the text of the "Christmas Puzzle," published in our December number.

New York City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried that receipt for making candy twice. The first time it was very good; but the second time it stuck to the paper so that I could not even scrape it off. I made it with light-brown sugar, for we did not have any granulated.

I want to tell you how frightened I was one evening last summer, in the country. I had been for a ride from the house where we were boarding to the village, with a little girl named Mary, and her brother. Coming back, the boy took out the whip to make Fan (the horse) go faster, and hit her with it. For about half a moment she went quite slowly, as if to gather up all her strength, and then to go as fast as she could. Mary jumped out because she was afraid, and her brother jumped out to stop the horse. I sat as still as I could and held on to the dashboard. I certainly expected to be upset; and it was just God's mercy and nothing else that saved us from it. We had to walk about half or three-quarters of a mile to get back to the house. But I must stop now for my letter is almost too long now.—Yours very sincerely,

NESSIE E. STEVENS.

South Boston, Mass., 1896.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you in this letter a new receipt for making molasses candy, which I hope some of your readers will try. Take one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, half cup of butter, and half tea-spoon of soda: boil fifteen minutes. Put the soda in just before you take it off. We have taken the St. NICHOLAS for two years and we like it very much. Yours truly,

J. S. D.

Who can send us a good recipe without soda?

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN IN THE HOSPITALS.—The sick children in our hospitals would be glad to have any old books or illustrated papers which our boys and girls have read and no longer want. Will they not send all they can spare (express prepaid) to the State Charities Aid Association, No. 52 East Twentieth street, New York, which will distribute them in the various hospitals?

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS. With music. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y.

IN THE SKY GARDEN. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by "Champ." Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston. Price \$2.

FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORSE. By Henry M. Field, D. D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

FLEDA AND THE VOICE. With other stories. By Mary A. Lathbury. Illustrated by the Author. Nelson & Phillips, N. Y.

LONG AGO: A Year of Child-life. By Ellis Gray. Illustrated. Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—"Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land!'"

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S

F A R  
M I L A N  
G E T  
M

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Helena.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Calash, clash, cash. 2. Grasp, gasp, gap. 3. Czar, car. 4. Canto, Cato. 5. Clump, camp, cap.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Maple, Rapid.

M O U L D  
H A B I T  
A P P L E  
T A B L E  
R A I S E

EASY HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Lion. 2. Camel. 3. Ox. 4. Ape. 5. Dog. 6. Cat. 7. Seal.

CHARADE.—Pantry.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.—Macbeth, Othello.

M —ercutio— O  
A —s You Like I— T  
C—ardinal Pandulp—H  
B —eatric— E  
E —ar— L  
T —uba— L  
H —orati— O

ENIGMA.—Abraham Lincoln.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A—L—E  
A—D—IE—U  
S—L—IV—E—R—S  
R—E—L—S

RIDDLE.—Clove, love, glove, clover.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Noise—is one. 2. Do but—doubt. 3. Trap meant—apartment. 4. Pieces—specie. 5. Motion read—moderation.

SQUARE-WORD.—Larch, Adore, Royal, Cramp, Helps.

REBUS, No. 2.—The Witches Spell. Spell it who can.

ess|pea|e|ell|eye|tea|double|you|aitch|oh|sea|aye|en  
S|P|E|L|L|I|T|W|H|O|C|A|N

TRIPLE PUZZLE.—I. Concealed words: Modes, oust, omega, never, level, I I, gang, heath, tablet. II. Complete words between primals and finals: Ode, us, Meg, eve, —, an, eat, able. III. Primals and finals: Moonlight and Starlight.

M —ode— S  
O —us— T  
O —meg— A  
N —eve— R  
L —eve— L  
I —ve— I  
G —an— G  
H —eat— H  
T —able— T

PUZZLE.—MALICE

ICESPAR

SPARROW

ROWEL

ELBOW

BOWER

ERRAND.

EASY ENIGMA.—Foliage.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Arabia.

A T H E N S  
B R A Z I L  
F R A N C E  
L I S B O N  
P E R S I A  
A L A S K A

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Madrid, Lisbon. Meal, Alibi, Dress, Rob, Indigo, Deln.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Verbena. 2. Violet. 3. Heart's-ease. 4. Heliotrope. 5. Tuberosa. 6. Bachelor's-button. 7. Rose geranium.

CENTRAL EXCEPTIONS.—

H O — P — E S  
D R — E — A M  
T O — N — E S  
T I — G — E R R  
R O — U — S E  
M A — I — Z E  
P I — N — E S

H O E S  
D R A M  
T O E S  
T I E R  
R O S E  
M A Z E  
P I E S

Centrals: Penguin.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received from Frieda E. Lippert, Josie M. Brown, Edward W. Robinson, Maudie Lyon, Willie Dibbee, A. Carter, Nessie E. Stevens, Alex., William W. Chipchase, "Capt. Nemo," Emma Elliott, Ella G. Condie, Hal Glenn, Yetta M. Smith, Alice Barlow Moore, Bessie V. B. Benedict, J. Montgomery, May Holmes, B. P. Emery, "L. E.," Charles Henry Field, W. M. Jones, Laura Hannaberg, Jeannie D. Adams, Elias W. R. Thompson, Harry Otis, Jennie L. Bird, Aggie Rhodes, Howard S. Rogers, Carrie Hart, Elizabeth Sherrerd, G. B. M., Madge Shepard, Allie Bertram, "J. R.," Lewis Harlan, Louise Hinckley.

**HOURL-GLASS PUZZLE.**

1. DUTIFULNESS. 2. Inclining. 3. Integrity. 4. Part of the body.  
5. Found in every dictionary. 6. A lawyer's reward. 7. A giver.  
8. A ghost. 9. Endless.

The centrals, read downward, name a rare virtue.

ATLANTIC CITY.

**ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.**

1. Wet lances. 2. Not larches. 3. Warn no eels. 4. Race Susy.  
5. Torn meal. 6. Covered pin. 7. Aunt, guess it. 8. To romp  
thus.

A. C.

**MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.**

I AM a word of four letters, the sum of which is 1551.

1.  $My 1 + my 4 = 30 \times my 3$ .  
2.  $My 2 \times my 4 = \frac{1}{2} my 1$ .  
3.  $My 3 \times my 1 = 100 \times my 4$ .

STALLKNECHT.

**PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.**

Find the sums expressed in all the horizontal rows, and then add them together, to find the complete sum expressed by the rebus.

**DIFFICULT DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A VOWEL. 2. A hotel. 3. A shelf. 4. A festival. 5. The power of foreseeing. 6. Reservoirs. 7. Previous deliberation. 8. Delineations. 9. Not easily seen. 10. Repetitions of sleep-walking. 11. Inquiry. 12. Confusion. 13. Guardians. 14. A wonder. 15. Black. 16. A beverage. 17. A vowel.

ATLANTIC CITY.

**ENIGMA.**

(By a very little girl.)

- My first is in parrot,  
My second in plate,  
My third is in carrot,  
My fourth is in wait;  
My fifth is in trousers,  
And also in pants;  
And my whole is a beautiful  
City in France.

NELLIE KELLOGG.

**DOUBLE MEANINGS.**

1. A CITY in Wisconsin, or a French author. 2. A city in France, or devastation. 3. A city in Ireland, or a piece of bark. 4. A city in New York, or an animal. 5. A city in France, or journey. 6. A city in France, or wild animals. 7. A city in England, or a meager flower.

GRUMBO.

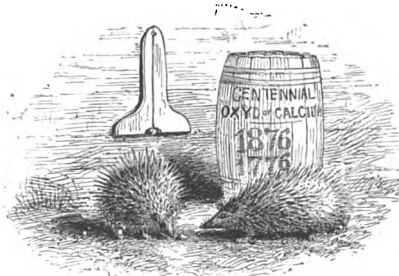
**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

THE answer contains twenty-five letters. The 3, 1, 5, 20, 4, 2 is raised. The 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 is what some men dread to do. The 19, 7, 22, 8, 16 is to quench. The 23, 25, 24, 14, 15 is good for the sick. The 21, 18, 6, 17 is seen in factories. The whole is a true axiom.

D. C.

**PICTORIAL PUZZLE.**

Find four fruits in the picture.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

THE initials and finals name two cities in Europe.

1. A domestic animal. 2. A bitter plant. 3. A necessary of life.  
4. A coloring matter. 5. A noted desert.

B. P.

**NOVEL DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

COMPLETE the diamond with only two letters of the alphabet.

- E -  
- E - E -  
- E -  
-

LITTLE BRUNETTE.

**SQUARE-WORD.**

1. A BEAUTIFUL flower. 2. A precious stone. 3. Part of a ship.  
4. A girl's name.

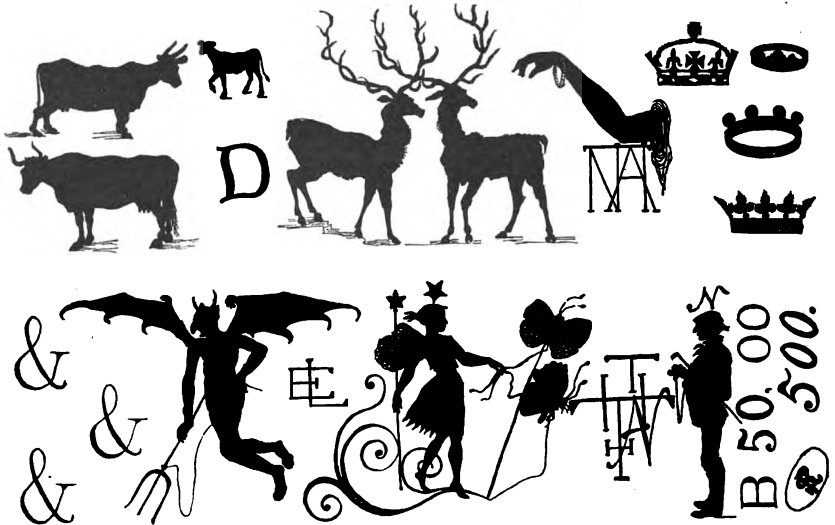
ISOLA.

**PICTURE-PUZZLE.**

1. WHY is this a festive occasion? 2. Why is it like half the year in the tropics? 3. What public officers do these children resemble? 4. Why is this like a breaking of the dykes in Holland? 5. Why are the children like the dial at noon? 6. Why like the seats in a circus? 7. Why is one of them like a proud lady? 8. Why is her hair like a person receiving a reprimand? 9. Why are her knees like warriors of old? 10. Why does the boy need a new jacket? 11. What would a little child say on hiding that would remind you of two of these children?

B.

## REBUS.



## HIDDEN WORDS.

FIND eighteen French words in the following sentences, without displacing a letter (the accents must be left to the imagination):  
Do drag outsiders from the tent; let them combat only on the field. J. S.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A manner of drinking. 3. To look steadily.  
4. A valuable gem. 5. Expresses arrogance or vanity. 6. Denotes conclusion. 7. A consonant. E. R.

## RIDDLE.

I AM a god, and at my feet  
Lo! kneeling throngs pay reverence meet.  
I sprang from chaos and from strife,  
A primal element of life.  
The fleeting centuries I span,  
A terror and a slave to man.  
I shine at hand, I shine afar;  
I am a sun, I am a star.  
I am a blessing, and a curse;  
I dance in air, I breathe in verse:  
And, when immortal passions roll,  
I glow within the poet's soul.  
Cut off my head—more dreadful now  
I flash beneath the Thunderer's brow,  
When swift his mighty bolts are hurled  
To overawe a trembling world.  
Cut off my tail, I bend and sigh  
Beneath a gloomy northern sky;  
Unknown to me the riches rare  
Of Tropic suns and balmy air.  
The snows lie heavy on my head;  
I plant my feet among the dead,  
Yet wake to life if o'er me roll  
The terrors of my awful whole.

J. S. N.

## EASY ENIGMA.

I HAVE an 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 to 1 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 stating that  
I 1, 2, 3, 4 that has 5, 6, 7, 8 should be spelled always with a Z.

CYRIL DEANE.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. Is found in ships. 2. Is to imitate. 3. Is a deputy. 4. Is a ghost. 5. Is an entrance. 6. Is to endeavor. 7. Is found in vessels. 8. Is to stalk.  
STALLKNECHT.

## EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

- FIVE letters. Left to right: A precious stone. Right to left: A common stone.  
1. A constellation. 2. Alert. 3. The sea-shore. 4. Condition. 5. A bird's home.

## BEHEADED RHYMES.

ONCE on a time, a good —,  
Whose mournful tale I now —,  
Feasting, with spirits much —,  
Would not be warned till 'twas too —;  
In short, he died of what he —.

A. M.

## CONCEALED DIAMOND AND WORD-SQUARE.

1. FROM the letters of the following words form a five-letter diamond, containing a square-word: *Spent even ten.*

Answer: 

S
P E T
S E V E N
T E N
N

2. (For our readers to solve.) FROM the following sentence form a five-letter diamond, containing a square-word: *Ben O. stole beer.*  
CYRIL DEANE.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in yoke, but not in pair;  
My second in atmosphere, not in air;  
My third is in drink, but not in sip;  
My fourth is in deck, but not in ship;  
My fifth is in cut, but not in knife;  
My sixth is in woman, but not in wife;  
My seventh is in war, but not in strife;  
My eighth is in swine, but not in cattle;  
My whole is the name of a noted battle.

BLACK PRINCE.

## METAGRAM.

ADD a letter to a girl's name, and get a man's name. Put a head on it, and get a title. Drop two letters, and get insane. Change the head, and find a boy. Again, and find wicked. Behold and curtail, and you have an important article.





LITTLE KAREN'S FRIENDS.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

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## LITTLE KAREN AND HER BABY.

By S. C. W.

THE cottage in which little Karen lived stood high up on the hill-side, close to the edge of a great forest. It was a strange, lonely place for a young wife, almost a girl, to be so happy in; but Karen was not afraid of the forest, and never thought her home lonely, not even when the strong winds blew in winter-time, and brought the far-off baying of wolves from the mountains beyond. Her husband, her boy, her housewifely cares, her spinning-wheel and her needle, kept her busy all day long, and she was as cheerful as busy. The cottage was not large, but it was strongly built of heavy beams and stones. Its low walls seemed to hug and clasp the ground, as if for protection, in time of storm. The casement windows, with their very small panes of thick glass, let in little sun, but all summer long they stood open, and in winter, what with the crackling fire, the hum of the wheel, and Karen's bright face, the living-room never looked dark, and, for all its plainness, had an air of quaint comfort about it. Fritz, Karen's husband, who was skillful with tools, had ornamented the high-backed chair, the press for clothes, and the baby's oaken cradle, with beautiful carving, of which little Karen was exceedingly proud. She loved her cottage, she loved the great wood close by; her lonely life was delightful to her, and she had not the least wish to exchange it for the toy-like village in the valley below.

But Karen was unlike other people, the neighbors said, and the old gossips were wont to shake

their heads, and mutter that there was a reason for this unlikeness, and that all good Christians ought to pity and pray for the poor child.

Long, long ago, said these gossips,—so long that nobody now could remember exactly when it was,—Karen's great-great-great-grandfather (or perhaps *his* grandfather—who could tell?), when hunting in the high mountains, met a beautiful, tiny maiden, so small and light that a man could easily carry her in the palm of one hand. This maiden he fell in love with, and he won her to be his wife. She made a good wife; kept the house as bright as new tin; and spun on her wheel linen thread so fine that mortal eye could hardly see it. But a year and a day from the time of her marriage, she went out to walk in the wood, and never came back any more! The reason of this was, that she was a gnome, —daughter of one of the forest gnomes, —and when her own people encountered her thus alone, they detained her, and would not suffer her to return to her husband. The baby she left in the cradle grew to be a woman,—bigger than her gnome mother, it is true, but still very small; and all the women of the race have been small since that time. Witness little Karen herself, whose head only came up to the shoulder of her tall Fritz. Then her passion for woods and solitary places,—her beautiful swift spinning, her hair, of that peculiar pale white-brown shade,—all these were proofs of the drops of unearthly blood which ran in her veins. Gnomes always had white hair.

VOL. IV.—20.



This was because they lived in holes and dark places. Even a potato would throw out white leaves if kept in a cellar,—everybody knew that,—and the gossips ending thus, would shake their heads again, and look very wise.

Karen had heard these stories, and laughed at them. No fairy or gnome had ever met her eyes in the woods she loved so well; and as for hair, Rosel Pilaff's, and Gretchen Erl's too, was almost as pale as hers. Blonde hair is common enough in the German mountains. Her little boy—bless him!—had downy rings which promised to become auburn in time, the color of his father's beard. She did not believe in the gnome story a bit.

But there came a time when she almost wished to believe it, for the gnomes are said to be wise folk, and little Fritz fell ill of a strange disease, which neither motherly wisdom nor motherly nursing was able to reach. Each day left him thinner and weaker, till he seemed no more than half his former size. His very face looked strange as it lay on the cradle-pillow, and Karen was at her wit's end to know what to do.

"I will go to the village and ask Mother Klaus to come and see the child," said Fritz. "She may know of a remedy."

"It will be of no use," declared Karen, sadly. "She went to the Berards', and the baby died, and to Heinrichs', and little Marie died. But go, go, Fritz!—only come back soon, lest our angel take flight while you are away!"

She almost pushed him from the door, in her impatience to have him return.

A while after, when the baby had wailed himself to sleep, she went again to the door to look down the path into the valley. It was too soon to hope for Fritz, but the movement seemed a relief to her restlessness. It was dusk, not dark,—a sweet, mild dusk, with light enough left to show the tree-branches as they met and waved against the dim yellow sky. Deep shadows lay on the moss-beds and autumn flowers which grew beneath; only a faint perfume here and there told of their presence, and the night was very near.

Too unhappy to mind the duskiness, Karen wandered a little way up the wood-path, and sat down on the root of an old oak, so old that the rangers had given it the name of "Herr Grandfather." It was only to clear her brimming eyes that she sat down. She wiped them with her kerchief, and, with one low sob, was about to rise, when she became aware that somebody was standing at her side.

This somebody was a tiny old woman, with a pale, shadowy, but sweet face, framed in flossy white hair. She wore a dark, foreign-looking robe; a pointed hood, edged with fur, was pulled

over her head; and the hand which she held out as she spoke was as white as the stalk of celery.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked, in a thin, rustling voice, which yet sounded pleasantly, because it was kind.

"My baby is *so* sick," replied Karen, weeping.

"How sick?" inquired the old woman, anxiously. "Is it cold? Is it fever? Do its eyes water? My baby once had a cold, and her eyes —" She stopped abruptly.

"His eyes do not water," said Karen, who felt singularly at home with the stranger. "But his head is hot, and his hands; he sleeps ill, and for these ten days has hardly eaten. He grows thinner and whiter every hour, and wails whenever he is awake. Oh, what am I doing? I must go back to him,"—and, as she spoke, she jumped from her seat.

"One minute!" entreated the little old woman.

"Has he pain anywhere?"

"He cries when I move his head," said Karen, hurrying on.

The stranger went too, keeping close beside her in a swift, soundless way.

"Take courage, liebchen, child to her who was child of my child's child," she said. "Weep not, my darling. I will send you help. Out of the wisdom of the earth shall come aid for the little dear one."

"What *do* you mean?" cried Karen, stopping short, in her surprise.

But the old woman did not answer. She had vanished. Had the wind blown her away?"

"How could I wander so far? How could I leave my baby? Wicked mother that I am!" exclaimed Karen, in sudden terror, as she ran into the cottage.

But nothing seemed disturbed, and no one had been there. The baby lay quietly in his cradle, and the room was quite still, save for the hiss of the boiling pot, and the fall of an ember on the hearth. Gradually her heart ceased its terrified beating; a sense of warmth and calm crept over her, her eyes drooped, and, seated at the cradle-foot, she fell asleep in her chair.

Whether it was an hour or a minute that she slept, she never knew. Slowly and dimly her waking senses crept back to her; but though she heard and saw and understood, she could neither stir nor speak. Two forms were bending over the cradle, forms of little men, venerable and shadowy, with hair like snow, and blanched, pale hands, like her visitor of the afternoon. They did not look at Karen, but consulted together above the sleeping child.

"It is *here*, brother, and *here*," said one, laying his finger gently on the baby's head and heart.

"Does it lie too deep for our reaching?" asked the second, anxiously.

"No. The little herb you know of is powerful."

"And the crystal dust *you* know of is more powerful still."

Then they took out two minute caskets, and Karen saw them open the baby's lips, and each drop in a pinch of some unknown substance.

"He is of ours," whispered one, "more of ours than any of them have been since the first."

"He has the gift of the far sight," said the other, lightly touching the closed eyes, "the divining glance and the lucky finger."

"I read in him the apprehension of metals," said the second old man, "the sense of hidden treasures, the desire to penetrate."

"We will teach him how the waters run, and what the birds say—yes, and the way in and the way out!"

"Put the charm round his neck, brother."

Then Karen saw the little men tie a bright object round the baby's neck. She longed to move, but still she sat mute and powerless, while the odd figures passed round the cradle, slowly at first, then faster and faster, crooning as they went a song which was like wind in branches, and of which this scrap lodged in her memory:

"Eyes to pierce the darkness through,  
Wit to grasp a hidden clue,  
Heart to feel and hand to do,  
These the gnomes have given to you."

So the song and the circling movement went on, faster and more fast, and round and round, till Karen's head swam and her senses seemed to spin in a whirling dance, and she knew no more, till roused by the opening of the door, and Fritz's voice exclaiming: "Come in, Dame Klaus—come in! Karen! Where are you, wife? Ah, here she is, fast asleep, and the little man is asleep too."

"I am not asleep," said Karen, finding her voice with an effort. Then, to her husband's surprise, she began to weep bitterly. But, for all his urgings, she would not tell the cause, for she was afraid of Dame Klaus's tongue.

The dame shook her head over the sick baby. He was very bad, she said; still, she had brought through others as bad as he, and there was no telling. She asked for a saucepan, and began to brew a tea of herbs, while Karen, drawing her husband aside, told her wonderful tale in a whisper.

"Thou wert dreaming, Karen; it is nothing but a dream," declared the astounded Fritz.

"No, no," protested Karen. "It was not a dream. Baby will be well again, and great things are to happen! You will see! The little men know!"

"Little men! Oh, Karen! Karen!" exclaimed Fritz.

But he said no more, for Karen, bending over the cradle, lifted the strange silver coin which was tied round the baby's neck, and held it up to him with a smile. A silver piece is not a dream, as every one knows; so Fritz, though incredulous, held his tongue, and neither he nor Karen said a word of the matter to Mother Klaus.

Baby *was* better next day. It was all the herb-tea, Mother Klaus declared, and she gained great credit for the cure.

This happened years ago. Little Fritz grew to be a fine man, sound and hearty, though never as tall as his father. He was a lucky lad too, the villagers said, for his early taste for minerals caught the attention of a rich gentleman, who gave him great learning. Often when the mother sat alone at her wheel, a smile came to her lips, and she hummed low to herself the song of the little old men:

"Eyes to pierce the darkness through,  
Wit to grasp the hidden clue,  
Heart to feel and hand to do,  
These the gnomes have given to you."



## MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

BY RUTH KENYON.

WINTER had been whistling around with his hands in his pockets a good three months and more; but the violets and daisies, tucked under a thick blanket of snow, had been kept from freezing. People call Winter a very cold, severe fellow; still there must be a tender spot in his heart some-

the branches told the trunks, and the trunks carried the news down to the roots. Maple-trees keep all their provisions in an underground cellar; so the roots finding that, sure enough, the ground was no longer frozen and hard, began to feel about, and sent out little rootlets that gathered up the



STIRRING THE SAP.

where, so kindly does he protect all the delicate plants.

But now the great warm-hearted old Sun was coming back, and Winter, afraid of his long bright days, ran off to the North Pole. A flock of blue-birds came to welcome their old friend, and one robin-redbreast ventured out early to sing him a song. A little warm breeze crept through Farmer Cheery's maple forest, awoke the trees from their long, long sleep, and they all began to shake hands and nod toward each other, whispering: "Good! Good! Here comes the Spring!"

Soon the warm air made them feel thirsty and faint; the tiny twigs complained to the branches;

good things,—just the kinds they knew maple twigs loved best. Does n't it seem funny that they can tell? The maples take one kind of food, the pines another, the birches another, and for each the rootlets pick out just the right kind from the same ground. As fast as the rootlets gathered the food, they sent it up to the branches—a very delicate, sweet drink; and still they sent more and more, the little twigs always taking the freshest, and sending back what was left over. The branches felt very much revived as they were fed, grew very social, and began to tell of the pretty red dresses they would put on before long; red for the cool spring days, and afterward green for hot

summer. They were merry planning their new wardrobes, I assure you ; you could have heard it if you had had the right kind of ears.

Farmer Cheery came in from his barn chores.

"I say, wife, it's growing warm ! Should n't wonder if the sap would run such weather as this ; guess I must tap one tree and see."

So Farmer Cheery took his auger and went out into the maple orchard. It did n't take him long to make a little hole in one of the tree-trunks, and put in a little spout ; nor was it many minutes before drop by drop came the sap.

"Ah ! that's fine !" said Farmer Cheery, and he went home in haste. The next we saw of him, he was driving out into the orchard with a load of one hundred and fifty clean, bright, tin sap-buckets and one hundred and fifty fresh little troughs. Then, in each one of his hundred and fifty maple-trees he bored a hole and put a trough in, and a bucket beneath to catch the sap as it came dropping out.

"Did n't it starve the poor little branches waiting for their food ?"

Oh, no ! There was enough for them left,—all they needed to keep them very fresh and make them grow. So many, many pailfuls ran up and down every day, that the one Farmer Cheery took would hardly be missed.

Every morning and night for two or three weeks, the good farmer might be seen with his great tank, clean as clean could be, driving around to collect the sap that had run out. He knew that one reason why maple sugar is sometimes dark-colored is because the pails and tanks that hold the sap are not washed thoroughly ; so he took great pains with his. He knew, too, that if any water gets in,

the sap must be boiled longer to make sugar of it, and the longer it is boiled the darker it grows ; so, if he saw a storm coming, he collected all the sap, and turned the buckets upside down till the rain was over.

Farmer Cheery had a great iron pan, which would hold,—oh, I don't dare tell you how many pailfuls,—a great, great many ; and this very large pan rested on some stone posts about two feet from the ground. Under this he built a fire, and into it he poured his sap, stirring it while it boiled almost all day long. When he drew it off, such beautiful clear sirup I don't believe you ever saw. This he did two or three times each week for nearly a month ; after that, the sap was not as good for people to use, though just what the little twigs needed as they grew older.

Some of his sirup the farmer put up in cans to send to the cities ; some of it he boiled more and more, so that it would be sugar when cooled. Then he poured it into pretty scalloped tins, to harden into the round cakes you like so much ; and some of it his little grandchildren waxed on snow.

You don't know how that is ?

Well, May packed a panful of snow, just as hard as she could crowd it in ; then she smoothed off the top as even as a marble table, and she and Sally carried it to Grandpa Cheery, who dropped upon their snow a spoonful of the hot sirup here and there. The little thin, waxy sheets of suddenly cooled sirup, picked up with a fork and eaten as soon as cool, made an excellent luncheon ; and the children tugged their pan of snow around to give every one a taste, declaring that "sugar-season" was the very best time in the year.

## LUCK AND LABOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

LUCK doth wait, standing idly at the gate—

Wishing, wishing all the day ;

And at night, without a fire, without a light,

And before an empty tray,

Doth sadly say :

"To-morrow something may turn up ;

To-night on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows—

Singing, singing all the day ;

And at night, before the fire, beside the light,

And with a well-filled tray,

Doth gladly say :

"To-morrow I'll turn something up ;

To-night on wages earned I sup."

## CATHERN.

(A Sequel to "The Ash-Girl."\*)

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

DOES anybody remember the little ash-girl, Cathern, who wanted a mother so much that she wandered up and down the streets, day in and day out, for a great many weeks, trying to find one? She had been laughed at, scolded and repulsed, until her courage nearly failed her; and the great hope in her heart grew less and less and at last seemed to be fading quite away, just as the color in her cheeks had done.

But now—*now* Mrs. Percy had opened her arms to the lonely child, and was resting the tired head upon her bosom. Only a few days before, a little golden head had rested there, and a face as pure as an angel's had lighted up with smiles in answer to the mother's look of love. But the angels had beckoned to the child and carried her to heaven with them, leaving the mother desolate. Thinking of all this, and looking down upon Cathern, Mrs. Percy saw that the sudden happiness had been too much for the poor child. The little face, looking so worn and white under a mat of dusky hair, but with the light of its new joy full upon it, lay quite unconscious. Very tenderly, with her heart aching for her own darling, Mrs. Percy carried this poor stranger child upstairs, and laid her upon the vacant bed.

It was several weeks before Cathern wakened from a delirium in which she seemed to be going over her weary wanderings again. At one time she would complain that the stones were cold, and hurt her feet; at another, that her bones ached; then, that she was hungry. Sometimes she would mistake Mrs. Percy, who watched over her almost constantly, for some one whom she had encountered in her search. "Wait! wait!" she would plead, pitifully. "Don't shut the door on me. I have n't got any mother, an' I wants one *so* bad!" Then she would cry, and in a moment say, bitterly: "No matter! A *reel* mother would n't drive me away, an' I'm goin' to git on to a boat an' go all over the world till I finds a reel, true mother!"

In this way, Mrs. Percy learned a great deal about Cathern's sufferings, and became so full of compassion for her, that her interest grew very strong. Again and again she thought over her impulsive promise to the child that she would be a mother to her, and wondered if it would be a difficult one to fulfill; but whenever she looked at Cathern, her wondering changed to pity, and she

said to herself: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones —"

Opposite the bed where Cathern lay, there hung upon the wall a beautiful portrait of the two who had died,—Mabel Percy and her father,—and the mother, looking at it, fancied that she saw in the child's eyes, which seemed to look down upon her from the picture, an earnest expression, which resembled the pleading look so intense upon the forlorn little beggar child's face when she had first seen it. It seemed as if Mabel were pleading for Cathern. That thought would make Mrs. Percy bend over the sick child, and try, with all her skill and patience, to restore her.

At last came the day when Cathern opened her eyes, gazed intently at Mrs. Percy for a moment, and then, with a radiant smile, put up her little wasted arms, and cried, joyfully:

"Mother!"

She was so happy that she did not notice how the face over her grew sad with a sudden pain at that word. She felt nothing but her own excess of joy, and innocently took for granted, on Mrs. Percy's part, all the feeling of a mother over the recovery of her child.

"I forgot all about it, mother," she said, brightly, with a low laugh. "I dreamed all the time that I was a-huntin' for you ag'in. Was n't that funny? An' it aint true at all! I has n't got to hunt any more, has I? Oh, I'm so glad! Aint you? But o' course you are, 'cause you have n't got any little girl now, 'cept me." Oh, the pain the mother felt at every word! But Cathern was quite unconscious of it, and went on, and on: "Aint you glad, too, you've got me? I knows you are, 'cause all the reel mothers ever I seen was glad with their little girls, an' called 'em every kind o' word they could think of. Nice names, I mean. O' course they would n't go to call 'em the things Biddy Dolan called me! *She* aint nobody's mother. An' you called me 'my darling,'—so I knows, ye see. The first mother I knowed said that. Mother! Mother! You'll call it me often, wont you?"

The pain in the mother's heart was very sharp just then, but the joy and trust in Cathern's were perfect; and the tones of her voice, weak from sickness, and very touching as she kept repeating this name she had never called any one before, were such as no true mother could have disap-

\* For the first story, see ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1876; page 386.

pointed; and this sorrowing one hid her face in the pillow, and whispered:

"I will, my darling."

"Oh, that's the beautifullest, the gooddest thing of all!" cried the little one, in ecstasy. "You're the best of all the mothers,—I knows you are. Lift up your head, mother,—I wants to see you, an' you hides your face so I can't. Oh, mother! mother! you're a-feelin' bad, an' you wants to cry!"

Here Cathern's voice changed to one of the tenderest pity, and, drawing down the mother's head, she patted and soothed it with her weak little hands as if it were a baby's, and she its comforter.

"There! There, my mother!" she said. "Lay down close to me, an' I'll make you feel better. See how I can stroke you an' love you? Yes, indeed I will; an' by an' by you can go to sleep here, on my pillow, an' I'll watch you, an' I wont let nothing touch you nor wake you up till you're all rested. Is that what your other little girl'd do? Yes, I knows she would. An' now she can't, you know. An' if she could ax me to do it for her, she would,—an' I will. She's beautifuller nor what I am, but when I gits well I'll do everything I can think of she'd be axin me to. There! Now you're cryin' reelly, mother! You can hide your face agin mine, an' I wont let nobody see ye. Ye need n't try not to do it, neither, for it's dreadful hard to keep it in,—I knows it is!"

Cathern had so often squeezed back the tears and swallowed sobs when they wanted to come out, that she understood at once the pain the mother felt in her effort at self-control. All through her little life, as far back as she could remember, she had been forced to do without things that she wanted bitterly, and she had been too lonely ever since the longing for a mother had seized her, not to feel now Mrs. Percy's intense longing for her daughter.

Her words and tender caresses touched Mrs. Percy to the heart, and, lifting her head presently, she kissed the sick child tenderly, and said, with a brighter look than Cathern had seen before:

"There! You make me feel better, darling. You are a poor little waif who has strayed into my path, I think, because I need you as much as you need me. We will help each other, and it shall be good for us both that we have come together."

Then Mrs. Percy sat by the bed, and holding Cathern's feeble hand, told her gently about her own little daughter—how tenderly she had carried it for its first walk down the path to the spring at her country home, where the daisies smiled up at the wee dimpled stranger, and the quivering leaves

of the white-barked poplars winked down in baby's laughing face; how baby had come to the city and grown into a happy little girl; and how very still and lonely the house had seemed when, at last, the



BABY'S FIRST WALK.

bright eyes were shut forever. Listening to this, Cathern became perfectly quiet, and at last fell into a sweet sleep.

The cross waiters and indignant cooks who had shut the doors in the ash-girl's face would not have recognized her the following spring, when, restored to health, she was singing to herself one morning while she watered some flowers in the large bay-window of the dining-room. She was dressed in a

blue soft woolen gown, with dainty white ruffles at the neck and wrists, and, with her hair brushed into delicate waves behind her ears, and her face rounded and rosy, she did not look much like the forlorn girl who used to pick ashes and beg from house to house all day long.

Mrs. Percy, who had been upstairs getting ready to go out, returned and stood in the window putting on her gloves, when she noticed that Cathern had put down the pitcher, and was hitching herself nervously, as if she had something to say.

"Well, what is it, little Kathleen?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"It aint nothin' on'y—on'y that ——" faltered Cathern, looking up wistfully.

"Only what?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"On'y that—that other fust mother—*she* took her little girl out along with her,—she did!"

"And you have never been out with me,—is that it?" asked Mrs. Percy; adding: "Well, you are quite strong enough now to take a walk every pleasant day, and you may come, if you like."

Here was a climax of happiness reached. To go out walking with her new mother, and to be seen by the passers-by, in her company and in pretty clothes instead of rags, was a summit of joy beyond which, to Cathern's mind, it was impossible to wish for much.

"Wait till they sees my coat with the torsle down behind!" she said, as Mrs. Percy tied her hat; and when she reached the sidewalk, she stopped a minute to look at her feet and say, triumphantly: "I guess they never thought I'd be having boots what button!"

"Whom do you mean, Kathleen?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"I mean them boys that kep' a-knockin' me away from my barr'ls when I got there fust, an' the people that shut the doors. I wisht they'd all see me now, an' see if they'd do it ag'in! I wants 'em to see me an' find out if I wont——there's one of 'em now!" she cried, suddenly; and, before Mrs. Percy could see what the child was about, Cathern had run to the curbstone a little ahead of them, deliberately bounced against a boy who was picking ashes from a barrel, and stood looking at him contemptuously, with her chin in the air.

The boy looked up in wrath, ready to resent the injury, but was taken aback by seeing that it had come from a daintily dressed child, who was already grasping the hand of a fine lady. His expression changed from anger to an indefinable look of sulky submission.

"Why, Kathleen! How could you?" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, in amazement.

"Cause," said Cathern, scowling at the boy, while she took a few mincing steps before him, and

tried to attract his attention to her dress, "he's got rags an' patches, an' I aint! An' he has to pick ashes an' I don't, an' he would n't dare to touch me, nohow!" And, to expres her sentiment comprehensively to the boy, she puckered up her mouth and lifted her chin at him again.

The boy, doubling up his fists, made an angry gesture in the air at her. Quick as a flash, she sprang to the other side of Mrs. Percy, clutched that lady's skirts, and drew them around her for protection. Then, thrusting her head out to peep at the boy, she made another grimace at him, and said, in jeering tones:

"Ya-a-ah! Come along and do it, if ye dare!"

All this happened in just about a minute, and Mrs. Percy had not been able to interfere effectually. Now, however, she caught Cathern by the wrist, drew her to a little distance, and said, firmly:

"Come! This will never do. This boy has done nothing to you, Catherine, and I will not let you be so rude."

Then she turned to the boy, who, after selecting a good-sized bit of coal from his basket, and holding it behind him, ominously, was moving off as if he meant to throw it at Cathern when he got to a suitable distance from them. But his intention altered as Mrs. Percy took her purse from her pocket, and he dropped the coal quietly when she gave him some pennies, saying, with much sweetness:

"I am sorry she treats you so badly, my poor boy. Try to forget her naughty words, and remember that your rags cannot make you a bad boy any more than her clothes can make her a lady."

With a pleasant nod, she took Cathern's hand again, and walked hastily away.

Her first feeling was indignation at Cathern's showing toward another the same resentment and contempt which, from others, had made her own life so miserable. But, after a few moments' consideration, she said to herself:

"Poor child! What can I expect? She has never had any one to teach her, and it is to be my task to try and let the light into her darkened soul."

But their walk that morning was a curious one. After they had gone a few blocks farther on their way, Cathern again let go of Mrs. Percy's hand, darted across the street, paraded hastily, in two or three paces backward and forward, before a beggar-girl who was sitting upon a door-step, and was back again in an instant, meeting Mrs. Percy and taking her hand as before.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the beggar. "Who cares if I haint?"

"Why, what was that for, Cathern?" asked Mrs. Percy, annoyed.

"I did n't say nothin' much then, at all," answered Cathern. "I on'y showed her me hat an' coat, an' shook the torsle at her, an' stuck out me boots to her, an' said *she* had n't got 'em! An' neither she aint."

"Oh, little girl! little girl! How shall I ever teach you all you have got to learn?" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, half to herself and half to Cathern.

They walked on in silence, Mrs. Percy wondering by what means she would be best able to reach this poor little ignorant mind, while its possessor went skipping along at her side, singing gayly to herself.

Presently a handsomely dressed lady met, and was in the act of passing them, when Cathern suddenly stood quite still, planting herself, stiff and rigid, directly in the way. The lady was obliged not only to move to one side, but also to brush close against Cathern in order to get by, and she looked down frowningly upon the irritating child. Mrs. Percy turned to speak, and saw Cathern, with a low, merry laugh, looking back over her shoulder at the lady, in great glee.

"Why are you so glad to make that lady see how rude you can be?" asked Mrs. Percy, in a discouraged tone.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cathern, more merrily than ever. "Did n't you see how she had to turn out for me? She was n't afeerd to touch me then. Her gown went all over me face, an' she did n't wipe the place where it touched her, neither! That's the way the ladies used to do, though; and the gentlemen used to put out their canes to keep me from comin' nigh to 'em, 'cause they thought some o' me rags might fly off an' stick to 'em. But I'm just as good as they is now. Oh yes, I be! Oh yes, I be!" she went on singing.

"I don't know about that," answered Mrs. Percy, doubtfully. "Come home and let me begin the task that is before me of showing you how you may become so."

And she drew the child's hand into hers, and hurried along, impatient to put an end to the annoyance of such a walk.

But one more incident occurred before they reached home, which helped much to make Mrs. Percy's task a simpler one than it then promised to be. As they reached the corner which was within a few rods of Mrs. Percy's house, they encountered a little child, scarcely more than a baby, trying, with a mighty effort, to climb from the gutter to the sidewalk. Mrs. Percy, on her guard this time, kept a firm hold on Cathern's hand, and attempted to draw her hastily over the curbstone to a safe distance before helping the little one

upon its feet. But Cathern resisted the action, and again too quick for Mrs. Percy, saying "Git out o' me way!" stuck out her foot and gave the baby a push which sent it rolling backward into the gutter. Its head struck against the stones, and it lay there unconscious. Mrs. Percy stooped instantly and raised the little one in her arms. There was the usual confusion which follows such an accident. Those who happened to be passing stopped to look, and, apparently, would have been contented simply to gaze upon the tiny white face indifferently; and there was a momentary dispute between a huxter-woman and a vender of boot-lacings for the best view of the little drooping limbs. To Mrs. Percy's question, "Where does the child live? Who is her mother?" there was a chorus in answer of, "She aint got no mother," and shouts of "Mr. Daffle! Mr. Daffle!" from various small boys who had gathered around Mrs. Percy, with a determination to see "the whole thing through." A very shabby old man, wiping his mouth on his coat-cuff, came limping out of a grocery-store, and the crowd made way for him.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, Trudy! Is she dead? Is she killed?" he cried, bewildered.

"No, no," Mrs. Percy answered. "She is stunned. It was an accident. Come quickly to my house,—it is close by."

And, without losing more minutes, which seemed long ones, she carried the baby hastily to her own door.

Cathern was there before her, ringing the bell violently; and, by the time Mrs. Percy reached her, the door was open, the housemaid, aghast, asking questions as fast as she could talk, and the small boys, who had every one resolutely followed Cathern, were all answering and pointing at once.

During the next few minutes, Cathern, with a face as white as the injured child's, watched every look and motion of Mrs. Percy's. Her eager hands were the first to bring water when it was called for; and, without a word, she answered every demand for assistance to the best of her small power. In a few moments, amid the wails of the old man, the child opened her eyes, and, as Mrs. Percy bathed her face and put some reviving drops into her mouth, began to move naturally with recovered consciousness. Cathern bounded with delight. The old man held out his hands to "Trudy," as he called the little one, and expressed his joy by cuddling her in his arms and trotting around the room with her.

After a little while, Mrs. Percy drew from him the few leading facts concerning the child's history,—the death of her parents, her dependence upon him as her grandfather, how he supported



her by running on occasional errands for two or three grocery stores in the neighborhood.

"I goes first to one an' then to t' other to git a job," he said; "for it's only leaving things to places that I'm good for, bein' so old, ye see, ma'am, and," touching his forehead significantly, "my mem'ry bein' near gone,—why, I aint no 'count for messages. Whiles I'm off, the children round about looks arter Trudy; but when anything like a target company or a hand-organ with a monkey comes along, she's mostly forgot."

an'—an' — Mother! mother! I feels bad! I feels bad!" she cried, quite overcome, throwing herself into Mrs. Percy's arms and sobbing.

It was too much for her,—the sudden change from delight in her possessions and general self-satisfaction, to acute pain at the realization that here was another child, so much weaker and smaller than herself, who was as desolate as she had been, and whom she had treated with the same thoughtless cruelty which she had herself experienced. To see this and feel it for herself, did more than all



LITTLE TRUDY MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

Cathern, who had listened attentively to every word, planted herself in front of the old man, and said: "Look a' here!"

He looked, but Mrs. Percy could see more than he did in the changed expression and earnestness of Cathern's manner.

"I'll mind her an' look out for her when you're off, if ye'll let me," she said, earnestly. "I did n't have no mother, neither; but I've got one now, an' she'll let me, if I ax her. She's my mother," pointing to Mrs. Percy; "an' I aint 'Cathern' any more, but I'm 'Kathleen,' an' she gives me everything nice. I'll look out for Trudy, an' I wont never let her get hurt, an' I'll give her nice things, too. She can have the torsle off my coat,

Mrs. Percy's gentle teaching could do. In the evening, after Mr. Daffle had come again and carried his grandchild away, she sat down with her and talked with her long and patiently about the possibility of there being a life for her in the future more beautiful than even her old visions had been in the dingy court.

This was really the beginning of Kathleen's new life. Until then, she had been happy in taking the comfort and fresh delight of every day; but now her heart went out to Trudy, and, although too young to be fully conscious of what was revealed to her, she caught a glimpse of what joy it might bring to her to live and do for another than herself.

Mrs. Percy had given Mr. Daffle permission, in answer to Kathleen's entreaties, to leave the little Trudy with them every morning, calling for her every evening when his day's duties should be ended. She had not much confidence in the working of Kathleen's plan, and was also half inclined to suspect that the old man, satisfied with the present of money which she had given him, would not bring Trudy again. But the next morning, while they were at breakfast, the door-bell rang, and great was Kathleen's joy at seeing Trudy's little shaggy head and grimy figure, in a ragged and dust-colored gown made after the most primitive pattern, ushered into the room by the astonished maid.

Kathleen was so full of the idea of beginning at once to take active care of the little one, that she was rather impatient during breakfast. It was disappointing that Trudy could not eat more,—Kathleen had piled upon her plate rather more than one would offer to a hard-working laborer,—and that she was rather inclined, in her bewildered gazing at everything and everybody, to forget her breakfast altogether. Presently, however, when Mrs. Percy sent them both to the nursery while some household matters were occupying her downstairs, Cathern thought that her opportunity had come, and, pouncing upon Trudy, exclaimed:

"The fust thing is to get washed!"

Great was Mrs. Percy's astonishment when, soon afterward, she opened the bath-room door and beheld Kathleen, her sleeves rolled up and a towel pinned around her, scrubbing away at Trudy, who looked just then in some danger of being drowned in soap-suds, but who seemed also to be in a state of too much wonder at the novelty of the situation to object to it.

Perceiving that Kathleen was really intent upon caring for the child, Mrs. Percy did not interfere, excepting where it was necessary, and avoided, heroically, laughing at the various dilemmas which occurred in the process of purifying Trudy's very diminutive person. She even had flannels ready in which to wrap the shivering little form, when Kathleen, despising, of course, Trudy's old garments, suddenly cried:

"Oh! I forgot about clo'es! She aint got nothin' to put on her, mother!"

If Trudy could only have written the History of that day, from her point of view, her story would have been vastly entertaining. How she was scrubbed, and combed, rocked and trotted until her brain must have felt like a mold of jelly! How she was caught round the body, carried and dumped, first in one place and then in another! How Kathleen pinned and tied upon her all sorts of her own garments until she was half suffocated;

and, finally, how she was penned into a corner by a barricade of chairs while Kathleen undertook to scrub in the wash-basin the heap of rags she had arrived in! But at the close of day there was a pretty story which anybody there might have told when Mrs. Percy appeared, holding up before the happy children the neat little garments which she had made on her sewing-machine.

"Well, well! an' it's a queer wurreld!" said Susan, the housemaid, to the cook. "Not sence the first day whin the p'or little Mabel was took down, I have n't sane the misthress look the likes o' that! There she was a-laughin', with her cheeks like the June roses, an' the gay sound in her voice a-callin' the childers! An' there was the owld man coom affther his young un, a-worrikin' his hands oop an' down with amazement! An' there was this young fancy o' Miss Percy's, holdin' onto the table an' swingin' her legs in under it with j'y,—an' all the whiles there was the childt herself that they were all gittin' excited over,—there she was, with nothing onto her save K'tleen's long flannel ni'-gownd swaping the floor, shtarin' first at the one an' thin at the tother of 'em with stupefaction!"

When, afterward, Mrs. Percy went to see Kathleen tucked up in her little bed, she was surprised to see her face screwed up into many wrinkles, and tears making their way down her cheeks.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Percy, gently. "You have worked too hard over your little charge, and I fancy you are tired,—is that so?"

"Oh, I don't care for that!" sobbed Kathleen. "But I wisht—I wisht I had n't shoved that boy! May be—oh! oh!—may be he had n't no mother neither! Nor that girl on the step! Oh! an' I was thinkin' on'y about me clo'es an'—an'—the t-t-tor-torse on me coat, an' I never think about the mothers,—not wunst I did n't!"

"But you have learned a great deal about the mothers to-day, darling," said Mrs. Percy, soothing her, "and I do not believe you will forget them so any more. Be as much like a mother as you can to this poor little Trudy,—just as I try to be a mother to you,—and you will learn more in that way than I could ever teach you. To be to some one else what you want me to be to you, will make you gladder than anything else in the world can."

The light was coming fast now into Kathleen's shadowy understanding. After Mrs. Percy had gone, she sat up in bed and repeated, in a whisper: "Just as I try to be a mother to ye! As I try! What ye want me to be to ye!"

Then for a few minutes she was so busy thinking that she did move even a finger, and almost held her breath. After a while she said, very softly:



"I never thunk before! I thunk on'y she was goin' to be my *reel* mother forever and ever! An' I don't know even who my own reel mother was, on'y that she was like Biddy Dolan. An' this mother is the reel mother on'y of her—Mabel! An' Mabel was good, an' I was n't,—I was bad. I was n't never good in my whole life, not till this mother showed me how; an' then I was on'y good a little."

Kathleen sat quite still, thinking very hard again, for a few minutes. Then she heaved a sigh, and said: "An' there 's Trudy!"

Another pause.

"She aint got nobody on'y just a grandfather, an' he's so old,—his face is all rumped up!"

Another longer pause, and then, with another sigh,—a happier one this time,—she said:

"I must be like a little mother to Trudy, my mother says. So I will,—I will,—I will,—I will!"

In the morning, Mrs. Percy noticed a change in Kathleen. She was more quiet than usual, and there was a thoughtfulness in her face which gave it rather an old look, and was rather painful to see, as if it were a shadow of her old dreariness. The smile which was always so bright and sunny came back as Mrs. Percy kissed and pinched her cheeks playfully, and, nestling against her loving bosom, Kathleen forgot the shadows for a time. They came again, and the little face looked older than ever when Mr. Daffle brought Trudy. Mrs. Percy went into the parlor to write a note which she was going to ask the old man to post for her, and accidentally left a little ajar the door which opened directly into the dining-room, where he was waiting with the children, so that she could hear distinctly every word of the singular conversation which followed.

"My mother made Trudy that gownd," said Kathleen; "but I'm going to learn to make all the rest of her clo'es,—every one of 'em!"

"You're pretty smart for that, missy. It'll be harder than ye think," said the old man.

"No matter!" said Kathleen. "I can do it if I works hard."

"T aint no use, missy, to trouble yerself,—Trudy's too little. She wont care for 'em, an' she can get along without much of anything," said Mr. Daffle.

"No, she can't," said Kathleen, decidedly; "an' I'm goin' to make her everything she wants, 'cause she aint got no mother, an' by an' by that 'll make her feel bad, when she gets as big as me. So I'm goin' to play I'm her mother, an' see to her, just as this here mother"—motioning toward the parlor—"plays she's mine."

"If she aint your mother, what is she? and where 's yer own?" asked Mr. Daffle.

"She's dead, o' course," answered Kathleen, cheerfully. "But she was n't this kind of a mother, no how, I guess,—she was like Biddy Dolan, an' I did n't like Biddy. Oh!" she said, confidentially, drawing nearer to Mr. Daffle,—oh! I wanted a mother orfe! So I hunted for one. But I had to hunt a long time, 'cause they was n't any on'y just this one, an' I foun' her, an' she took me for her child, 'cause hers was dead, just like my mother. So I foun' her an' she foun' me,—don't ye see? An' then I was sick."

"What made ye sick?" Mr. Daffle asked.

"Oh, gettin' tired goin' after my mother an' never findin' her, an' always bein' hungry, an' then goin' back to the shanty. Did you ever live in a shanty?"

"No,—I live in a tinament," answered Mr. Daffle.

"You better be glad it aint a shanty," said Kathleen, shaking her head, knowingly.

"Tinaments is jest as bad," said Mr. Daffle.

"Are the people in tinaments ever as hungry as the people in shanties?" asked Kathleen.

"Law, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Daffle. "The top floors is mostly hungry."

"Was you ever?" asked Kathleen.

"Hundreds o' times," said the old man.

"Don't it feel orfe?" said Kathleen, drawing nearer still, and rubbing her hand significantly over her pinafore, she added, mysteriously: "Don't ye know,—when ye feels as if it was all holes inside?"

"Yes!" said the old man, "an' ye gets weak all over! An' then gripes!"

"Yes!" pursued Kathleen, putting her hand to her throat; "an' ye feels a lump come right here, an' yer head goes spinnin' roun' an' roun'! But—" here her tones brightened: "Trudy sha' n't feel that ways, 'cause she 'll always have *me* now. An' if my mother don't want her to eat things here any time, I can go beggin' ag'in for her!"

Mrs. Percy, loath to hear any more of the conversation, came in now, hastily dispatched Mr. Daffle with her note, and took the children upstairs.

From that time, Kathleen was quite serious in her anxiety to adopt Trudy as her own especial charge,—to nurse her, play with her, and "mind" her as well as she possibly could,—and Mrs. Percy wisely decided to encourage the child's fancy.

Mr. Daffle continued to bring the little one every morning and call for her every evening, and, excepting for an hour or two daily, when Kathleen had lessons to occupy her with Mrs. Percy, she spent nearly all her time in amusing Trudy, attending, as far as her small might was able, to the

child's wants, or, with Mrs. Percy's help, trying to sew for her.

It was not long before Trudy learned to trot after her wherever she went, to go to her in trouble, and to begin in earnest to return the affection which had so suddenly come into her little life. The first thing, every day, as soon as Mr. Daffie set her down in the dining-room, she would look all about her for Kathleen. Sometimes Kathleen would hide, and then Trudy would run about in great excitement, peeping into every corner, until, spying her friend, she would run into her arms with a cry of joy that defied the mighty efforts of the canary-bird to drown it.

So weeks flew by until summer-time came, and Mrs. Percy was preparing to go to her cottage in the country. The kind lady had not cared for the motherless little ones in vain. It was no new thing now for Susan to discover the "June roses" on her mistress's fair cheeks, or sunny smiles about her mouth. When she looked now at the beautiful portrait in her bedroom, and her heart yearned for her dear ones, the thought of these desolate children dependent upon her would comfort her, and, still looking at the picture through her tears, she would say, softly:

"I had too much love for you to bless me alone, —it runs over to bless these little helpless ones too!"

Kathleen had listened so often to Mrs. Percy's descriptions of her country home, and had asked so many questions about it, that she had grown quite familiar in thought with the cottage and its surroundings.

A few evenings before they went to it, just after Trudy had been taken home, she crept up to Mrs. Percy, who was sitting alone in the twilight, with one more question which had been on her lips constantly of late, but which she had not yet had the courage to ask.

"Mother," she whispered, "did ye say they was a chicken-house to the country?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Percy,—"a nice one, as big as my store-closet."

"And chickens?"

"Yes, plenty of chickens."

"Don't you think, mother,—say, don't you think —" Kathleen halted.

"Well? Don't I think what? Out with it bravely, my little girl," said Mrs. Percy, who had guessed what was in Kathleen's mind.

"Why!" said Kathleen, "don't you think we could clear out the chickens an' give 'em another place, an' I'd scrub the chickens' house; an' could n't we fix a little bed into it, an'—an'—keep Trudy there nights?"

Mrs. Percy laughed as she drew Kathleen closer

to her, and answered, playfully clapping the child's hands together:

"Why, how funny! I thought of Trudy too, but I never thought of the hen-house! If I had, I might have sent a bed for it; but, as I did n't, I bought a little crib and sent it to be put into *your* room, right next to mine. What do you think of that?"

Such a shout of joy as Kathleen gave! She had to jump and dance all around the room before she nestled up to Mrs. Percy again, and cried:

"Oh, you are the best mother in all the world! I wish—I wish *all* the little childers that have n't got any mothers could find you, my own mother! I knows you aint my reel mother, but if I get gooder and gooder, you'll get reeler and reeler,—wont you, mother?"

"Stay close to me, poor little mother-hungry child!" said Mrs. Percy, "and I will tell thee where thou canst find some one better than I am for thy true parent!"

And, with the child's head on her bosom, she told her beautiful true stories about the real Father whom there was for her and all of us, and who would watch over her and help her to be good and useful.

Into the happy country they all went, and the rooms where the darling Mabel used to play, the garden, grassy lawns and woods she had made bright with her young life, were less lonely now to the mother, because of the merry song and laughter of two children who had never seen such a Paradise before.

Summer went, and they gathered many of the gay autumn leaves before they went back to the city home.

Trudy did not go to live with her poor old grandfather again. He was easily persuaded to go himself to a quiet place out of town where there was a good home for such as he, and to leave Trudy altogether with Mrs. Percy.

Kathleen began to go to school the next winter, and became a devoted little scholar.

There is very little more to tell about her. She did not grow all at once into one of the good, wise little girls one reads about sometimes. Mrs. Percy had to teach her a great many things which were difficult for a little girl whose beginning in life had been in such a bad place, but Kathleen could be as earnest in seeking after other beautiful things as she had been in seeking after a mother, and, as she grew older, it was her delight to gather about herself other poor little people beside Trudy, to study their needs, and try to show them how to live good, happy lives.

For stronger and stronger grew a purpose in her young heart,—a purpose which she revealed to



Mrs. Percy on one of those evenings when it came to be their habit to sit and talk together in the twilight, long after little Trudy was fast asleep.

"Mother," said Kathleen, "you opened your arms to me that night, long ago, and took me just as I was,—all sick at heart and tired,—tired nearly to death,—and you showed me so much love that

it has been growing and growing in me ever since. And now I feel as if I wanted to seek out all the children who want me as much as I wanted you, and open *my* arms to *them*. You have taught me how, and now I want to work, and work, and try with all my might to be like a mother to as many little children as I can."

## A LETTER TO LETTER-WRITERS.

BY SUSAN A. BROWN.



OW many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS like to write letters? It is certain that some of them do, or Jack-in-the-Pulpit would not receive so many from young subscribers. But I am quite sure that some of them have been heard to say, "Oh, I hate to write letters!" and it is to such as these that I would speak.

As we may safely take it for granted, from the alacrity with which the postman is met at the door, that every one likes to receive letters, it seems to be worth while that boys and girls should learn how to write, with ease and pleasure to themselves, those letters which their friends shall find it a pleasure to read.

Letter-writing is very much a matter of habit, and for that reason it is important that young people should learn early to consider it a pleasant way of communicating thoughts and feelings to their friends, instead of a burdensome task to be got over as quickly as possible.

We often hear people excuse themselves by saying that they have no "gift for writing letters," as though it were something like an ear for music, only accorded to a favored few. But the truth is that any one can write interesting and pleasant letters who will take a little trouble and really persevere in the effort. The grand difficulty in the way is that they are too selfish and too indolent to try. Nothing that is worth anything comes without effort, and if you do not care enough about gratifying your friends to take a little pains for it, you deserve never to receive any letters yourselves.

A few simple rules, carefully observed, will help you over some of the things which you call diffi-

culties. In the first place, *always write distinctly*. It destroys much of the pleasure in receiving a letter if it cannot be read without puzzling out every word. Many an epistle, written on heavy cream-laid paper, with a monogram at the top, is only an annoyance to the one to whom it is addressed, on account of pale ink and careless handwriting.

Be particular in the matter of dating, giving every item distinctly, and sign the letter with your full name. If this habit is formed, you will not run the risk of losing valuable letters, which cannot be forwarded from the Dead-Letter Office, unless accompanied with the full address.

You will find it more easy to reply to a letter soon after you get it than if you neglect it for a few weeks, because you will have the impressions which the first reading made upon you. Tell your friend when you received the letter which you are answering, and take up the topics in the order in which they naturally come, remembering to answer all the questions which have been asked. Try to think what your friend would like best to hear about, and when you undertake to tell anything, do not leave it half told, but finish the story. People who are not careful about this, often give a false impression without meaning to do so. For instance, one of these careless writers, in giving an account of a fire, simply stated that the house was burned, without giving any qualifications, thus giving the impression that it was entirely consumed, thereby causing a whole family much unnecessary trouble and anxiety, as the actual burning in question was very slight.

Do not consider anything too trivial to write about, which you would think worth mentioning in conversation. Writing letters is simply talking upon paper, and your friends will be much more

entertained by the narration of little every-day affairs, than by profound observations upon topics which you care nothing about.

In writing to very intimate friends, who will be interested in the details of your daily life, it is well sometimes to make your letter a sort of diary—telling something of how you have spent each day since you wrote last; what books you have been reading, what letters you have received from mutual friends, and what you have heard or seen which has interested you.

Write all that you have to say on one subject at once. That is, do not begin to tell about your garden, and then about your school, and then about your garden again; but finish one subject before you begin another. Do not be afraid of using the pronoun *I*. Some people avoid it, and thus give their sentences a shabby and unfinished sound, as, "Went to Boston—called on Mrs. Smith." Never apologize for what you write, by saying that you do not like to write letters. You would not think it quite polite, in visiting a friend, to say, "I do not like to talk to you, so I shall not say much." Keep the idea before you that you are writing for the sake of giving pleasure to your friend.

When your letter is merely an inquiry, or on a matter of business, the case is different. You then should try to be as brief, concise, and clear as possible. An elaborately drawn out business letter is as out of place as it is inconsiderate.

"Do not think what to write, but write what you think," is an old rule, and a good one to remember. If you are away from home, it is very selfish not to share your good times with the family by writing frequent letters. You can tell what you are enjoying so much better while it is fresh in your mind, than you can after you return, when you may not have leisure to go over the whole ground; and these home letters may be a means afterward of refreshing your own memory, and reminding you of incidents which you would otherwise have forgotten. There are many other things which might be said here, but this will do for the present. A very good rule for letter-writing is the golden one, "Do as you would be done by."

Here are two letters, both written not long ago, which illustrate so well some of the things which I have been saying, that I must give them to you. They remind one of the old story of "Eyes and No Eyes," where one boy saw nothing interesting in a long walk, while his brother, in going over the same ground, saw a great many

wonderful things. Fanny wrote with a real desire to give her cousin pleasure, but Ellen wished only to get a disagreeable duty off her mind.

Here is Fanny's letter:

Ingleside, Mass., April 20th, 1876.

MY DEAR ANNIE: I was very glad to receive your kind letter, which came last Thursday.

We are very busy just now, as we go to school every day. Aunt Alice is visiting us, and every evening she gives us a short lesson in drawing. We have taken only six, and so have not got on much; but I hope soon to be able to draw from copies pretty well. After that, we are going to take lessons of a regular teacher in sketching from nature. After we are through with Aunt Alice, mamma reads aloud to us while we rest our eyes. She has just finished the second volume of "Mr. Rutherford's Children," and I think it is the nicest book I ever read, except "Little Women."

Last week mamma took us both to see Mr. Starr exhibit his magic-lantern in the Town Hall. He had a large white screen put up at the back of the stage, and the hall was darkened so that we could see the reflections on the screen. He showed us the sting of a bee and the point of a cambric-needle, very much larger than they really are. The needle looked like a blunt stick, but the sting was as sharp as ever. He had a little animal which he called a water-tiger. It is really so small that you can hardly see it; but on the screen it looked as large as a kitten, and we could see it eat bits of food which he threw into the water. I cannot remember all the things he showed us; but after that part of the exhibition was over, he pretended to talk to a man in the cellar, and he made his voice sound as if another man was answering him. Then he made believe saw a log of wood and catch a bumble-bee. We never heard a ventriloquist before, and of course enjoyed it very much. You asked me what color would be prettiest for your room-paper. I should think you would like blue best. Next week we are invited to Maggie Alison's party. Every one of the girls must either learn some little piece of poetry or a funny story, to repeat there. After supper, Mrs. Alison is going to show us a set of photographs which have been sent her from Europe. Ellen and I are working a set of bureau-mats to give Maggie.

I wish you could see our new kittens that are playing on the rug. Mine is gray and Ellen's is buff. You know our kitty ran away, and we both felt so badly that our neighbor, Mrs. Williams, sent us these two last Saturday. I wish you would tell us what to call them. We cannot think of any names pretty enough. Next week the garden will be made, and we are going to try and keep our flower-beds in better order than we did last year.

I had a letter last week from Cousin John. His letter sounds as if he was as old as papa. He is going to Phillips's Academy next September. All the family are sitting here, and send their love. Aunt Alice says she shall not make her visit at your house until June. Give my love to aunt and uncle. Thank them for asking me to go and see you this summer.

Your affectionate cousin,  
FANNIE A. HOLMES.

Ellen's letter:

Ingleside, April.

DEAR AGNES: We are very busy, so I cannot write much. We take lessons from Aunt Alice. We go to school all day. I study arithmetic and geography and other things.

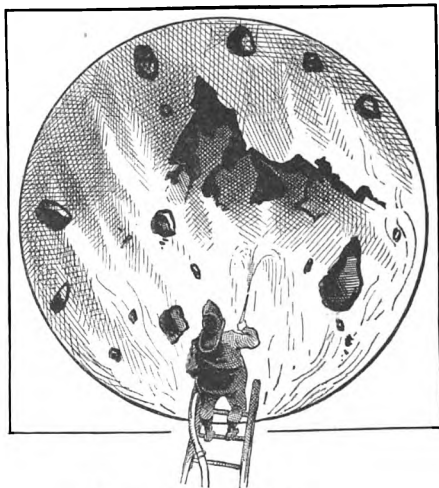
We went to an exhibition, and had a splendid time. The man sawed, and caught a bee. The weather is quite warm now. Warm weather is better than cold for a great many things. We don't have any vacation until June. Sixteen girls are in our class. The man's name was Starr. He had a water-tiger that he fed. Aunt Alice sends her love. I am working a mat. We are going to have a bed in the garden. Mamma sends love to you all. I do not like to write letters, so you must excuse a short one. We are going to plant a great many seeds. We are invited to a party. Mamma and papa are very well; so are Fanny and I. We have two kittens. I cannot think of anything more to say. I hope you will write me a long letter very soon. I like to get letters often.

Your affectionate friend,

ELLEN.

## THE SEVEN AGES.

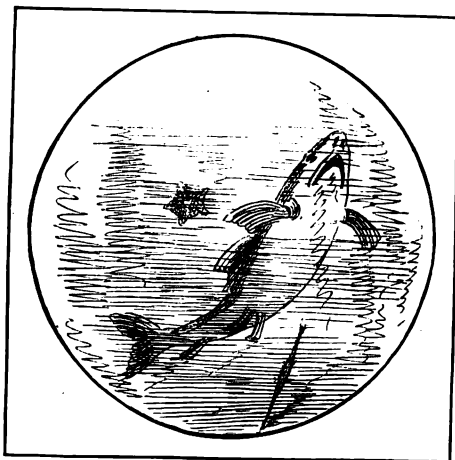
BY M. B. WHITING.

First  
Age.

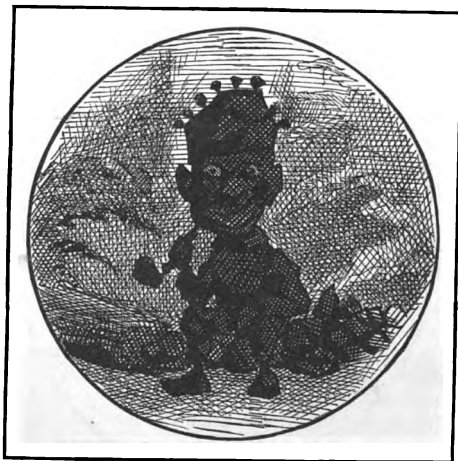
It was an age of Fire,  
Long, long years ago,  
When great melted rocks,  
With earthquake shocks,  
In torrents of flame did flow.

Second  
Age.

It was an age of Mollusks,  
Long, long years ago,  
When the clam and the oyster,  
With the mussel much moister,  
By the sad sea waves sang low.



Third Age. { It was an age of Fishes,  
Long, long years ago,  
When the shark and the gar-fish,  
With the dear little star-fish,  
Swam about stately and slow.



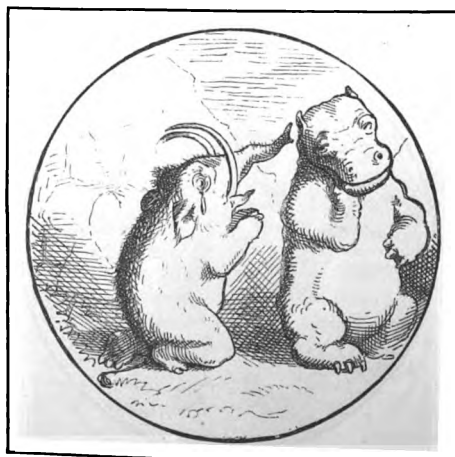
Fourth Age. { It was an age of Carbons,  
Long, long years ago,  
When the fern and the pine,  
And other plants fine,  
Were made into coal, you know.





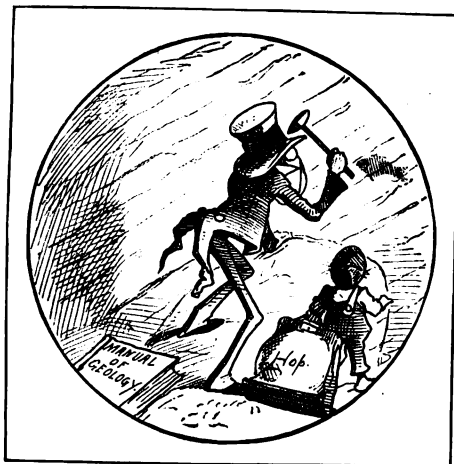
Fifth  
Age.

It was an age of Reptiles,  
Long, long years ago,  
When the ichthyosaurus,  
By the banks of the Taurus,  
And the pterodactyl,  
By the gurgling rill,  
Danced in the moonbeam's glow.



Sixth  
Age.

It was an age of Mammals,  
Long, long years ago,  
When the wild mastodon,  
With his war-paint on,  
The behemoth wooed,  
And the mammoth sued,  
Where glaciers once did go.



Seventh  
Age.

It is the age of Man!  
Now tell me, if you can,  
Why no more on the hills  
March the pterodactyls?  
Why the ancient tapirs,  
Through the morning vapors,  
Chase not the whale,  
Or the sportive snail?

And when men have gone,  
What next will come on  
This peculiar earth,  
Which had its birth,  
As you surely know,  
In an age of fire,  
Long years ago—  
Yes, long ago?

## ON THE ICE.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

"They sweep  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
In circling poise, swift as the winds along."—THOMSON.

FEW persons, however sedate, can look upon a good smooth sheet of ice without feeling a desire to go and slide upon it. Even Mr. Pickwick was attacked by this temptation, and he—fell. Indeed, so strong within us is the propensity to slide, that we have cultivated it, and refined upon it, and made an art of it,—with rules, theories, and scientific apparatus. Of the latter, the best, the oldest, and the most universal is the skate.

It can only be conjectured when skating was first practiced; but it was certainly very long ago. In that ancient collection of Scandinavian songs and legends known as the "Edda," Uller, the handsome god, is described as being the possessor of a pair of skates. This proves that skating is at

least a thousand years old. It is supposed to have been introduced into England about the twelfth century, and into the central parts of Europe somewhat earlier. It is curious, that although all northern nations possessed the sledge, those of America knew nothing of the skate, while the people of Europe did not have the snow-shoe. The course of invention varied, according to requirements. In America, in high latitudes, the snows are heavy, and open ice is comparatively rare. In the corresponding parts of Europe, there is much more clear ice, and proportionately less snow.

The ancient skates were nothing but the shin-bones of oxen or other large animals, pierced with holes to receive the cords or thongs which bound them to the feet. Fitzstephen's "History of London," written in the thirteenth century, is the earliest



English book in which skating is spoken of; and we learn, from its description, that the performers upon these bone skates kept themselves in motion by striking against the ice with an iron-shod pole. Sometimes specimens of these bone skates have been discovered, in the progress of excavations, in several European countries; and a very well preserved pair, so found in England some years ago, can now be seen in the British Museum.

It is unknown when or where iron was first employed in the construction of skates. It was probably in Holland; for skates, of a pattern very much like that of the ones we have now, not only were known in that country, but were extensively used by all classes of its people, long before the pastime of skating became general elsewhere. Skating is something more than a pastime in Holland. There it is one of the useful arts, and is universally practiced and highly esteemed. It offers a very convenient mode of travel in winter over the canals that almost entirely supply the place of roads in the Land of Dykes; and people skate from farm to farm, and from town to town, and to church, and to market, often carrying heavy burdens. The Russians have constructed an ice-locomotive, with roughened driving-wheels to lay hold of the slippery surface, and it has proved a success; but in Holland, every man is his own ice-locomotive. And so is every woman hers,—for it has long been customary for ladies to skate in Holland; whereas in other countries, until recently, this most excellent of out-door exercises for them has been almost tabooed.

The first skaters in our part of the world were the honest Dutchmen of the "Province of Nieuw Nederlandts," who doubtless brought their skates with them in that celebrated vessel, the "Goede Vrouw,"—which, we are told by the learned Diedrich Knickerbocker, "had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the taffarel." The Dutch certainly deserve high honor for having introduced skating and Christmas presents into America, if for nothing else. As they did so, the worthy St. Nicholas must be esteemed the patron of all American skaters.

The modern skate has within the past few years undergone many modifications, some of which are great improvements. The skate of twenty years ago was fastened to the foot with a single long strap, which passed through rings, crossed and recrossed, and was finally clasped in a common tongue buckle. The runner was always "square" at the heel, and extended up over the foot at the toe in a great useless curl. A spike entered the heel of the shoe, and the blade was fluted or "guttered" on the bottom. This latter feature,

although it is a great fault, is still occasionally retained.

The old style of skate has been superseded by better ones; and these are so many, and so different from each other, that it is useless to attempt an enumeration of them. It may be said, briefly, that the best skates are those without straps, and with solid, broad blades, curving up behind as well as before, and lowest in the center. They should be constructed so as to bring the foot as close to the ice as possible, and thus avoid a great leverage upon the ankle.

Professors of the fine art of skating recognize about twenty-five regular "steps" and "evolutions." All of these, however, may be ranged into two classes: the skating of the "inside edge," and that of the "outside edge;" so called from the relative positions of the blade to the ice when performing them. Outside-edge skating is the most graceful, and at the same time most difficult, because it requires that the body be thrown outward from the perpendicular,—thus rendering it difficult to preserve the equilibrium. Although skating, as is seen, has its theory, it is purely a matter of practice. No amount of written instruction or advice will make a skater. That happy consummation is only arrived at by going through a thorough course of hard falls, as is shown by statistics. The required number of falls has not yet been exactly computed, but it is well along in the thousands.

On the 29th of December, 1860, the river Witham, in Lincolnshire, England, presented the novel spectacle of a military parade on skates, in which three full companies took part, and proceeded through a long and complicated drill in excellent style; some of the maneuvers being performed with a motion at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. "Frost Fair," with booths for exhibitions, and canvas-covered restaurants, has occasionally been held upon the Thames at London, since 1684,—the date of its first occurrence. Many ordinary popular amusements, particularly games of ball, have been attempted on the ice, with more or less success. And there is one game that is peculiar to the ice, was invented for the ice, and cannot be played anywhere else except on the ice,—curling. It is a Scottish national amusement, and until recently revived in Canada and some communities of our Northern States, seldom has been practiced outside of Scotland. There it is exceedingly popular, and is played by old and young, gentle and simple; and there appears no reason why it should not become equally popular here. We have already adopted one of its technical terms,—the word *rink*. This word, which we apply to the houses or rooms that are now used

in our cities for common or for roller skating, originally meant the area of ice upon which the game of curling is played.

Curling, though not supposed to be so old as skating, has a respectable degree of antiquity. It is known to have been played throughout Scotland for at least two hundred and fifty years. The terms employed in the game, however, are all of Dutch or German extraction; and it is thought possible that the amusement may have existed in the Low Countries, and have been brought into Scotland by the people of Flanders who immigrated during the reign of James I.

If skating has been sung by Goethe and Klopstock, curling has been no less honored. Most of

The game is played with large stones, which are very similar in shape to a flat onion,—that is, they are in the form of spheres that have been so compressed that their breadth is nearly twice their thickness. The “sole” of the stone—its under surface—is polished as smoothly as possible; and a handle, shaped like the letter L turned upon its side, is inserted in the top. Such stones are chosen as are least liable to split, and their weights are graded according to the strength of the players. The ordinary average weight is from thirty to fifty pounds. About fifteen or twenty pounds would be heavy enough for stones to be used by boys.

The *rink* is a smooth place marked off upon the ice, about thirty yards long, and ten feet wide.



AT THE CURLING-RINK.

the Scottish poets have eulogized it, the most eminent men of the nation have praised it and played at it, and even the great Burns speaks of it in his poem “Tam Samson’s Elegy”:

“When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
And binds the mire up like a rock;  
When to the lochs the curlers flock  
Wi’ gleesome speed,  
Wha will they station at the cock?—  
Tam Samson’s dead!

“He was the king o’ a’ the core,  
To guard, or draw, or wick a rock;  
Or up the rink like Jehu roar  
In time o’ need;  
But now he lays on Death’s hog-score,—  
Tam Samson’s dead!”

At each end of the rink a small mark or hole is chipped out, which is most commonly called the *tee*, although it has other names in some parts of Scotland. Two circles are drawn around each tee, with the latter as their common center. The inner one may be made about four feet in diameter, and the outer one six feet. These circles are called *brougs*, and their object is to assist the eye in judging the distances between the stones, when played, and the tee. Lines are drawn across the rink, in front of the tees, and about fifteen feet from them; which two lines are entitled *hog-scores*. The rink should be perfectly clear of obstructions, as should also the ice beyond the tees

for several feet. The number of stones is usually sixteen, and eight players upon each side is the common number. There may be any number less than eight, however, if so agreed.

There are thirty-one "points" in the game. All the players stand at one tee, and slide their stones up the rink to the tee at the other end, in succession; and the stone resting nearest the tee counts one, and is called "the winner." If the stone next nearest the tee, and the one next after that, etc., belong to the same party who own the winner, they each count an additional point; otherwise, they are not "scored." When any player fails to propel his stone beyond the hog-score at the opposite end, one is deducted from the score of his party.

On each side, he who plays last is called the *driver*, and he directs and advises the others. The first player is the *lead*. He grasps a stone firmly by the handle, and slides it up the rink at the tee; attempting to place the stone either upon the tee, or a little on the hither side of it. The others follow; attempting to lay their own stones near the tee, or to place them so as to guard the stones of their own party which have been well laid, or to drive away those of their opponents. When all the stones have been played, and the points

counted, the game is resumed by playing back at the first tee; and so on until thirty-one are counted by one side or the other. A *bore* is a stone that lies in the way of a player, between him and the tee. *Wicking* is "caroming" from or glancing off from one stone to another.

Such are the general principles of curling:—a game that affords excellent exercise, is highly amusing, and gives room for the display of much judgment and skill. When clubs are formed, the cost of having the stones prepared is not great for each individual member. There are many cricket-clubs in America, and our English brethren are adopting base-ball. Why should not curling also become an international game?

There is no doubt that the sports of the ice should be cultivated to the fullest extent; for a time is coming, say the wise men, when our whole globe is to be enveloped in a solid casing of ice; and the man of the future (who will probably much resemble the modern Esquimaux) will be obliged to slide, and to skate, and to curl, without cessation, to keep himself warm and comfortable. That "glacial epoch" is some hundreds of centuries off yet, to be sure; but there is nothing like acquiring good habits early. Wherefore the moral hereof is: Go and have your skates sharpened!



A VISIT FROM JACK FROST.

## THE TWO WISHES.

(A Fairy Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

PIEROT and Pierotte were a small brother and sister who were always wishing to be something that they were not, or to have something which they had not. They were not unhappy or discontented children,—far from it. Their home, though poor, was comfortable; their parents, though strict, were kind; they were used to both, and desired nothing better. Wishing with them was a habit, an idle game which they were forever playing. It meant little, but it sounded ill; and a stranger listening, would have judged them less well-off and cheerful than they really were.

"I wish I need n't wake up, but might lie still all day," was Pierotte's first thought every morning; while Pierot's was, "I wish Pierotte was n't such a sleepy-head, for then we could get out before sunrise, and gather every mushroom in the meadow while the Blaize children are still snoring in their beds." Then later, at breakfast, Pierotte would say, "I wish I were the Princess, to have coffee and white bread to my *déjeuner*, instead of tiresome porridge. I am tired of porridge. White bread and coffee must be better,—much better!" But all the time she spoke, Pierotte's spoon, traveling between her bowl and mouth, conveyed the "tiresome" porridge down her throat as rapidly as though it were the finest Mocha; and Pierotte enjoyed it as much, though she fancied that she did not.

"I wish I were the young Comte Jules," Pierot would next begin in his turn. "No fagots to bind, no cow to fodder, no sheep to tend. Ah! a fine life he leads! Beautiful clothes, nothing to do. Six meals a day, two of them dinners, a horse to ride,—everything! I wish —"

"And a nice yellow skin and eyes like boiled gooseberries," chimed in his mother. "Better wish for these, while you are about it. Much you know of noblemen and their ways! Didst ever have an indigestion? Tell me that. When thou hast tried one, wish for it again, if thou canst."

Then Pierot would laugh sheepishly, shoulder his hatchet, and go off after wood, the inseparable Pierotte trotting by his side. As they went, it would be:

"I wish I were a bird," or "I wish we could jump like that grasshopper;" or, "Pierotte, I wish our godfather had left us his money. We should be rich then."

For the children had the same godfather. Pie-

rotte first, and then Pierot having been named after their father's cousin, a well-to-do peasant, whom it was expected would remember his little relatives in his will. This hope had been disappointed, and the children's regrets were natural and excusable, since even the wise dame, their mother, did not conceal her opinion of Cousin Pierre's conduct, which she considered irregular and dishonest. Children soon learn to join in chorus with older voices, and Pierot and Pierotte, in this case, found it particularly easy, as it chimed with the habit of their lives.

One warm July morning, their mother roused them for an early breakfast, and sent them into the forest after wood.

"My last fagot is in," she said. "You must bind and tie smartly to-day. And, Pierotte, help thy brother all that thou canst, for the father cannot spare him to go again this week, and on Saturday is the sennight's baking."

So they set forth. The sun was not fairly risen, but his light went before his coming, and even in the dim forest-paths it was easy to distinguish leaf from flower. Shadows fell across the way from the trees, which stood so motionless that they seemed still asleep. Heavy dew hung on the branches; the air was full of a rare perfume, made up of many different fragrances, mixed and blended by the cunning fingers of the night. A little later, and the light broadened. Rays of sun filtered through the boughs, a wind stirred, and the trees roused themselves, each with a little shake and quiver. Somehow, the forest looked unfamiliar, and like a new place to the children that morning. They were not often there at so early an hour, it is true, but this did not quite account for the strange aspect of the woods. Neither of them knew, or, if they knew, they had forgotten, that it was Midsummer's Day, the fairies' special festival. Nothing met their eyes, no whirl of wings or sparkle of bright faces from under the fern-branches, but a sense of something unusual was in the air, and the little brother and sister walked along in silence, peering curiously this way and that, with an instinctive expectation of unseen wonders.

"Is n't it lovely?" whispered Pierotte, at last. "It never looked so pretty here as it does to-day. See that wild-rose,—how many flowers it has! Oh! what was that? It waved at me!"

"What waved?"

"The rose. It waved a white arm at me!"

"Nonsense! It was the wind," replied Pierot, sturdily, leading the way into a side-path which led off from the rose-bush.

"Is it much farther where we get the wood?" asked Pierotte, for the children had been walking a considerable time.

"Father said we were to go to the Hazel Copse," answered Pierot. "We must be almost there."

So for half an hour longer they went on and on, but still no sign of fallen trees or wood-choppers appeared, and Pierot was forced to confess that he must have mistaken the road.

"It is queer, too," he said. "There was that big red toad-stool where the paths joined. I marked it the other day when I came with the father. What's the matter?" for Pierotte had given a sudden jump.

"Some one laughed," said Pierotte, in an awestruck tone.

"It was a cricket or tree-toad. Who is here to laugh?"

Pierotte tried hard to believe him, but she did not feel comfortable, and held Pierot's sleeve tight as they went. He felt the trembling of the little hand.

"Pierotte, thou art a goose!" he said; but all the same he put his arm round her shoulders, which comforted her so that she walked less timorously.

One path after another they tried, but none of them led to the cleared spot where the fallen trees lay. The sun rose high, and the day grew warmer, but in the forest a soft breeze blew, and kept them cool. Hour after hour passed; the children had walked till they were tired. They rested awhile, ate half their dinner of curds and black bread, then they went on again, turned, twisted, tried paths to right and paths to left, but still the dense woods closed them in, and they had no idea where they were, or how they should go.

Suddenly the track they were following led to a little clearing, in which stood a tiny hut, with a fenced garden full of cherry-trees and roses. It was such a surprise to find this fertile and blooming spot in the heart of the wild wood, that the children stood still with their mouths open, to stare at it.

"How strange!" gasped Pierot, when at last he found his voice. "The father always said that ours was the only hut till you got to the other side the forest."

"Perhaps this *is* the other side," suggested Pierotte.

An odd chuckling laugh followed this remark, and they became aware of an old woman sitting at the window of the cottage,—a comical old woman, with a stiff square cap on her head, sharp twinkling

eyes, and a long hooked nose. As the children looked, she laughed again, and, extending her finger, beckoned them to come nearer.

Timidly they obeyed, setting down their big wood-basket at the gate. The old woman leaned over the window to await them, her hand on a square glass jar full of yellow liquid, in which floated what seemed to be a pickled serpent with his tail in three coils, and the tip in his mouth. Pierotte shuddered at the serpent, but Pierot was bolder.

"Did you want us, good madam?" he asked.

"Want you? No," replied the "good madam."

"How should I want you? I saw you staring at my house as if your eyes would pop out of your heads, and I thought, perhaps, you wanted me."



"DID YOU WANT US, GOOD MADAM?"

"It was only—we were only—surprised," stammered Pierot. "Because we didn't know that there was a house here."

"There was none last night, and there won't be any to-morrow morning—at least—none for children to stare at," replied the old woman, coolly.

"What *do* you mean?" cried Pierot, astonished beyond measure. "How can a house be built in one night? And why won't it be here to-morrow!"

"Because to-morrow won't be Midsummer's Day—and to-day is," replied the old woman; "and a fairy-house is visible to mortal eyes at that time, and no other."

"Fairy-house!" faltered Pierot; while Pierotte, jumping more rapidly to a conclusion, *fairy*

screamed: "Oh, Pierot! Madam, then, is a fairy! A real fairy! Pierot, think of it, only think of it!"

"Very much at your service," said the old woman, with a malicious smile. "Do you like fairies, then? Do you admire my pickled snake? Would you wish to pull some flowers?"

Something in the smile made Pierotte draw back; but Pierot said, politely:

"One rose, perhaps—since Madam is so good."

The fairy leaned out and plucked a rose from the vine which grew on the wall close by.

"Now, listen," she said. "Each of my roses incloses a wish. You are great wishers, I know;" and her eyes twinkled queerly. "This time the wish will come true, so take care what you are about. There will be no coming to get me to undo the wish, for I sha' n't be visible again till this time next year on Midsummer's Day,—you know."

"Oh, Pierot! what shall we wish for?" cried Pierotte, much excited; but the old woman only repeated, "Take care!" drew her head in at the window, and all in a minute,—how they could not explain,—the cottage had vanished, the garden, the gate,—they were in the wood again, with nothing but trees and bushes about them; and all would have seemed like a dream, except for the rose which Pierot held in his hand—red and fragrant.

"What shall we wish for?" repeated Pierotte, as they seated themselves under a tree to talk over this marvelous adventure.

"We must be very careful, and ask for something nice," replied Pierot.

"It would be better to wait and think for a long time first," suggested Pierotte.

"Thou art right. We will. Art thou not hungry?"

"Oh, so hungry! Let us eat the rest of our bread now. I can't wait any longer."

So Pierot produced the big lump of bread, and divided it into two equal portions.

"Look, look!" cried Pierotte, as her teeth met in the first mouthful. "A cherry-tree, brother,—a real cherry-tree here in the woods! And with ripe cherries on it! How good some would be with our bread!"

"First rate!" cried Pierot; and, putting their bread carefully on the grass, both ran to the tree. Alas! the boughs grew high, and the cherries hung far beyond their reach. Pierot tried to climb the tree, but the stem was both slight and slippery. Then they found a forked stick, but vainly attempted to hook and draw down a branch.

"Oh, dear! I wish we were both grown up," cried Pierot, panting with exertion.

"So do I. If we were as big as father and mother, we could reach the boughs without even getting on tiptoe," chimed in Pierotte.

Luckless words! As Pierot spoke, the rose, which he had stuck in his cap, shriveled and faded, while a queer sensation as if he were being carried up into the air swept over him. He clutched at something to hold himself down. That something was the cherry-tree bough! He could reach it now, and as his eyes turned with dismay toward Pierotte, there she stood, also holding a twig of the tree, only two or three inches lower than his own. Her pretty round cheeks and childish curls were gone, and instead of them he beheld a middle-aged countenance with dull hair, a red nose, and a mouth fallen in for lack of teeth. She, on her part, unconscious of the change, was staring at him with a horrified expression.

"Why, Pierot!" she cried at last, in a voice which sounded as old as her face. "How queer you look! You've got a beard, and your forehead is all criss-cross and wrinkly, and your chin rough. Dear me, how ugly you are! I never thought you could be so ugly."

"Ugly, eh! Perhaps you would like to see your own face," said Pierot, enraged at this flattering criticism. "Just wait till we get home, and I show you the old looking-glass. But stay, we need n't wait;" and he dragged Pierotte to the side of a little pool of still water, which had caught his eye among the bushes. "Here's a looking-glass ready made," he went on. "Look, Pierotte, and see what a beauty you have become."

Poor Pierotte! She took one look, gave a scream, and covered her face with her hands.

"That me?" she cried. "Oh! I never, never will think it! What is the matter with us, Pierot? Was it that horrid fairy, do you think? Did she bewitch us?"

"The wish!" faltered Pierot, who at that moment caught sight of the faded rose in his cap. "I wished that we were both grown up, don't you remember? Oh, what a fool I was!"

"You horrid boy! You have gone and wished me into an ugly old woman! I'll never forgive you!" sobbed Pierotte.

"It was your wish too. You said you would like to be as old as father and mother. So you need n't call me horrid!" answered Pierot, angrily.

Silence followed, broken only by Pierotte's sobs. The two old children sat with their backs to each other, under different trees. By and by Pierot's heart began to smite him.

"It was more my fault than hers," he thought; and, turning round a little way, he said, coaxingly, "Pierotte."

No answer. Pierotte only stuck out her shoulder a little and remained silent.

"Don't look so cross," went on Pierot. "You



can't think how horrid it makes you—a woman of your age!"

"I'm not a woman of my age. Oh, how can you say such things?" sobbed Pierotte. "I don't want to be grown-up. I want to be a little girl again."

"You used to be always wishing you were big," remarked her now big brother.

"Y—es, so I was; but I never meant all at once. I wanted to be big enough to spin—and the—mother—was—going—to teach me," went on poor Pierotte, crying bitterly, "and I wanted to be as big as Laura Blaize—and—pretty—and some day have a sweetheart, as she had—and—but what's the use—I've lost it all, and I'm grown-up, and old and ugly already, and the mother wont know me, and the father will say, 'My little Pierotte—' *Cœur de St. Martin*—impossible! get out you witch!" Overcome by this dreadful picture, Pierotte hid her face and cried louder than ever.

"I'll tell you what," said Pierot, after a pause, "don't let us go home at all. We will just hide here in the woods for a year, and when Midsummer's Day comes round, we'll hunt till we find the fairy house again, and beg her, on our knees, for another wish, and if she says 'yes,' we'll wish at once to be little just as we were this morning, and *then* we'll go home directly."

"Poor mother; she will think we are dead!" sighed Pierotte.

"That's no worse than if she saw us like this. I'd be conscripted most likely and sent off to fight, and me only twelve years old. And you'd have a horrid time of it with the Blaize boys. Robert Blaize said you were the prettiest girl in Balne aux Bois. I wonder what he'd say now?"

"Oh yes, let us stay here," shuddered Pierotte. "I could n't bear to see the Blaize boys now. But then—it will be dark soon—sha' n't you be frightened to stay in the woods all night?"

"Oh! a man like me is n't easily frightened," said Pierot, stoutly, but his teeth chattered a little.

"It's so queer to hear you call yourself 'a man,'" remarked Pierotte.

"And it's just as queer to hear you call yourself a little girl," answered Pierot, with a glance at the antiquated face beside him.

"Dear, how my legs shake, and how stiff my knees are!" sighed Pierotte. "Do grown-up people feel like that always?"

"I don't know," said Pierot, whose own legs lacked their old springiness. "Would you like some cherries now, Pierotte? I can reach them easily."

"Cherries! Those sour things? No, thank you. They would be sure to disagree with me," returned Pierotte, pettishly.

"Times are changed," muttered Pierot, but he dared not speak aloud.

"Where shall we sleep?" asked Pierotte.

"Under the trees, so long as the summer lasts."

"Gracious! We shall both die of rheumatism."

"Rheumatism? What an idea for a child like you!"

"I wish I *were* a child," said Pierotte, with a groan. "Here's a tree with grass below it, and I'm getting tired and sleepy."

When the brother and sister woke it was broad sunlight again.

"One day gone of our year," said Pierot, trying to be cheerful.

It was hard work as time went on, and with all their constant walking and wandering they never seemed to find their way out of the forest, or of that particular part of it where their luckless adventure had befallen them. Turn which way they would, the paths always appeared to lead them round to the same spot; it was like bewitchment; they could make nothing out of it. The dullness of their lives was varied only by an occasional quarrel. Pierot would essay to climb a tree, and Pierotte, grown sage and proper, would upbraid him for behaving so foolishly—"just like a boy,"—or he would catch her using the pool as a mirror, and would tease her for caring so much for a plain old face when there was nobody but himself to look. How the time went they had no idea. It seemed always daylight, and yet weeks, if not months, must have passed, they thought, and Pierot at last began to suspect the fairy of having changed the regular course of the sun so as to cheat them out of the proper time for finding her at home.

"It's just like her," he said. "She is making the days seem all alike, so that we may not know when Midsummer comes. Pierotte, I'll tell you what, we must be on the lookout, and search for the little house every day, for if we forget just once that will be the very time, depend upon it."

So every day, and all day long, the two old children wandered to and fro in search of the fairy cot. For a long time their quest was in vain, but at last, one bright afternoon, just before sunset, as they were about giving up the hunt for that day, the woods opened in the same sudden way and revealed the garden, the hut, and—yes—at the window the pointed cap, the sharp black eyes; it was the fairy herself, they had found her at last.

For a moment they were too much bewildered to move, then side by side they hurried into the garden without waiting for invitation.

"Well, my old gaffer, what can I do for you, or for you, dame?" asked the fairy, benevolently.

"Oh, please, I am not a dame, he is not a gaffer," cried Pierotte, imploringly. "I am little

Pierotte"—and she bobbed a courtesy. "And this is Pierot, my brother."

"Pierot and Pierotte! Wonderful!" said the fairy. "But, my dear children, what has caused this change in your appearance? You have aged remarkably since I saw you last."

"Indeed, we have," replied Pierot, with a grimace.

"Well, age is a very respectable thing. Some persons are always wishing to be old," remarked the fairy, maliciously. "You find it much pleasanter than being young, I dare say."

"Indeed, we don't," said Pierotte, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"No? Well, that is sad, but I *have* heard people say the same before you."

"Oh, please, please," cried Pierot and Pierotte, falling on their knees before the window, "please,

There was no deliberation this time as to what the wish should be.

"I wish I was a little boy," shouted Pierot, holding the rose over his head with a sort of ecstasy.

"And I wish I was a little girl, the same little girl exactly that I used to be," chorused Pierotte.

The rose seemed to melt in air, so quickly did it wither and collapse. And the brother and sister embraced and danced with joy, for each in the other's face saw the fulfillment of their double wish.

"Oh, how young you look! Oh, how pretty you are! Oh, what happiness it is not to be old any longer! The dear fairy! The kind fairy!" These were the exclamations which the squirrels and the birds heard for the next ten minutes, and the birds and the squirrels seemed to be amused, for certain queer and unexplained little noises like laughs sounded from under the leaves and behind the bushes.

"Let us go home at once to mother," cried Pierotte.

There was no difficulty about the paths now. After walking awhile, Pierot began to recognize this turn and that. There was the huntsman's oak and the Dropping Well; and there—yes, he was sure—lay the hazel copse where the father had bidden them go for wood.

"I say," cried Pierotte, with a sudden bright thought, "we will wait and bind one fagot for the mother's oven—the poor mother! Who has fetched her wood all this time, do you suppose?"

Plenty of sticks lay on the ground ready for binding. The wood-choppers had just left off



THEY FIND THE COTTAGE AGAIN.

their work, it would seem. Pierotte's basket was filled, a fagot tied and lifted on to Pierot's shoulders, and through the gathering twilight they hurried homeward. They were out of the wood soon. There was the hut, with a curl of smoke rising from the chimney; there was the mother standing at the door and looking toward the forest. What *would* she say when she saw them?

"What would be the use?" said the old woman. "You'd begin wanting to be somebody else at once if you were turned back to what you were before."

"We wont, indeed we wont," pleaded the children, very humbly.

The fairy leaned out and gathered a rose. "Very well," she said. "Here's another wish for you. See that it is a wise one this time, for if you fail, it will be of no use to come to me."

With these words, she shut the blinds suddenly, and lo! in one second, house, garden, and all had vanished, and Pierot and Pierotte were in the forest again.

What she said astonished them very much.

"How long you have been!" were the words, but the tone was not one of surprise.

"O mother, mother!" cried Pierotte, clinging to her arm, while Pierot said, "We were afraid to come home because we looked so old, and we feared you would not know us, but now we are young again."

"Old! young!" said the mother. "What does the lad mean? One does not age so fast



between sunrise and sunset as to be afraid to come home. Are you dreaming, Pierot?"

"But we have been away a year," said Pierot, passing his hand before his eyes as if trying to clear his idcas.

"A year! Prithce! And the sheets which I hung out at noon not fairly dry yet. A year! And the goats thou drovest to pasture before breakfast not in the shed yet! A year! Thou wouldst better not let the father hear thee prate thus! What, crying, Pierotte! Here's a pretty to do because, forsooth, you are come in an hour late!"

An hour late! The children looked at each other in speechless amazement. To this day the

amazement continues. The mother still persists that they were absent but a few hours. Where, then, were the weeks spent in the wood, the gray hair, the wrinkles, the wanderings in search of the old woman and her hut? Was all and each but a bit of enchantment, a trick of the mirth-loving fairies? They could not tell, and neither can I. Fairies are unaccountable folk, and their doings surpass our guessing, who are but mortal, and stupid at that! One thing I know, that the two children since that day have dropped their foolish habit of wishing and are well content to remain little Pierot and Pierotte till the time comes for them to grow older, as it will only too soon.

## THE GOLDEN FISH OF OWARI CASTLE.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

Or all the sports at which the boys in Japan amuse themselves, kite-flying seems to afford the most fun and enjoyment. Japanese kites are not plain coffin-shaped bits of tissue-paper, such as American boys fly. They are made of tough paper stretched on light frames of bamboo, and of all shapes,—square, oblong, or oval. They are also made to imitate animals. I have often, in my walks in Japan, seen a whole paper menagerie in the air. There were crying babies, boys with arms spread out, horses, fishes, bats, hawks, crows, monkeys, snakes, dragons, besides ships, carts, and houses. Across and behind the top of the kite, a thin strip of whalebone is stretched, which hums, buzzes, or sings high in air like a hurdy-gurdy or a swarm of beetles. When the boys of a whole city are out in kite-time, there is more music in the air than is delightful. The real hawks and crows, and other birds, give these buzzing counterfeits of themselves a wide berth. In my walks, I often was deceived when looking up, unable to tell at first whether the moving black spot in the air were paper, or a real, living creature, with beak, claws, and feathers.

A kite-shop in Japan is a jolly place to visit. I knew one old fellow, a toy-maker in Fukui, who was always slitting bamboo or whalebone, painting kite-faces, or stretching them on the frames. His sign out in front was—well, what do you think? I am sure you can't guess. It was a cuttle-fish. A real jolly old cuttle, looking just as funny and old,

with its pulpy forehead and one black eye, as much like Mr. Punch, or an old man with a long nose and chin made out of lobster-claws, as such a soft fellow could.

This is the sign for kite-shops all over Japan. The native boys call a kite *tako*, which is the Japanese for cuttle-fish. It is just such a pun as would be played if a kite-maker in our country were to hang out for his sign the fork-tailed bird after which our kites took their name.

On the faces of the square Japanese kites you can see a whole picture-gallery of the national heroes. Brave boys, great men, warriors in helmet and armor, hunters with bows and arrows, and all the famous children and funny folks in the Japanese fairy tales, are painted on them in gay colors, besides leaping dragons, snow-storms, pretty girls dancing, and a great many other designs.

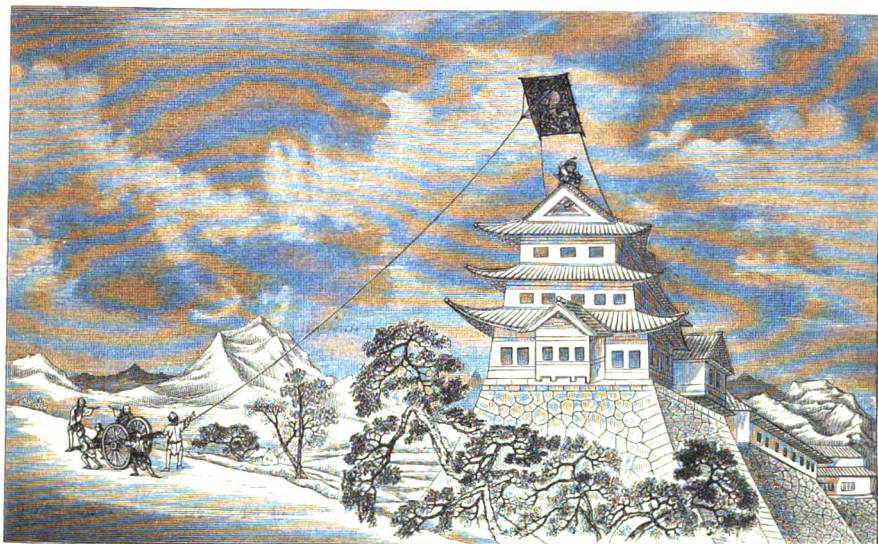
The Japanese boys understand well how to send "messengers" to the top of the kite, and how to entangle each other's kites. When they wish to, they can cut their rival's strings and send the proud prize fluttering to the ground. To do this, they take about ten feet of the string near the end, dip it in glue and then into bits of powdered glass, making a multitude of tiny blades as sharp as a razor, and looking, when magnified, like the top of a wall in which broken bottles have been set to keep off climbers. When two parties of boys agree to have a paper war near the clouds, they raise their kites and then attempt

strings. The most skillful boy saws off, with his glass saw, the cord of his antagonist.

The little boys fly kites that look for all the world like themselves. I have often seen chubby little fellows, scarcely able to walk, holding on to their paper likenesses. Would you believe it? Even the blind boys amuse themselves with these buzzing toys, and the tugging string that pulls like a live fish. This fact, as I have often seen it, loses its wonder, when you remember that a good kite in the hands of a boy who is not blind often will get out of sight. The Japanese blind boy enjoys

boys and young men would make kites as large as an elephant. Why do they not permit it? I can best answer the question by telling you a true story.

In nearly every large city in Japan there is, or was, a large castle, in which the prince of the province or his soldiers lived in time of peace, or fought in time of war. In Nagoya, in the province of Owari, in the central part of the main island, was seen the largest and finest of all the castles in Japan. They were built of thick walls of stone masonry from twenty to one hundred feet high, and divided



ATTEMPTING TO ROB THE GOLDEN FISH. (DRAWN BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.)

the fun with finger and ear. It is like Beethoven going in raptures over music, though stone deaf.

Square kites, with the main string set in the center, do not need bobs, but usually the Japanese boy attaches two very long tails made of rice-straw.

The usual size of a kite in Japan is two feet square, but often four feet; and I have seen many that were six feet high. Of course, such a kite needs very heavy cord, which is carried in a basket or on a big stick. They require a man, or a very strong boy, to raise them; and woe betide the small urchin who attempts to hold one in a stiff breeze! The humming monster in the air will drag him off his feet, pull him over the street, or into the ditch, before he knows it. Tie such a kite to a dog's tail, and no Japanese canine could even turn round to bite the string. If the Government allowed it,

from the outside land by moats filled with water. At the angles were high towers, built of heavy beams of wood covered with lime to make them fire-proof, and roofed with tiles. They had many gables like a pagoda, and port-holes or windows for the archers to shoot out their arrows on the besiegers. These windows were covered with copper or iron shutters. At the end of the topmost gable of the tower, with its tail in the air, was a great fish made of bronze or copper, from six to ten feet high, weighing thousands of pounds. It was a frightful monster of a fish, looking as if Jonah would be no more in its mouth than a sprat in a mackerel's. It stood on its lower gill, like a boy about to walk on his hands and head. It always reminded me of the old-fashioned candlesticks, in which a glass dolphin rampant, with very thick lips, holds a candle in his glass tail. In



Japan, however, the flukes of this bronze fish's tail, instead of a candle, were usually occupied by a live hawk, or sometimes an eagle, cormorant, or falcon. Half the birds in Fukui solemnly believed the castle towers to have been built for their especial perch and benefit. I often have seen every fish-tail of the castle occupied by crows. They were finishing their toilet, enjoying an after-dinner nap, or making speeches to each other, observing the rules of order no better than some assemblies in which several persons talk at once.

We sometimes say of a boy having wealthy parents, that "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." Now, as the Japanese eat with chopsticks, and use their silver for other purposes, they express nearly the same idea in other words.

In Japan, the better class of people—those who enjoy the privilege of wealth, education, or position—live either within or near the castle. One of the first things a well-born Japanese baby sees and learns to know out-doors is the upright bronze fish on the castle towers. Hence a Japanese is proud to say, "I was born within sight of the *shachihoko*" (the Japanese name of this fish). The princes of Owari were very proud, rich, and powerful; and they determined to erect gold instead of bronze fishes on their castle. So they engaged famous gold and silver smiths to make them a *shachihoko* ten feet high. Its tail, mouth, and fins were of solid beaten silver. Its scales were plates of solid gold. Its eyes were of black glass. It cost many thousands of dollars, and required about twenty men to lift it.

This was at Nagoya, a city famous for its bronzes, porcelain vases, cups, and dishes, its wonderful enamel work called *cloisonné*, and its gay fans. Thousands of the Japanese fans with which we cool our faces in summer were made in Nagoya. Well, when, after much toil and the help of great derricks and tackling, the great object was raised to its place, thousands of persons came from a distance to see the golden wonder. The people of Nagoya felt prouder than ever of their handsome city. In all kinds of weather, the golden fish kept its color and glittering brightness, never tarnishing or blackening like the common *shachihoko* on other castles. Morning and evening, the sunbeams gilded it with fresh splendor. The gold and the sunlight seemed to know each other, for they always kissed. The farmers' children, who lived miles distant in the country, clapped their hands with joy when the flashing flukes on the castle towers gleamed in the air. The travelers plodding along the road, as they mounted a hill, knew when the city was near, though they could not see anything but the gleam like a star of gold.

Alas that I should tell it! What was joy to

the many, was temptation to some. They were led to envy, then to covet, then to steal the prize. A man whose talents and industry might have made him rich and honored, became a robber,—first in heart, and then in act. He began to study how he might steal the golden fish. How was he to reach the roof of the tower? Even if he could swim the moat and scale the wall, he could not mount to the top story or the roof. The gates were guarded. The sentinels were vigilant, and armed with sword and spear. How should he reach the golden scales?

The picture tells the story. It was drawn by the famous Japanese artist in Tōkiō, Ozawa, and is true to the facts, as I have seen, or have been told them. A kite, twenty-five feet square, was made of thick paper, with very strong but light bamboo frame, with tough rope for a tether, and a pair of bobs strong enough to lift two hundred pounds. No man could hold such a kite. The rope was wound round a windlass and paid out by one person, while two men and three boys held the hand-cart. A very dark, cloudy night, when a brisk wind was up, was chosen. When all was ready at midnight, the hand-cart was run out along the moat, the robber with prying-tools in his belt, and his feet in loops at the end of the bobs, mounted on the perilous air-ship, more dangerous than a balloon. The wind was in the right direction, and by skillful movements of the cart and windlass, the robber, after swinging like a pendulum for a few minutes, finally alighted on the right roof. Fastening the bobs so as to secure his descent, he began the work of wrenching off the golden scales.

This he found no easy task. The goldsmiths had riveted them so securely that they defied his prying, and the soft, tough metal could not be torn off. He dared not make any clinking noise with hammer or chisel, lest the sentinels should hear him. After what appeared to be several hours' work, he had loosened only two scales, worth scarcely more than fifty dollars.

To make a long story short, the man was caught. The sentinels were awakened, and the crime detected. The robber was sentenced to die a cruel death,—to be boiled in oil. His accomplices received various other degrees of punishment. The Prince of Owari issued a decree forbidding the flying of any kites above a certain small size. Henceforth the grand old kites which the boys of the province had flown in innocent fun were never more to be seen.

As for the big golden fish, it was afterward taken down from the castle in Nagoya, and kept in the prince's treasure-house. When I saw it, it was in Tōkiō at the museum. It was afterward taken to Vienna and exhibited at the Exposition in 1873.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BLUE-COAT GIRL.

[The readers of *St. NICHOLAS* will find all about the Blue-Coats in the very first article of the first number of the magazine. Girls were once educated there as well as boys, but the girls' school after a while was removed to Hertford.]

*March 30th, 1689.*—Oh! what shall I do? Such a little thing as I to be left all alone! Father! mother! where are you? Can not you speak to me from the better world where you are gone away? It is so lonely, that I must keep this little journal to talk all to myself. I promised dear papa that I would do it. Little he thought, when he took so much pains to teach me to read and write, that I should soon have no other comfort. Can it be possible, that only last week, dear mamma was with me, sitting so pale and gentle in that chair, with her lovely white hair and darling old face? And now, where is she? And what shall I do? There is no one to love me, or take care of me any more.

My uncle came to see about the funeral. He is very cold and formal, and not a bit like mamma. It does not seem as if he could be her brother. He is old and poor, and badly dressed, and thin. He can not do anything for me, he says, he is such a poor man. His eyes look well sometimes; he frightens me. Ah! I cannot stay here. Everything must be sold he says, and I must even part with mother's chair. Her Bible *will* keep. No one shall take that from me, if I starve.

How it rains and blows! What a stormy night! and she is lying alone there, in that dreadful church-yard, under the black, dripping trees. Oh, mother! mother!

*April 3rd.*—All is sold and gone, even mother's chair and bed. Uncle John gave me money to pay the landlady, and said, "It is better so, child." Perhaps it is; but I've kept the portraits, and mother's clothes, and her Bible and Prayer-Book. Mother was a good Church-woman, if father *was* a Round Head. I don't know what a Round Head means, but it can't be anything bad, except that poor papa lost all his money very long ago, before I was born; and we were *so* poor always. Before papa gave up his living, mamma said we had such a happy home in a beautiful parsonage, by an ivy-towered church down in Devonshire, and not far off were great cliffs, with thickets of gorse and fern and bramble at the top, and the wide sea tossing and shining below. But I was not born then. There were other children, but they are all dead now. How I wish *one*—just one—of them had

lived! I should like to see the sea (I who have never been out of London in my life), and to play on the beach with those little brothers and sisters. But I forget—they would all be grown up now. Mother used to talk so much about Dorothy, who had fair hair like me, and was so very lovely. I wonder if I look a bit like her? She would have been married now, and I should have lived with her. Somehow, I feel as if I would rather have had a brother who was strong and big, to run races on the beach mother told me of. What a baby I talk like! Yet, I'm not much more than a baby, though the neighbors tell me I'm "old-fashioned," and I do feel *very* old, at least fifteen, though I'm only twelve. But nursing poor mamma, and the funeral, and all the dreadful things, have made me feel so very, *very* old.

Uncle says he will send me to school, to Christ's Church "Spittle." I wonder what it's like, and if I shall be very unhappy there? Anything is better than this empty room, with the eyes in the pictures following me about, as I sit on mother's chest; and oh, I *will* not cry so! I will try —

*April 9th.*—I've been here at the school almost a week, and oh! it's dreadful! So many girls staring at me! And these long rows of beds, and I can't even sleep alone. The high walls seem to shut me in from mother, and the church-yard is far away. The great courts are bare and desolate, and oh, how hard the mistress is! If she beats me, I know I shall run away, I *know* I shall! oh, mother! mother! But where could I go? Our good Kate, that lived with us so long, is married away in Scotland. I could not find her. And the public suppers!—(the dinners are the worst!) The great tables, and the noise and staring of people, and slamming of trenchers, and clashing of knives and pewter mugs, and the great joints of mutton that smell so, and the coarse boiled beef, *so* salt. Yesterday was Thursday, and there was fresh beef in hunches, and the girl who sat next me, who squints so, said, "Don't you hate gags?" In the morning there are great chunks of bread she calls "crugs," and small beer in great buckets. But the broth, so thick, and slab, and choking, I can't help minding *that*. What an ungrateful child I am, to feel so, when I ought to be thankful to be here, and not think of the nice things I used to make and share with mother. Uncle was very good to get me here. He is a *very* poor man, he says. I know he lives all alone in a dreary old

lodging in a dingy street. I may go and see him sometimes, and I am glad, for he has taken care of the portraits and mother's chest for me, which has her wedding dress and things. How pretty she must have looked in the sky-blue brocade with white roses! She was pretty, even when she died, an old lady.

Ah, well! I'll try to make the best of things. I am young and healthy; and, perhaps, when I leave school, they may get me a place in the country, with lanes and hedge-rows such as mother used to talk of in Devonshire, where the wild roses hang over the red banks, with fern, and briony, and daisies. How she used to talk of those things! Just before she died, she showed me a sprig of speedwell in her Bible, all brown and faded. It was a pretty blue flower once, like Dorothy's eyes, and she gathered it the day she left home forever. My eyes are blue, too. Father gave up his living to join Cromwell, but when the King came in, all was lost, and we were always poor. But being a Round Head must be something noble, after all.

*April 11th, 1689.*—This has been a very great holiday, for my uncle took me to see the coronation. The King is a very fine man, to be sure, and Queen Mary looked lovely in her robes. My uncle knows a verger of the Abbey, and he put us into a little nook in the clere-story, where we could look down on everything. I never dreamed of anything so beautiful; and the new music by Mr. Handel! oh! it was like heaven! Such splendid lords and ladies! I wondered if I should ever wear anything besides this coarse, blue stuff and a bib-apron. Mother was lady enough to have been there in her sky-blue brocade. Some people that were near us hissed softly and said he was n't the right king, but she *must* have been the right queen, in her robes all velvet and ermine, and she so gentle and mild. She smiled like an angel.

*May 15th, 1689.*—I don't write much in my journal, it makes me too sad, and I don't have much time. The other day, as we were coming out of chapel, boys first and girls after, I saw a boy sitting on the steps with his face hidden in his hands. It was against the rules to speak, but I *did* linger and ask him what was the matter, when the rest were gone. He said his father and mother were dead, and he wanted to go to sea, but his grandfather would send him here, and it was very unkind. He was to be educated here first, he said, and *then* go to sea. But he wanted to go to sea *now*. He would run away. A great tear trickled through his fingers. I could not help wondering why a big, strong boy should cry, and then I remembered how sad I had been, and how alike we were in our lives. I talked to him a little, and said it would be much better to wait and get an education, and then he

might go into the navy, instead of being a common sailor. He said I was a brave girl, and I was right. His grandfather was an admiral, and he meant to be one too. But he believed his grandfather hated him, and had put him into this bad place, where he was flogged almost every day, and he meant to be a great man some day, on purpose to spite him. "He hated my father," said he, "because he was a music master, and married my mother against his will, and he never spoke to my mother again. But my father was not bad; he was good and kind, and played beautifully on his Stradivarius."

I ran away then, but I had been seen, and I got a whipping and bread and water. I did n't care, though, for I was glad to comfort him. His name was Charles Stanley.

*June 10th, 1690.*—My uncle comes often to see me, and gets leave to take me out for long walks in the country on holidays. I love to walk with him in the lanes near Kensington, and to gather flowers in the fields,—mother's favorite flowers. One day he took me to see the beasts at the Royal Exchange. How the lion did roar and frighten me! Charles Stanley was there, feeding the elephant with apples. I wonder he was n't afraid.

*July 6th, 1690.*—This evening my uncle took me to see a great illumination and fire-works because of a great victory, the battle of the Boyne. It was a very important battle, he said, and had seated King William and Queen Mary firmly on the throne, and the Papists could not make head again. I don't know much of politics, but I hope no harm will happen to the Queen. My father never liked Papists. The illumination was splendid. Every house had ever so many candles; for if a house was not lighted, the crowd was furious, and threatened to tear it down, screaming "No Popery!" like mad. On the Thames were lighted barges, full of splendid people, and the King and Queen on the steps of Whitehall, and wonderful fire-works of Britannia and Neptune, and Plenty, and Fame, and Glory. My uncle explained all to me very kindly.

*September 8th, 1690.*—Charles Stanley comes to talk to me whenever he can get a chance. I generally get punished for it; but I don't tell him so. He says *he* is, though. One day he brought me a nosegay, and wanted me to promise to be his sweetheart, but I said it was nonsense, and he went away quite angry. He says he likes school better now, and studies hard, though the master is cruel sometimes. I'm sorry I made him angry.

*May 26th, 1692.*—My uncle came again to-day, and took me to see the rejoicings over the great naval victory of La Hogue over the French and old King James. He must be very bad, to make so much trouble, and cause so many people to

be killed. I hope Charles Stanley went go into the navy till there 's peace. It was a good deal like the other illumination, only finer. A great, big ship, all of fire, was on the river, and the whole city was as light as day. There was service at St. Paul's, very solemn and beautiful with grand music, and the whole school went. People seemed

*May 15th, 1694.*—My uncle came to-day, and talked a great deal about something very bad, he called the Bank—the new Bank of England. I could n't understand it at all, but he looked quite wild. He said this banking was a dreadful, fatal thing, a great monster that would ruin and devour everybody. Banks and kings, he said, could never



.COMFORTING CHARLES STANLEY.

mad with joy, the rejoicings lasted three days, and the bells never stopped ringing all the time.

*July 18th, 1692.*—Charles Stanley ran up to me to-day, and said, "You *shall* be my little wife, some day." And he cut off a lock of my hair, just in front, where it shows, and put something in my hand and ran away. It was the half of a sixpence! I wish he would n't! The girls all tease me so. But I will keep the piece.

VOL. IV.—22.

exist together. Some people said that the bank would help the King, but he knew better. Banks were Republican institutions. This was only another of the plots, plots, plots! He raved like a madman. I asked him if it would hurt poor folks like us. He said he hoped not. He "was poor, very poor." I'm sure he looks so—all thin and sickly, and his clothes so threadbare. I wish I was old enough to take care of him. He hardly



looks as if he had enough to eat. Poor, poor uncle!

*Nov. 10th, 1694.*—I don't like to think of there being so many executions, and plots, and dreadful things. My uncle wanted me to go to the hangings to-day of the enemies of the King, but I would not see one for the world. There is a great deal of small-pox in London now. It would be awful if it got into Christ's Church. Some say the Queen has got it, some the King, some the Duchess of Marlborough. It could not make her much uglier. I saw her in her state coach one day. There were prayers for the Queen in the Abbey yesterday.

*Dec. 27th, 1694.*—We are all dressed in black. The poor, good Queen is dead. It is a sad Christmas holidays. Everybody is heart-broken, and the King in agonies of grief, people say; for he loved her dearly, and was with her night and day, though she died of that dreadful small-pox. What will happen now? She was so good! They say she has founded a hospital for poor sailors, and helped the Huguenots, who were so cruelly used in France. What a dreadful thing it would be if King James should come back! My uncle thinks he will, and, at any rate, that he and his son will make trouble if they can. There is peace now, at any rate, and the good Queen was glad of that when she died. She was reconciled to Princess Anne on her death-bed. People are very uneasy, and there are plots upon plots. If Marlborough had n't been a traitor, he might have helped us now. My uncle told me all this politics. The Queen is lying in state at Whitehall, and crowds go to see her, notwithstanding small-pox.

*Jan. 1st, 1695.*—Our good friend, the verger, let us see the funeral in the Abbey. Oh, how I cried! The organ roared like a thunder-storm, and then it was like a sweet, sad voice. The procession was very fine, with four royal state mourning coaches,—all black and silver,—and a grand hearse with six pairs of splendid black horses, and black-and-white plumes three feet high, and embroidered hangings. Almost everybody wept as it passed; but it was horrible! there were some bad people who hissed, and groaned, and even spat. They must have been Jacobites or Papists. The poor King was as pale and white as a ghost. It was a very, very sad day.

*July 12th, 1695.*—What a big girl I am growing! I must leave here soon and go into service. A great, big, grand city lady came to-day to see about taking me, dressed in a fine tabby gown, with lace lappets, and such a high head! with long pinnars and streamers. She came in a fine coach, and yet she looked so cross and asked so many questions that I was glad she did not take me. Perhaps the next one will be nicer. Oh! why

must I go away from here? I have not been very unhappy, and I am used to it. These old cloisters are pleasant in the sunshine, and I like the girls and they like me. I am never beaten now, and though they make a servant of me, as they do of all the big girls, I do not mind that. It prepares me for the future. I do not mind work if it is not too hard. They say, perhaps I shall be 'prenticed. I just wish I did know what was to become of me.

*August 15th, 1695.*—Charles Stanley came to bid me good-by. He says that he is going into the navy, and that his grandfather is kinder to him now, for he is ill and old, and has no one to take care of him but a sister who is older than he. "This will be my last chance to see you, Millicent," said he, "for I am going to stay at his house, and from there into the navy. By and by when I am my own master, we will be married, dear Milly, and you shall be a lady, as you deserve."

Oh, how sweet it sounded! But I said I was a poor girl, and I could not promise myself to him, for his family would be angry, and when he went into the world he would find some real lady to marry, and be sorry he was bound to me. And he said, I *was* a real lady, and he would never have any other, and I looked too good for him in my blue stuff gown. He showed me his half-sixpence and I showed him mine, but I did not promise. It was hard.

*Sept. 8th, 1695.*—My uncle is ill, and I got leave to go and see him. He was lying all alone in a wretched garret, pale and ill, with no one to take care of him, but he said he was better, and he would not let me stay. On the way home a number of wild young men, half tipsy, ran up to me, and one of them took me by the arm, and tried to pull me away. I screamed and was dreadfully frightened, when who should run up but Charles Stanley! It was strange that he should have been there, when his grandfather lives near St. James. It was close by Christ's Church, and he gave a whoop, and a dozen blue-coats came running up. They gave the young lords (they must have been lords, they were so richly dressed) such a beating! Charles Stanley kicked the one who spoke to me quite out of sight. Then he went to the outer gate with me, and tried to make me promise again, but I held out. He will soon be off, he says.

*Sept. 9th, 1695.*—I felt as if I ought to go to my uncle again this evening, but I hardly dared, until I thought of putting on a big pair of spectacles of my father's, and carrying a stick. The girls all laughed, and one said she would n't mind a word from a handsome gentleman; and another said, not even Charles Stanley would know me. I was glad of that. So I went out with the glasses on, stooping and walking lame and leaning on the

stick, with my hood over my face, and no one even looked at me. Uncle was better.

*Sept. 10th, 1695.*—A dreadful thing has happened. My poor uncle was found dead in his bed the morning after I was there. He must have died all alone in the night. His funeral is to be to-morrow. Poor old uncle! And now I am truly all alone, without a friend. If I could have dared to promise Charles Stanley! But I was right. He is so handsome and so brave that he must go into another world from me. I wonder when they will get me a place! If I could only be his servant!

*Sept. 11th, 1695.*—To-day at dinner there was a great buzz as I came in, and the mistress came up monstrous polite, and said: "There's great news for you, Miss. Something very wonderful has happened." I could n't think what she meant by "Miss," I was always plain Milly before. "Your uncle has left you a big fortune," says she. "His will was found under his pillow, and he was worth, oh, so much! I don't remember." Everything spun round, and I turned giddy and sick. They brought me some water and then some wine. Poor, poor uncle! He must have been crazy to live so. It is very strange; it don't seem real. It can't be! I am afraid the first thing I thought of was Charles Stanley. He did not come near me that day, when they were all wishing me joy, and were so polite.

*Sept. 11th, evening.*—They have given me a pretty room to myself to-night, and it is so still and pleasant, after the great, stifling dormitory. There is an oriel window looking out upon the court, and some violets and snow-drops in the window, and a fine bow-pot on the table of spring flowers. How grateful I ought to be! It is very quiet and still, and the great clock has just struck twelve, yet no one comes to make me put out the light. How the moonlight falls on the cloisters. I cannot sleep. I think and think, and everything seems to be bubbling and boiling around me. I wonder if the wine has got into my head? I have never tasted it since mother died.

*Sept. 12th.*—Mistress said this morning that it was not strange after so great a change and such a fortune left me, that I could not sleep for joy. I don't think I feel any joy. So much money will be a great burden. But I will give a great deal of it away to the poor, and then live in a sweet little house in the country, like mother's, among green lanes and fields. \* \* \* \* \* My uncle was buried to-day; all the school was there, and it was a very handsome funeral, which was a great comfort to me. He was so shabby when he was alive! But I saw nothing of Charles Stanley. After the funeral, who should come to Christ's Church to see me but the Lord Mayor's

lady, all in velvet and satin. I was never so much frightened in my life, and she so kind, and grand, and polite. And she said: "My dear, don't be frightened, but there is something that pleases me very much. A blue-coat boy has had a fortune, the same as yours, left him on the very same day, and we think it would be a very pretty thing to make it a match between you."

I grew sick again, and then I burst into tears, and she was so kind, that somehow I got bold enough to say that I loved some one whom, perhaps, I should never see again, but I could never, never marry any one else. I was very young, and why, why need I think about it? And then, she, so kind all the time, said that nothing should ever be done against my will, and she wiped my eyes with her own 'kerchief, and said: "My dear young friend, don't be worried. I only ask you to *see* this young man of whom I speak, for he is every way worthy of you, and you may, in time, forget the other and learn to value and esteem him as he deserves." I knew better, and I said, at first, that I never would see him; but she said ever so much, and insisted that I should go with her, and made me get into her grand gold coach, and go to her grand house. To think of my riding in a coach with the Lady Mayoress! I was so bewildered I hardly knew anything till she took me into a great room, and there, standing by a fine harpsichord, was Charles Stanley! I was wondering, as if in a dream, how he got there, when the Lady Mayoress said: "This is the young man, my dear, of whom I spoke." I gave a cry, and I don't know what happened next, only we were alone, and Charles was holding me up. Everything was right after that. Charles told me his grandfather was dead, and he had a great fortune, and it should be all mine. He wished I had n't one too, but that could n't be helped, and we would be married directly and be ever so happy. The best of it is that he is not going into the navy, but we are going to live at his grandfather's seat in Devonshire. Think of it! In Devon! Not so very far from Mary Church, either; and he will take me there.

I wonder how much the Lady Mayoress knew? Charles could not tell me.

*Sept. 18th, 1695.*—Such a beautiful wedding as we have had to-day. There was a grand dinner for all the school afterward. Charles was dressed in blue satin, led by two of the prettiest girls, and I in blue, with a green apron and yellow petticoat (but all of silk), led by two boys. All the school went before, singing and strewing flowers, and thus we went from Chepe to Guildhall, where we were married by no less than the Dean of St. Paul's! The Lord Mayor, his lady, and a great many fine people were there, and I felt very happy, but I must



say rather shame-faced. A great many handsome presents were sent me, and the Lord Mayor gave me a silver tankard, and his lady a silver porringer. All the dear girls gave me something; one a pincushion, another a shift that she had made, and a great Bible from the mistress. And some cried, and all kissed me good-by and wished me joy, and said I

had been a credit to the school. I was sorry to part from them all, and did not know how I loved the place till I left it. To-morrow we go down to Hartley End, the grand seat of the admiral in Devon. I wish it were a cottage, but I suppose it can't be helped. I am afraid I shall be too happy ever to write in my journal again.

MILLICENT STANLEY.

"Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a Blue-Coat boy and the other to a Blue-Coat girl in Christ's Hospital,—the extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on to a match, which is ended in a public wedding—he in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls, and she in blue, with an apron green and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by two of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St. Paul's, she given by my Lord Mayor. The wedding dinner, it seems, was given in the Hospital Hall."—*Pepys to Mrs. Steward, Sept. 20th, 1695.*

## HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### JACOB IS LEFT BEHIND.

It was still pouring heavily when the tug's skiff came alongside the steamboat, and the drenched passengers were taken on board. An excited crowd awaited them at the gangway, among whom Jacob noticed Florie's mother, and the mother of the twins.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Chipperly, her arms extended, "how did it happen? I told you there was danger! You'll ketch your death-colds! And just look at your dresses! They're a sight to behold! Dory, my dear, where's your hat?"

"Don't talk of hats and dresses, when we're half drowned!" said Dory, as she reached the deck and stood dripping. "I thought much as could be I was gone, one spell, but somebody pulled me up where I could hold on to the boat."

Perhaps she did not know that that somebody was Jacob. Nor did he think of taking any credit for what he had done. He felt that he must be an object of horror to everybody, as he was to himself.

"Oh, Jacob!" said Florie's mother, as she received the dripping girl in her arms.

Florie had just said, "Don't blame him or anybody—he saved my life!" But Jacob had not heard that; nor did he know that the mother spoke his name in an impulse of real gratitude.

He did not get out of the boat. When all the other drenched ones were on board the steamer, the oarsmen asked him if he was n't going too.

"No!" said he. "I am going with you to look for him."

"It's no use; you can't help," they said.

"But I am going!" he answered, firmly.

The steamer's whistle was blowing. She was off the bar now, and was ready to start. After so much loss of time, the captain was anxious to get under way. Having helped the others up, he noticed Jacob still in the boat, and called to him:

"Come aboard! We must be off now!"

"Not without finding him?" replied Jacob, in almost savage despair.

"If there was any hope of saving him, or any use in waiting, we would stay," said the captain. "But we can do nothing. The tug will continue the search. Come aboard!"

He spoke in a tone of command, but not unkindly, for he was the last man to think of blaming Jacob for such an accident.

"Go?" said the boy. "And leave him?" He spoke as if some utter impossibility, some base and criminal act, had been proposed to him. "He is the only friend I have in the world! I can't go!"

"Then we must leave you," said the captain.

"I can't help it," Jacob replied, in a passion of grief. "I shall stay with the tug."

"I understand your feelings," said the captain, touched by the boy's devotion and despair. "But don't be foolish. Take a friend's advice. You were not much to blame; and your staying can do no good. I'll take you to Cincinnati. No matter about your fare, if you have n't any money."

"Has n't my fare been paid?" said Jacob, starting from his stupor of woe.

"No. Mr. Pinkey said he would pay it. But he had n't yet paid his own. He would have done it, of course, before he left the boat. Come aboard, my lad! You have n't got your baggage."

"That don't amount to much," said Jacob. "But I'll go for it," he added, after a moment's hesitation.

His anguish for the loss of his friend had up to this time been of so wholly unselfish a nature, that he had not once thought of his little black traveling-bag and its modest contents, or of any such trivial matter. He had indeed felt in how utterly desolate a condition he would be, in Cincinnati or anywhere, without his friend,—if that was selfish. But now, at the captain's kindly meant words, a more sordid consideration intruded upon his grief.

Not only were all his clothes left in the little state-room,—everything, in fact, which he possessed in the world, besides the drenched garments he had on,—but all his money was in the belt which Alphonse wore about his body.

This was an additional reason for his remaining, which he had not considered before. He thought it so mean and selfish a motive, that he did not speak of it now.

"Please to take charge of *his* things," he said to the captain. "I will take mine." Then to the men in the boat: "Wait for me one minute!"—and he hurried to the state-room for his bag.

The lighted saloon, through which he passed and repassed, presented a cheerful contrast to the storm and gloom without. The table was set; the supper waited. The cheer and comfort he was leaving for darkness and uncertainty, did not tempt him; it seemed rather like a mockery of his affliction. How could any one eat and drink and be merry in the cabin that night, while he who had so lately been the bright star of all was in the black depths of the river?

He knew the room occupied by Florie and her mother. He paused just a moment at the door, longing to know that all was well with the young girl after her narrow escape. Perhaps he would have wished to speak with them,—to beg their forgiveness and bid them good-bye, since he was going, never to see them again. But he could not stop. He heard Florie's voice, and was grateful. What if she too had been lost? The bare thought of what would have been his feelings in such a case was too terrible.

The saloon was almost deserted. Nobody gave him any attention as he hurried out. The passengers on the sheltered parts of the decks were too intent watching the second boat from the steamer to give much heed to Jacob. The yawl had gone up and down in the rain, searching the river and the shore, and the fallen trees along by the shore, for traces of the body, and was now returning, dragging something heavy in its wake.

Jacob felt a shudder of dread, as he saw it at first in the obscurity. But a flash of lightning, flooding

the scene with one swift, dazzling gleam, showed him what it was.

The water-logged boat was in tow. The passengers, crowding to look over at it, did not notice him. The captain too was occupied giving orders, and he dropped unobserved into the tug's boat.

The men pushed off. Jacob gave one backward look, and felt a sharp sting of regret, as he saw the groups on the deck and heard the muffled rush of the great paddles rolling slowly to keep the steamboat in the stream. The deck-hands were hauling in the hawser. Then came the sound as of a small cataract, as the water-logged boat, raised by the steamer's tackle, bow foremost, poured its contents into the river. Over all was heard the voice of the captain coolly giving his orders for the start. The paddles stopped, then rolled the other way, the whistle gave a wild snort, and the steamboat and the tug parted company.

The storm was now nearly over. It was still raining a little where Jacob was; but the clouds in the west were broken, showing a peaceful sunset sky—a sea of liquid gold overtopped by avalanches of fire-tinted snow. Toward that gate-way of glory the steamer glided away, and disappeared; while over Jacob's head still hung the rainy canopy, bordered in the west with a fringe of surging flame.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DEPARTURE OF THE TUG-BOAT.

It was not until the excitement caused by the accident had subsided a little, that anybody thought of making inquiry for Jacob.

"I did n't mean to let him off," said the captain, coming in late to the supper-table. "I thought if I got him to come aboard for his baggage, I could keep him. But I was busy for a few minutes after, and when I thought of him again he was gone. He is certainly a plucky little fellow! How is your daughter, Mrs. Fairlake?"

The question was addressed to Florie's mother, who was also sitting down to a late cup of tea.

"Florence is quite comfortable," she replied, without her usual drawl. "I've been so absorbed in my care of her, that I feel myself quite guilty—I've scarcely thought of that brave boy at all! She is sure that he saved her life, and that she came very near drowning him,—she does n't know what saved them. It is terrible to think of his being left behind! What will become of him? He has no money."

"Are you sure of that?" said the captain.

"He told me that Mr. Pinkey had his money."

"And Pinkey has gone to the bottom with it!" remarked Mrs. Chipperly, taking some nice bits from the table, to carry to the state-room for her

daughters. "No wonder the boy was so anxious to stay and have the body recovered!"

"I don't think the money was his chief motive, by any means!" said Mrs. Fairlake. "He idolized Mr. Pinkey." Something of the drawl came into her voice again as she added: "He thought him a perfect model of a fine gentleman! You can hardly wonder at it; Pinkey's manners *were* extraordinary, and Jacob is very young."

"If my head had n't been full of other matters," said the captain, "I would have kept the boy aboard long enough at least to have a purse made up for him."

"Oh, why did n't you?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairlake. "I suppose I am wicked, but I must own that I am a great deal more troubled about him than I am about Mr. Pinkey. Mr. Pinkey does n't seem to me to be a very genuine character; and somehow his death does n't seem to be real. If he should walk into the cabin now, with that pretty mustache and that exquisite smile of his, I don't think I should be at all surprised."

Jacob was at this time in even a more pitiable situation than anybody imagined. The steamboat was gone; and now the tug-boat, which he had expected would remain, perhaps all night if the body was not sooner found, was going too.

It was growing dark; and after dragging the river-bottom and cruising up and down until further search seemed useless, the captain recalled his men.

The tug was laid up by the bank a little distance down the river. The boat came alongside, the men got out, and it was taken in tow.

Drenched, haggard, broken-hearted, Jacob stood upon the tug, with his little black bag in hand. The moon shone upon the river and the wooded shores. The water gurgled mournfully under the wales. The hands were preparing to cast off.

"Which is the captain?" Jacob inquired.

"There at the wheel," said one of the men who had been in the boat with him.

Jacob approached the little wheel-house, and, standing in the moonlight, spoke to a face that looked out at him through the open window.

"I thought you would stay and hunt longer!" he burst forth with a sob, after trying in vain to control his voice.

"Stay?" echoed the captain. "We can't stay all night. We've done more than we agreed to, and now we must be off."

"Where are you going?" said Jacob, mastering himself at last.

"To Pittsburg. Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to go anywhere!"

"You are easily satisfied, then," said the captain. He continued more kindly, seeing the utter loneliness of the boyish figure trembling before

him in the moonlight: "If you want to go to Pittsburg, or any place up the river, stay aboard: I'll give you your passage. It's a hard case, I know."

"What should I go back up the river for?" said Jacob. "I might have gone on to Cincinnati, where I have an uncle; but I can't go back home, — I have no home! I have n't a friend in the world, now that he —"

"Well, make up your mind what you'll do," said the captain, "for we're off."

"My mind is made up," replied Jacob.

"Going ashore?"

The boy could not answer. A moment later he stood alone on the bank. The men, who felt a great deal more kindness for him than they knew how to express, called to him, and begged him to come aboard.

He had not a voice even to thank them; but there he stood, silent, with only the great river and the solemn woods about him, and watched the tug steam slowly away.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

IT was soon out of sight. The sound of paddles and panting steam died in the distance, and Jacob heard only the noise of night-singing insects about him, and the roar of a torrent, caused by the rain, pouring down the bank into the river just above the fallen trees. Then of a sudden he felt all the loneliness and danger of his situation, and a sense of fear came over him.

He was in a wilderness—he knew not how far from any human abode. He was wet and chilled, for the weather had turned cool after the rain. He had declined to share the hasty supper which the tug's men offered him: he was not hungry then, and he was not hungry now—his heart was too full of misery. But he felt the need of food. He felt the need of warmth, and, more than all, the need of human aid and sympathy.

He took a last look at the spot where his friend had been lost,—where the water now shimmered as brightly in the moonbeams as if there were never such a thing as loss or grief in the world,—then, with a great sigh, turned away.

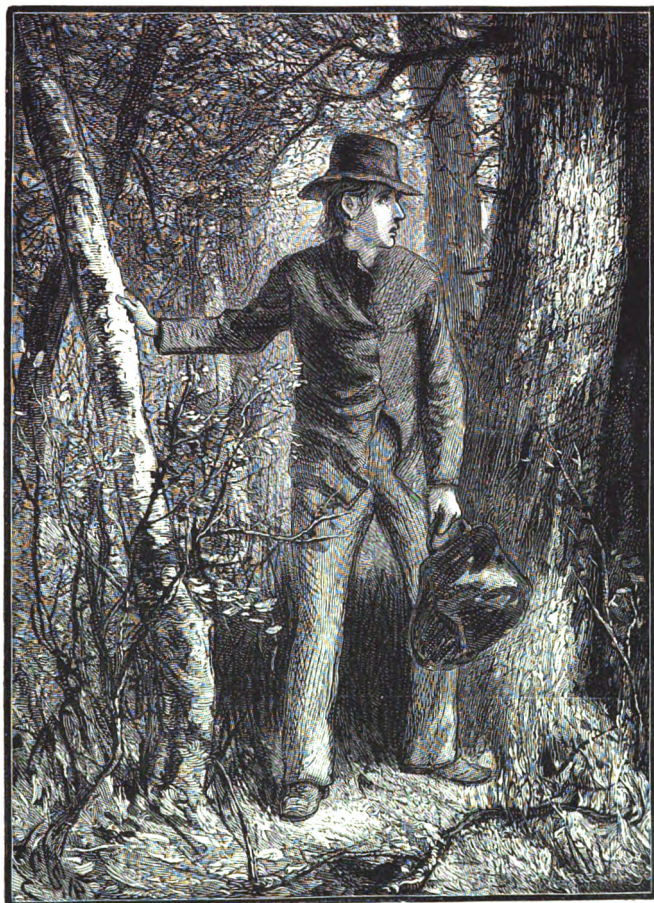
It was, after all, a sort of relief that he could not find what he sought. He would have shuddered to see any human-looking thing afloat, or washed up against the bank. He would have been terrified to meet his dead friend there alone.

He thought there must be a farming country a little back from the river, and that he might find help and shelter in some house not far away; so he at once climbed up into the woods.

The land continued to rise, and he went on and up until he reached more level ground; but it was all woods—woods—as far as he went and as far as he could see. He tore his way through the wet undergrowth; he stumbled at fallen trunks; he gazed eagerly forward, and stopped to listen often, with a heart beating hard with fatigue and fear.

raccoon “whinneyed,” or an owl filled the hollows of the woods with its unearthly “Who! who!”

The moonlight slanted down through the thick boughs and amidst the tall stems, making little silver patches of light in masses of shadow, and silver gleams on the trunks and bare ground,—gleams which wavered as the boughs moved. He



“ALL WOODS—WOODS—AS FAR AS HE WENT.”

For there was something fearful in the solitude. The wind swept over the forest-tops with a low, mournful roar. Pattering drops fell, shaken in little showers from the boughs. A limb creaked overhead. As he moved on, the sound of his own footsteps on the dead twigs had in it something ominous and startling. When he stood still, a

was more than once deceived by these glimmerings, thinking he saw a way out of the forest.

Then came a rush of selfish thoughts and self-reproaches.

What was he there for? He could do no good to himself or anybody else. If Alphonse was drowned, why, he was drowned, and that was the



end of him. As for the money, he wished he had never let him take it; but now, he did not want it—he had a horror of it! Besides, the search for it was hopeless. Why had n't he stayed on board the steamboat, as any other boy would have done?

And again Jacob asked himself, as he had often done before, when his conscience or his good impulses had kept him from things which seemed pleasant:

"Why can't I do as other boys do who don't care? Joe Berry never would have left a comfortable berth on board a steamboat, to do as I have done,—no, not if his own brother was lost in the river! He'd have looked out for himself. What was it made me stop off? Mr. Pinkey was n't always a good friend to me."

Then he thought of all that gentleman's faults, and even blamed him for getting drowned and putting him to so much trouble.

It is a comfort to know that such unworthy thoughts as these did not continue long. The boy's stout heart soon rose from its terrible depression. He was not sorry that he had stayed, though he had stayed to so little purpose. He remembered only the better qualities of his friend, and felt that he could never have been happy—that he should always have hated and despised himself—if he had left him to his sudden and dreadful fate, and gone on in the steamboat, caring only for his own safety and convenience.

It is sometimes worth the while to obey conscience, and follow our better impulses, at whatever seeming sacrifice, if only for the after satisfaction of feeling that any other course would have been wrong. That precious satisfaction is, to every noble nature, more than all worldly ends unrighteously attained. Many a man, and many a youth, would to-day give up all he has ever gained by unworthy means, to be able to say to his own soul, "I resisted the temptation—I did right!"

But now that he had done all he could do, Jacob saw that he ought to lose no time in caring for himself. He became discouraged, at last, in his efforts to find a house in the direction he had taken, and turned back. Over humps and hollows and through underbrush he went, and was glad to see the shining river burst upon his sight again, as he came down out of the woods.

There were frequent villages scattered along the shores, and he now resolved to keep on down the river until he should come to one.

He had started, walking very fast, when a noise, different from the sound of the wind in the tree-tops, arrested him. It was the hoarse panting breath of a steamboat coming up the river.

As it approached, its red signal lantern made broken reflections in the water before the rushing

prow. Its smoke-pipe spouted a lurid fountain of cloud and fire. The cabin, with its doors and many windows, looked like a delicate shell full of light, as it advanced steadily up the stream, in the misty moonshine.

It reminded Jacob of the companionship and cheer he had lost, and made his present loneliness seem all the wilder, all the more remote from human aid. It came abreast of him, almost within reach of the sound of his voice, had he chosen to hail it; then passed on, rolling its white wake in the moon, and trailing its banner of smoke sideways far off over the darkened water. It was gone, and Jacob resumed his tramp.

He kept along the summit of the bank, which sloped down some forty feet to the river, then at its usual summer level, though not very low. At high-water, that lofty bank was brimmed, and even overflowed. There was a strip of grass along by its edge, and above that rose the wooded hills.

He walked about half an hour, meeting with no adventures, and finding no signs of any clearing or settlement on the heights at his right.

Then the curve of the bank which he followed changed abruptly. It took a sudden turn to the north, while the river swept away toward the southwest. The woods, too, receded suddenly; and he soon found that he had come to some sort of inlet or broad creek, which lay directly across his course.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE RIVER PEDDLER.

As he stood on the bank, looking across the misty gulf, uncertain what to do, he heard a dog bark. The sound came from the water's edge below, and only a few rods up the creek.

The moonlight slanted down the slope, and showed him some sort of craft by the shore. At the farther end of it, a warm glow—ruddier than the moonlight, and confined to a small space—shone upon the bank and the water. The thing looked to Jacob like some gigantic lightning-bug.

It proved to be a little box of a steamboat, occupied by a man and a dog. The dog leaped on the deck, and kept up a furious barking at the boy as he approached. The man was soon visible, cooking something at a curious little stove under a projection of the deck, or cabin roof, over the bow. Jacob stopped at the top of the bank, afraid of the dog. The man silenced the barking, and called to him:

"Want anything in my line?"

"Yes," said Jacob.

A pleasant odor from the cooking was wafted up to him, and he saw that the man was frying fish.



"Come down here, then," said the man.

"Wont the dog bite me?"

"Not without you go to take something from the Ark."

"From the what?"

"The Ark. I aint exac'ly Father Noah; but that's the name of my craft. Have n't ye heard of Sam Longshore and his Ark? I thought you wanted something in my line of business."

and a ~~mouth~~ about which there was a pucker of self-conceit.

"I did n't care to buy anything," said Jacob.

"Then what do ye want? You see, I'm a peddler. I used to drive a peddler's cart in York State; then as the railroads made trade better for the stores and worse for me, I came out here, and finally took to the river. It don't make much difference where a man is, or what he does,—it's



"I'M GOING TO GRATIFY YOUR ALIMENTIVENESS."

"What is that?" said Jacob, descending the bank.

"My line of business? Dry goods, fancy goods, tin-ware, brooms, books,—anything, from one of my patent stoves to a side-comb,—the best variety on the river; come aboard and examine. Hush your noise, Ripper!"

Ripper seemed to be the dog. At any rate, he hushed, and Jacob stepped aboard.

"If ye aint in a hurry," said Mr. Longshore, "set down on the rail there, and make yourself comfortable as ye can, while I give this fish another turn."

As he resumed his cooking, Jacob noticed that he was a man of medium height, but very spare, with a narrow, wrinkled, serious face, small eyes,

all about the same thing. My Ark aint much bigger 'n a peddler's cart, and I carry on much the same sort of trade in it, and in much the same way. Folks are about the same everywhere, and want about the same kind of truck; I know what they want, and try to furnish it."

Jacob sat down on the rail, and meekly waited for a chance to put in a word. Sam Longshore turned his fish and kept on talking.

"I go from village to village along the shores; I can go up shaller streams, where big boats can't; my boat can run where there's a good heavy dew. I'm a great reader, and a great thinker. There aint many subjects that I haint thought over and come to my own conclusions about."

And the pucker about the peddler's mouth



showed that he was confident of having come to pretty correct conclusions.

"I don't take anybody's word for anything," he went on, interrupting Jacob, who was beginning to speak. "If I hear of a book I want, I buy it, and read it, and weigh it according to my judgment, and put it by to read it again if it's worth it, or sell it to the next customer. I can always find a customer for a thing I don't want. I know just how to deal with folks. There's a monstrous sight in phrenology, and I've studied the science till I know just how to apply it to my business. I know a benevolent man, or an avaricious man, or a vain woman, or a woman of good sense and taste, the minute I set eyes on 'em, and I approach 'em accordingly. I excite the benevolent man's benevolence, and make him want to make presents to somebody of all my most valuable articles. If a man has large aliminitiveness, I let him understand that there never was such a chance for good bargains before and never will be again. Take a vain person, and I lay on a few touches of flattery here and there,—none to hurt,—and make 'em think there's nothing in the world so becoming to their style of beauty as some of my fancy articles. Then when I fall in with large causality and caution and good perceptive faculties, I come right down to hard pan—talk plain sense, show my best goods, and tell how things are made, and interest my customers that way. There's everything in knowing what organs to excite. The last war might have been avoided just as well as not. But the trouble was, the two parties excited the wrong organs in each other. They went to fighting; and fighting always excites combativeness. Whereas they ought to have tried to excite each other's benevolence."

Weary and woe-begone as he was, Jacob was almost moved to smile at the wiry tone of voice, the quirks of the head and puckers of the mouth, with which the peddler, who was so much of a philosopher, laid down these shrewd observations and rules of life.

"Now, I know just what organs I am exciting in you," Longshore went on, pouring out a cup of coffee, buttering his fried fish, and arranging his little supper on the top of a box used as a table. "I am exciting your aliminitiveness" (learned as he was, he got some of his words wrong), "your hope, and your comparison. Your aliminitiveness—that is your desire for food—suggests to you that fried perch, fresh caught from the river, with a little salt and butter, and a cup of Sam Longshore's coffee to wash it down, would taste good.

The second organ is in a lively state, and makes you hope that I will offer you some. Your comparison—which I notice is very large—sets you to comparing me with other peddlers, my Ark with their wagons, and my ideas with common men's ideas. I'm going to gratify your aliminitiveness, and offer you one of these fish."

The philosophical peddler held out the dish to Jacob, adding, with a shrewd twinkle of the eye and a comical twist of the neck:

"Have I hit your case right?"

"I can't eat now, thank you!" said Jacob.

"Ah! then it is n't so much your aliminitiveness that is excited as your alidrinkitiveness. There is no such word in the books, but I think there ought to be one, to make the distinction between hunger and thirst. In some persons aliminitiveness is small, while alidrinkitiveness is large and active. Have a cup of coffee."

"I can't eat or drink anything," said Jacob, "until I have told you."

"Told me what?" said the philosopher, in some amazement at the failure of his science.

"I was upset in a boat up the river, along with a whole party—a boat from the steamer bound to Cincinnati—we were passengers—and one was drowned—and I stopped off, because we could n't find him, but the steamboat went on, and he was my only friend, and now I have nobody and nothing in the world!"

With which last words Jacob burst forth in a fit of violent sobbing.

The peddler who was a philosopher—the philosopher who was a peddler—became also a man.

"Why did n't you tell me? I thought, if you did n't wish to buy anything, it must be some of my supper you wanted. You ought to take something the first thing; it will fortify your stomach, and restore the loss of protoplasm, wasted by over-exertion and excitement. Protoplasm is the primitive substance of all nutrition, and grief will waste it as fast as hard work."

He could not help throwing in this bit of scientific information. But he accompanied it with what was better—a cup of coffee, which he made the disheartened boy drink without more ado.

"Now tell me all about it—just the main points—and what I can do for you."

Jacob drank, and also ate a fried perch, which he held in his fingers. His body was nourished and his heart warmed. Then, getting control of his feelings enough to speak without sobbing, he told his story.

(To be continued.)

## BRAVE LITTLE FLORENCIA.

*(A True Story of Mexican Life.)*

BY NEWTON PERKINS.

FLORENCIA TOMAYAO is a brave girl—a brave girl, and only thirteen years old. She lives in a country where there are no schools, and has not the benefit of such instruction, nor the enjoyment of such pleasant surroundings as the children of this country possess. She is an orphan, and lives with her mother in a poor little village in Mexico, called Guantla-Morelos. Yet beneath her dark

hours together, while her mother hoes the corn in the field, or plows the ground, holding by the handles a great wooden plow, which is drawn across the field by one or two bullocks. Little girls in that country work as soon as they begin to walk, and they never cease working until they are dead.

Dress? Oh yes! they have dresses, but I hardly think you would like to walk with the best clad



skin she has a heart full of sympathy; and despite her surroundings and uncultivated life, she is truly a noble little girl. Do you not think from her picture that she is bright and intelligent, quick to understand, and just such a companion as you would like to have join you in a game of romps? She knows as little about playing tag and croquet as you do about minding sheep or grinding corn. Far off in Mexico the little girls are not of much consequence, the people think, and they are valued only as they can do a good day's work—draw water in buckets from a well, and carry it on their heads in earthen jars, or sit on the ground all day and turn around a large flat stone, under which the yellow maize, or Indian corn, is ground into meal. To vary the occupation, perhaps she has to carry her little baby sister or brother in her arms for

among them for half a block in our streets. They have but one garment, and that is a long cotton robe, with a hole cut in the top, by means of which they can slip it over their heads and let it fall gracefully about their bodies. When they grow up to be women, then they come out in their full attire,—in gorgeous array for holidays and *festa* days,—by adding a petticoat and a shawl folded across the breast. If they are very rich, they have ornaments of gold and silver in their hair, and perhaps wear finger-rings and necklaces.

As to their houses!—well, I hardly think a respectable goat would like to live in one of them. They are not by any means as good as a dog-kennel, and yet these peasant people sleep and eat in them. The walls are made of mud, baked hard in the sun, and the roofs are thatched with the

leaves of the yucca-tree, which are long and narrow, like a sword-blade, and have at the end a long black thorn. Sometimes the houses are made of large flat stones, built low, so that the earthquakes shall not overthrow them. There is no such thing as a floor to their houses, except the earth; nor are there any windows or chimneys. The fire is built on the ground, and of course the smoke fills the hut and blackens the walls, and a portion of it escapes at the open door. Perhaps a few of these houses have one square window cut in the wall under the roof, but without any glass in it! The family usually eat, dress and sleep in one room, as well as cook their meals and receive their friends therein; in fact, as there is but one room in the dwelling, they can do naught else. As for beds, the leaves of the yucca are plaited together, and make nice mats, which are rolled up in the day-time and at night are spread out on the floor of the hut. This is the kind of bed used in the Eastern countries, and it is very easy to "take it up and walk," as the man did whom we read about in the Bible.

Food is plentiful, and it would seem as if the more nature provides for the people, the less work they do themselves. Cattle are abundant; goats,

smoke, hunt, and too often plunder travelers. Then there is the great thick-leaved cactus-plant, bristling all over with thorns; it grows everywhere. One would think it useless; but no—it serves two most important ends. You can see long hedges of it growing in the fields, for it makes a most impenetrable barrier; no man or beast can pass over, under, or through it. Its points are like a thousand bayonets, turning down, up, sideways—every way. But the peasants cut off the leaves, put them on a stick, and hold them in the fire till the thorns are burned off, and then feed their cattle upon them.

Now, in such a country lived our little friend Florencia. She had no father, and perhaps no brothers or sisters; so as soon as she was large enough, she began to help her mother take care of the house and field. One day, when she was twelve years old, she heard a man who was gathering a crowd about him in the streets and talking to them. Drawn by curiosity, she followed him, and heard him tell of a good man who had at one time lived on the earth. She heard how this good person had been kind and forgiving to his enemies—how men had cruelly treated him, and yet he returned good for the evil he had received. She was interested; it was the first time she had heard of the Saviour, and she eagerly followed the missionary about and heard him talk to the people, until at last, from being a heathen, she became a Christian girl.

Some months after this, the incident happened which I am about to relate. At Morelos, in the province of Guantla, about five miles from the home of Florencia, was a cemetery. In that place an old custom still prevails which was practiced among the Romans hundreds of years ago,—the offering of meats and drinks to the dead. On the first of November (All Saints' Day), the people go to the graves of their dead friends, and place on them dishes full of meat, bread, fruit, and wine. They have a curious belief that this, in some way, benefits the dead. We know this to be a heathen custom, and consider it a nonsensical ceremony; but in the country where Florencia lived, the ignorant and superstitious people believe in it,—in truth, it is a part of their religion. On the first of November, 1875, Florencia went to the cemetery with all the other people from her neighborhood, for a great crowd had collected there. While walking through the cemetery, she saw her friend, the missionary, addressing a little band of his people, and she stopped to listen to him. He was telling them that the dead needed no offerings of meats and drinks, and that Christians did not follow such customs. It may not have been wise or generous in him to talk against their custom just at that particular time, when the people were follow-



FLORENCIA'S YUCCA-THATCHED HOME.

sheep, game and fowl are plentiful. The Indian corn grows everywhere; potatoes, yams, coffee, tobacco, barley, and the like are also cultivated. Then in other parts of Mexico are to be found the tropical fruits and plants,—oranges, figs, bananas, olives, sugar-cane, palm-trees, apples, and guava,—so that the country is rich, but the inhabitants lazy. The women do the hard work; the men

ing it as a solemn rite ; but he was sincere, and his spirit was friendly, and his aim was to enlighten his hearers. The crowd resented, however, and even as he spoke a man near by threw a stone at him,

down again. Just then, Florencia saw a man holding a large flat stone, running to throw it upon the missionary's head, which, had it struck him, would really have killed him.

Poor little girl ! Her eyes filled with tears. She saw her good friend being stoned to death, and in a moment she rushed through the mad crowd and threw herself down upon the suffering, bleeding man, covering his head with her arms ; the big stones intended for him fell upon her and wounded her, but she clung courageously to her friend and shielded him, unmindful of her own danger, and caring only to save his life. In vain did they try to pull her away ; she held on with all her strength, and cried for help. In a few moments help came ; for the *gens d'armes* drove the assailants away, and took the missionary and little Florencia, both bleeding and sore, to the house of friends, where they were carefully nursed. But for this noble act of self-sacrifice, the man would have been killed. The bravery of this little peasant girl alone saved him. She sympathized with his suffering, and dared to help him at the risk of her own life. Noble impulses of the heart do not always attend on fine faces and gentle living. Many a girl would have run, screaming with fright, from such a scene as that in the cemetery of Guantla-Morelos. But such bravery in a child gives promise of greater things when she becomes a woman ; and in the noble Florencia we look for a kind-hearted, generous, self-sacrificing woman, who, under proper influences, will do great good among her country-people. She is now only fourteen, and is being educated in a Protestant school in Mexico, away from her wild home, and is growing daily in favor with her teachers.



MEXICAN STONE HUT.

which wounded him. Then others laughed, and some bad men shouted, " Kill him ! kill him ! "—and others threw more stones, till he was beaten down to the ground, wounded and bleeding. Five times the poor man arose, and as often was beaten

## MARCH.

BY M. M. H. CONWAY.

AH, surly March ! you've come again,  
With sleet and snow, and hail and rain ;  
Cold earth beneath, dark sky above you,  
What have you, pray, to make us love you ?  
No month is half so rough as you,  
December winds less harshly blew ;  
What churlish ways ! what storm-tossed tresses !  
Your presence every one distresses !  
Haste, haste away ! We longing wait  
To greet fair April at our gate.  
Cold earth beneath, dark sky above you,  
Surely you've naught to make us love you !

" Ah, see these blossoms ! " he replied,  
Tossing his hail-torn cloak aside,—  
" Though other months have flowers a-many,  
Say, are not mine as fair as any ?  
See, peeping from each dusky fold,  
The crocus with its cup of gold ;  
Violets, snowdrops white and stilly,  
Sweeter than any summer lily ;  
And underneath the old oak-leaves  
Her fragrant wreath the arbutus weaves,—  
Whatever sky may be above me,  
Surely for *these* all hearts will love me ! "

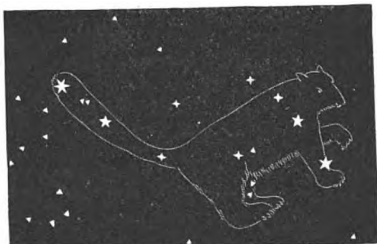


## THE STARS IN MARCH.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

URSA MAJOR is now swinging round toward the highest part of his course above the pole. It is his forepaw that you see, marked by the letters  $\theta$ ,  $\kappa$ , and  $\iota$ , very nearly above the pole; while  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  are the "pointers" whose motion has been already described.

The Little Bear is nearly in a horizontal position, and, according to my promise last month, I proceed to give a short account of this small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the Great Bear was much older than the Little Bear, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there



THE LITTLE BEAR.

must have been a real resemblance to that animal in the constellation as first figured. Later, when star-maps came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears, they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of the Dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long-tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper itself for the bear's body. This done, it was natural enough that, seeing in the group of stars now forming the Little Bear the three stars  $\alpha$ ,  $\delta$ , and  $\epsilon$  on one side, and the quadrangle formed by the stars  $\zeta$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\beta$ , and  $\gamma$  on the other, they should call this group the Little Bear, assigning the three stars to his tail and the quadrangle to his body. Thus did the constellation of the Little Bear probably take its rise. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who borrowed his astronomy from Eudoxus, who "flourished" (as the school-

books call it) about 360 years before the Christian era. It is said that Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 2500 years. It is usually pictured as shown in Fig. 1, and a very remarkable animal it is.

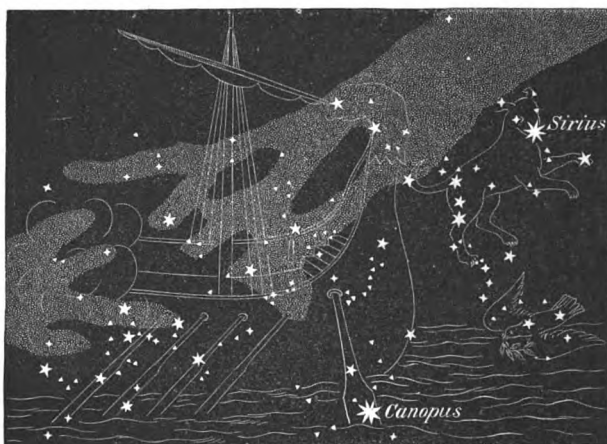
But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal, it is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phœnicians were as celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English-speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the cynosure of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given either to the whole of this constellation or to a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "the dog's tail;" and either the curved row of stars  $\alpha$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ ,  $\zeta$ , and  $\beta$  was compared to a dog's tail, or else the curved row of stars 4, 5,  $\beta$ , and  $\gamma$ . I incline, for my own part, to think these last formed the true cynosure—for this reason simply, that when the constellation was first formed these stars were nearer the pole than was our present pole-star. Even in the time of Ptolemy, the star  $\beta$  was nearer the pole than  $\alpha$ , and was called in consequence by the agreeable name Al-Kaukab-al-shemali, which signifies "the northern star." (For the reason why the fixed stars thus changed in position with regard to the pole of the heavens, I must refer you to books on astronomy, and perhaps to a later paper. I only note here that the star-sphere remains the same all the time; but the earth, which is whirling on its axis like a mighty top, is also *reeling* like a top, and just as the axis of a top is swayed now east now west, now north now south, so does the axis of the earth vary in position as she reels. I may add that the reeling motion is somewhat slower than the whirling motion. The earth whirls once on her axis in a day, but she only reels round once in 25,868 years.)

Admiral Smyth gives some interesting particulars about the two stars  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$ , called the "guardians of the pole." "Recorder tells us," he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators used two pointers in Ursa—which many do call the Shafte, and others do name the Guardas, after the Spanish tongue." Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte of Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'starres,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the mouth of the

'horne,' as the figure was called." (The pole-star would mark the small end of the horne.) "In the 'Safeguard of Saylers' (1619) are detailed rules for finding the hour of the night by the 'guardes.'" "How often," says Hervey in his "Meditations," "have these stars beamed bright intelligence on the sailor and conducted the keel to its destined haven!"

The constellation Cepheus is now about to pass below the pole. The royal father of Andromeda is presented in a somewhat unkingly attitude at present—standing, to wit, upon his royal head. In any case, the constellation is not very like a crowned king. The stars  $\zeta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\delta$  form his head. (A London cockney might find an aid to the memory by noting that these letters *z*, *e*, and *d* spell, after

a remarkable change has taken place since last month. Orion has passed over toward the southwest, whither the Greater Dog is following him; and where Orion stood in full glory last month, there is now a singularly barren region. Not only are no stars of the first four magnitudes visible between Hydra and the Milky Way, but over a large portion of this space there is not a single star visible to the naked eye; insomuch that an ingenious Frenchman named M. Rabache was led to suppose that there is here a monstrous dark body millions of times larger than the sun, and hiding from view stars which really lie in this direction. He even went so far as to assert that when the sky was very clear he had discerned the circular outline



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE GREAT SHIP.

a sort, "iz 'ed;" but I think young folks in America can hardly imagine the utter demoralization of cockney aspirates.) The constellation Cepheus was probably simply fitted in, that the history of the sacrifice and rescue of Andromeda might be complete; we have Cepheus and Cassiopeia, her father and mother, on one side, and, as will be seen later, Andromeda herself, and her rescuer, Perseus, on the other. But of all the figures, Cassiopeia alone seems suggested by the stars themselves; or rather a chair is suggested, and imagination readily suggested a lady seated therein. Why Cassiopeia rather than any other lady from Eve downward, is not apparent.

Turning to the southern heavens, we find that

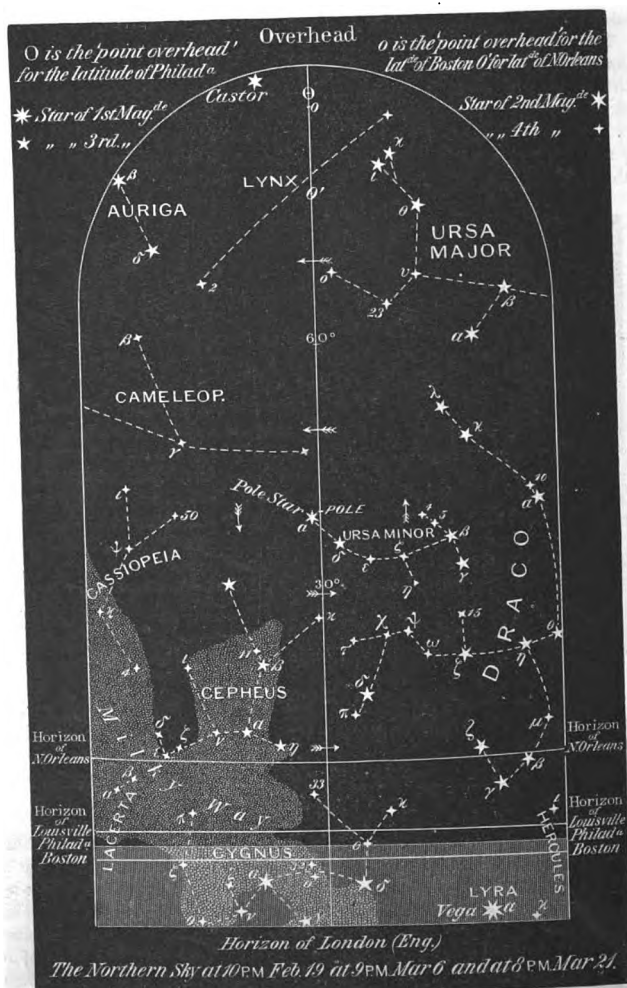
of this great body,\*—the center, he said, round which all the stars are traveling. But unfortunately for our faith in this little story, the telescope shows multitudes of small stars scattered over the whole of this region.

The constellation Argos, or the Great Ship, now occupies the region immediately above the southern horizon. This constellation is not at all well seen in England, or even (as you can see from the way in which the horizon line of the latitude of Philadelphia divides it) in the greater part of the United States. Only when the latitude of New Orleans is approached, does the keel of the ship, and the bright star Canopus in the rudder (or guiding oar), show out well above the horizon. But, to say the

\* I heard of a similar case not a hundred miles from Louisville. A philosopher whose theories required that a planet should travel closer to the sun than Mercury, and who had somehow calculated that such a planet supposed to have been seen by a Frenchman named Lescault in March, 1859, would pass across the sun's face in a certain September, succeeded in seeing it there. Subsequent calculation showed, unfortunately, that the planet, if it exists at all, would indeed have then lain in the same direction as the sun, but beyond him, not on this side of him! An old proverb says that certain persons should have good memories: it is at least equally true that one who proposes to invent an observation should be a correct computer.

truth, this fine celestial ship nowhere presents in these days the ship-shape appearance which it had some three thousand years ago. The same cause which has shifted the position of the poles of the heavens, has tilted Argo up by the stern, until she resembles rather one half of a vessel which has

pus, to place the constellation as it now appears above the southern horizon. I believe that in reality the old constellation, besides being better placed, was much larger than the present. The fine group of clustering stars now covering the Dove and the hind-quarters of the Dog, belonged,



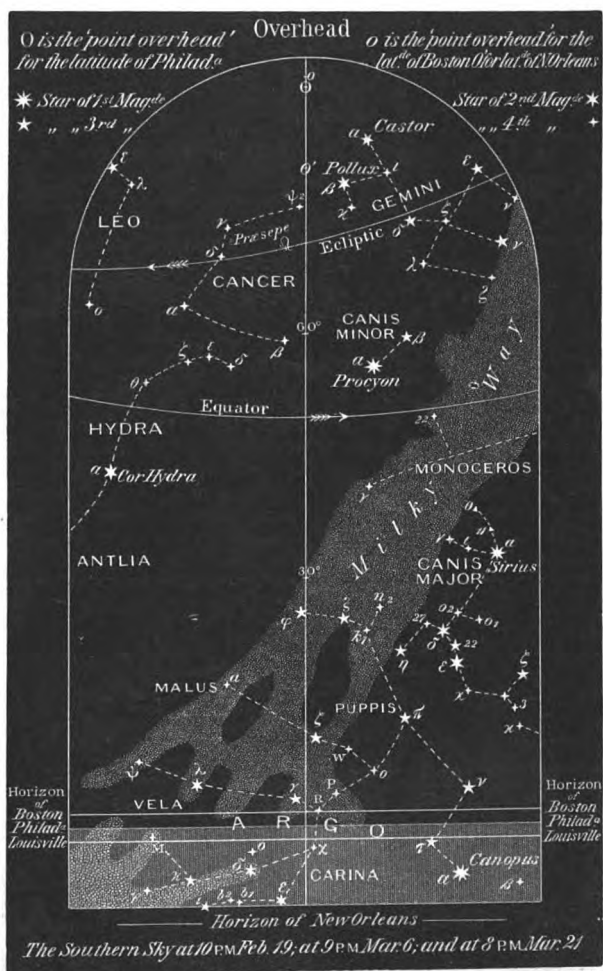
been broken on a ridge of rocks, than as she was formerly described, "the stern half of a vessel drawn poop foremost into harbor." I have drawn her in Fig. 2 as she was placed three thousand years ago. You have only to tilt the picture sideways a little, until Sirius on the dog's nose is above Cano-

I think, to the stern of Argo. In fact, these stars form the well-marked outline of one of the old-fashioned lofty poops. The Dove, by the way, is a well-placed little constellation; but the Dog prancing just behind the stern of Argo forms an altogether incongruous element in the picture.

The constellation Argo is divided. We have Puppis, the poop or stern; Malus, the mast; Vela, the sails; and Carina, the keel. Not to confuse the map with many lines, I have not shown the limits of these parts. In fact, they can only be properly shown in a regular star-atlas. (In Map V.

Argus, but the stars close by marked  $k$ , and  $n$ , would be called  $k$  Puppis and  $n$  Puppis, and so on.

The part of the Milky Way occupied by Argo is remarkable for its singularly complex shape. It is well to notice how incorrect is the ordinary description of the Milky Way as a zone of cloudy star-



of my pocket-atlas for schools these subdivisions are shown.) Only it is to be noticed that while the Greek letters refer to the whole ship, the italic and Roman letters refer to the various parts. Thus the stars marked  $p$  and  $\zeta$  (on the summit of the stern) would be called respectively  $p$  Argus and

light circling the entire heavens. Here you see it spreading out into a great fan-shaped expansion, separated from a somewhat similar one by a wide dark space.

Above the equator, two zodiacal constellations are seen,—the fine constellation Gemini, or the



Twins, and the poor one Cancer, or the Crab. Cancer used to be the sign in which the sun attained his greatest elevation in summer, or rather it was as he entered this sign that he was at his highest. But you see from the map that all the way through the part of Gemini shown, and onward through Cancer, the sun's course is down-hill,—or, in other words, it is after midsummer that he traverses these constellations. The sign ♊ marks the beginning of the zodiacal sign of the Lion.

The constellation Gemini no doubt derived its name from the two bright stars, nearly equal in luster, Castor and Pollux. Of these, Castor was formerly the brighter, but now Pollux is brighter, nearly in the proportion of four to three. Formerly this star-group was represented by a pair of kids; but the Greeks substituted twin-children with their feet resting on the Milky Way. The Arabian astronomers, in their turn, changed the twins to peacocks; and the astronomers of the middle ages pictured the twins as two winged angels. It would be difficult to say whether the group reminds one more (or less) of kids, or twins, or peacocks, or angels.

Gemini is said by astrologers to be the sign specially ruling over London, though why this should be so they do not tell us. We can understand why sailors should regard the sign as propitious to them, for when the sun is in Gemini the seas are usually calm,—at least summer is more pleasant for sailors than winter. You will remem-

ber that the ship in which Paul sailed from Malta had for its sign the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux.

As the Twins pass over toward the west, hour by hour, or night by night at the same hour, they come into the position described by Tennyson, where he sings of

"a time of year

When the face of night is fair\* on the dewy downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer  
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west."

Cancer is a very poor constellation to the eye, but full of interest to the telescopist. Even with a very small telescope, the little cluster called Præsepe, or the Bee-hive, is found to be full of stars. Galileo, whose best telescope was but a poor one, counted thirty-eight stars in this cluster, which to the naked eye looks like a mere fleck of faintly luminous cloud.

The weather-wise of old times regarded Præsepe with peculiar interest. When it was clearly visible they expected fine dry weather, while its gradual disappearance as the air thickened with moisture was regarded as a sign of approaching rain. On the whole, however, I think the Weather Probabilities more trustworthy than this and similar prognostics.

Next month, Hydra, the Sea-serpent, will have come fairly above the southern horizon, and will deservedly claim our attention.

\* This description is truer for European than for American nights, for the pleasant nights of spring come later in America than with us.



SPRING WORK.

Drawn by Mary A. Lathbury.

## PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MAKING CANDY.

THE minister said : " Now for the molasses candy. Bring the jug,—Seth, Sammy, Sandy,—some of you ! "

The jug was brought with alacrity, and a full quart of molasses poured into the skillet.

Thirza and Tilda had the dishes to wash, and they wished very much that they were done, so they could sit round the stove with the rest, and watch the boiling of the molasses ; and Tiny-toes had to rock the cradle, but only for a little while, till her mother was ready to sit down to her sewing, and then she would jog it with her foot.

" Let's never mind to wash the big pudding-dish," whispered Tilda to Thirza. " It's heavy and hateful to do, and we can push it under the sink-board and let it be till morning."

" I wont be a shirk," said Thirza. " Besides, it may be wanted for the candy."

Then Tilda was ashamed, and her cheeks grew hot, because she had been willing to be a shirk ; and she wiped the heavy dish in silence, and put it away.

The molasses had but just begun to boil when the last dish-towel was rinsed and hung up, and the neatly wiped sink closed for the night.

" Better butter the dish before you sit down, girls," said their father. " Then it will be all ready when we want to pour out the candy."

" What dish shall you want ? " asked Thirza.

" The large pudding-dish," said the mother ; and Tilda's cheeks got hot again. They had a way of reddening at the slightest provocation. She was glad now that the dish had not been pushed under the sink-board. When it was well buttered, they sat down with the rest, to watch the boiling of the molasses.

" How shall you know when it is done, when you have n't any snow to try it on ? " asked Thirza.

" Oh, I can tell ! " said the minister.

" How ? " persisted Pattikin.

" By experience," said her father.

The big word daunted Patty for a minute, and she pondered what it might mean.

" Does anybody have any 'cept ministers ? " she asked by and by.

" Any what, Pattikin ? "

" Sperence," said Patty, gravely.

" Ha, ha, ha ! " laughed the minister. " Why,

yes, child ! Experience is what we learn by trying. I have learned by trying, so that I can tell pretty well when the candy is done."

" Oh ! " said Pattikin.

By and by, the candy bubbled clear up to the top of the skillet, and the minister had to take it off the fire and hold it up, and let it cool a little, or it would have boiled over.

" I guess it's 'most done. Get a saucer and a spoon, Sandy, and we will try it," said he.

It was tasted, and worked with the spoon, and the children all judged it done ; but their father said, " No, it needs another ten minutes."

At last, he took it off and tried it again, and tasted it, and whopped it over and over with the spoon, and said, " DONE ! "

Then he took it to the table, where the pudding-dish stood ready, and poured it out,—the children clustering about like bees to watch every movement.

" Will it take long to cool ? " asked Pattikin.

" Very long, if we stand by and watch it. That is, it will seem very long. We will set it by the open window in my study, and then come back here and each tell a story, and by the time we get round the circle it will be cool."

" Well, you begin," said Pattikin, who liked her father's stories.

" No, we will let the youngest begin, and go on up to the oldest."

" I can't think of any," said Pattikin.

" Tell something. It need n't be very long," said her father.

" Once, last winter," began Patty, " you let me go to the post-office. It was a pretty cold day, and before I got there I wished I had n't started. But, coming home, I came across a sleigh, and the man stopped his horse and said, ' Hop in, little girl. You can ride home just as well as not.' So I hopped in, pretty glad. And he said, ' You are the minister's little one, aint you ? ' I don't know how he knew, for I did n't know him ; but I said, ' Yes, sir.' Then he said, ' It must take a lot o' fodder to keep such a flock of boys and girls as there is at your house.' I said, ' We don't eat fodder—we eat bread ; ' and he laughed. And then, in a minute, we stopped at the door ; and he pulled out a codfish from under the buffalo, and said, ' You give that to your pa, if he wants it ; and if he don't want it, you can have it to slide down hill on.' And I hoped awf'ly that you

would n't want it, 'cause it would 'a' been just big enough for me to slide on; but you said, 'Of course, and much obliged to him,'—and that's all I can tell."

"And so you lost your slide?" said her father, laughing. "Well, Sandy, it's your turn now."

"There did n't nothing ever happened to me," said Sandy.

"Tell how you planted the chenangoes last spring," suggested Seth.

"Half a peck in a hill, and then went off a-fishin'," said Sandy.

"Ho! that aint the way to tell it!" said Pattikin. "Can't you make a story of it?"

"We shall have to let Sandy go, and give him up as an incorrigible," said the minister. We might as well try to get a story out of the old gobbler as out of him. Tilda, you can tell one."

"When I was a little girl," said Tilda —

"What are you now?" asked Samuel, mischievously.

"Hush, Sammy! You must n't interrupt," said his mother.

Tilda began again.

"Last summer, Mr. Iturbide's folks had company; and it was Mehitable's cousin from Boston, and her name was Ida Ella Fonsa Iturbide. I thought that was a very fine name. Well, one day, mother let me go over to see Hitty and Ida. I carried my rag-baby, and Hitty had hers; but Ida had a real doll, with red cheeks and curly hair, and she made fun of ours, and said they had n't any noses, and all such things. We did n't like it, Hitty and I, though we did n't say much, because Ida was a city girl, and Hitty's company. By and by we went out into the barn, and we laid our babies down on a little bed that we made in the hay. When we came back for them, Prince (the puppy, you know) was lying beside them, and he had chewed up one of Ida's dolly's arms, and the sawdust was all coming out; and he had licked some of the paint off its face too. You never saw such a mad girl as Ida was. She wanted to whip Prince with a big stick, but we would n't let her. The school-mistress covered the arm over new, and painted the dolly's cheek. Only it did n't look so nice as it did before. And that's all."

Here the minister got up and went to look at the candy.

"As true as I live, it's cool already!" said he. "We shall have to hear the rest of the stories another time."

"Shall we all have some to pull?" asked Tilda. "Every one that can show a clean pair of hands."

The wash-bowl and the soap and the towels were in great demand then, and such faithful scrubbing

was n't done every day by the minister's children. One pair of hands after another was presented for inspection, approved, and, after being buttered, received a portion of the candy to pull.

And such glee as there was, as they walked the kitchen, working the candy. The minister's did n't stick a bit, and such handsome yellow strands as he would draw out! But the rest did not succeed so well.

"Mine gets all stucked on to my fingers," said Pattikin.

"Keep farther from the fire, and put on more butter," said her father.

Pattikin kept out in the corner after that. She worked like a little hero, but the more she worked the worse it would stick. At last, the minister heard a sound like a little sob, and looking round, there was Patty in the farthest and darkest corner of the room, with her face toward the wall, her ten little fingers stuck together by a hopelessly dark, dauby-looking mass, and her tears falling right down on it.

"The hateful stuff! I did n't think it would acted so!" said she, when her father came to her.

"Why, Pattikin! Come out here and let me clean you up. You shall have some of mine to eat, and yours can go to the piggy. Of course he'll want some," said the minister.

"I'll do it, father, if you'll finish mine," said Sandy. "It don't do so well in my hands as it does in yours."

So Sandy took a knife and carefully released his little sister's fingers, and then washed them and wiped away her tears, and by that time the candy was worked enough.

Thirza brought the molding-board, and then the father twisted out the sticks, while Seth cut them off and laid them straight on the board to get hard.

"Another knife-handle came off to-day," said the mother.

"Another! Our supply must be getting short!" said the minister.

"Only three left!" said his wife.

The minister drew a little breath through his lips as if he were about to whistle. But he did n't. He said:

"I shall have to attend to that business."

"We all have to eat with knives that have lost their handles but Seth," said Thirza, with an injured air.

"They would n't have come off so soon if you had been more careful about putting them into hot water," said her mother.

"Bring out all the broken pewter spoons there are. I'll see what I can do," said her father.

Thirza found six.

"Now that old teapot with the bottom melted," said he.

Then he opened the front doors of the stove. There was a splendid bed of glowing coals, and he put a part of his old pewter into the fire-shovel and set it on the coals to melt. Then he got the handleless knives and wound some strong, thick, brown paper into a little smooth, straight, hollow

And three more verses. Only Pattikin did n't sing after the first verse, because she fell to wondering who "Mary Turn" was, and what she had done that was so bad. She was thinking so earnestly that she nearly forgot to kneel down at prayers.

May be you'll think they went to bed without a taste of that candy. No, indeed! They had been eating it all along, as they worked it and as it was



SANDY TO THE RESCUE!

handle, and tied it on. He had sprinkled some fine powder all over the bit of iron to which the handle had been fastened. Then, when the lead was melted in the shovel, he very carefully poured the hollow paper full, and set it aside to cool. To keep it in an upright position, he stuck it in a crack in the floor of the back kitchen.

"Now, when that gets hard, we'll take off the paper and see if it is worth while to try another," said he.

"It's been time the youngest ones were abed this hour," said the mother.

So they all sat around the fire and sang :

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

cut up, till they really did n't care for another bit that night. Only I forgot to say so before.

## CHAPTER V.

### AUNT SARAH'S VISIT.

IN the morning, the knife was taken out of the crack in the back-room floor, and the brown paper taken off, and there appeared a beautifully round, smooth handle, as white and shining as silver. It was a little heavy, to be sure, but on the whole the minister was so well pleased with the success of his experiment, that he put on the other six that day, before he started for the Association, and left them in the crack to cool while he was gone, or till they should be wanted.

"Will hot water hurt these?" asked Thirza one

day, while they were yet a new thing, examining them with great satisfaction.

"Never a bit!" said the minister; and then remembering his dignity, "Not at all, my dear. Those are good, I think, for the next fifty years."

I must pass by the digging of the potatoes,—though, you may be sure, they made something interesting of the job; and the stone-picking, and the corn-husking.

I think the next thing that happened out of the ordinary course of events was Aunt Sarah's visit. She came about Thanksgiving time. The first snow came that same afternoon, and the big yellow stage-coach, the veiled and fur-clad passengers, were all seen through a mist of fine feathery flakes. Aunt Sarah had to alight into the soft fleece, but three or four brooms were quickly engaged sweeping a broad path for her to walk to the house.

They almost forgot their joy at the coming of the snow for an hour after her arrival. But they soon were tired of sitting quietly and watching the new-comer, and she was too cold and numb, after her long ride, to talk much; so they presently stole out, one by one, to revel again in the new delight. They held up their hands to catch the falling flakes. They made unnecessary paths in all directions, which were filled up in an hour. They pelted one another with snow-balls, and even began a snow man, which they had to leave at the knees, because supper was ready.

After supper, they got off shoes and stockings, as they always did, unless it was very cold indeed, and their mother forbade it; and a whispering began at Tilda, and passed round the circle to all but Pattikin (who was in Aunt Sarah's lap) and the baby in his cradle, and shortly after they were all missing, and down the hill they went, their white feet flying through the whiter, softer snow, ankle deep already, and their gleeful shouts rousing Mrs. Vesta from her first snooze, and causing her to wonder what had got into the little Joneses now.

Aunt Sarah was horrified when they came back into the kitchen, two minutes after, rosy and panting, and huddling about the fire to dry their glowing feet. She had been living in the city, where the children were like flowers grown in a hot-house, and she had no idea of such sturdy "olive-plants." But their mother took it very quietly, for she was used to their pranks and never needlessly frightened.

"You will slide down-hill on my sled some day, Aunt Sarah, wont you—when there is snow enough for good sliding?" asked Seth.

"I? Why, it's been twenty years since I've been out sliding down-hill!" said Aunt Sarah.

"So much the more reason why you should do it now, then!" said the minister.

Seth being thus encouraged by his father, and assisted also by the importunities of Sammy, Simon, and Sandy, prevailed upon his aunt to give a promise.

But they had to wait a good while. One light, soft snow fell after another. There was plenty of breaking roads, shoveling paths, and merry sleigh-riding to school; but the wind would not make drifts, nor would the sun melt the snow enough to allow the formation of a crust. They made the path from the front door to the road broad and smooth, and did some sliding down the slope. But this was not their sliding-place.

Over west of the frog-pond was a long, not too steep slope. Then a short, level stretch, and then an abrupt fall of the land as in a terrace, and this brought them to the edge of the pond. The impetus of that last leap sent them clear across the ice to the farther side. With such a glorious place as this, no wonder they looked scornfully upon the gentle declivity in front of the house. There was one thing, however, which redeemed it, and gave it some zest. This was the fact that the least inadvertence in steering down that narrow path brought them up in a snow bed at once.

As the time of Aunt Sarah's visit was drawing to a close, the boys concluded it must be the slope or nothing; and she being more willing to take the risk of being plunged into the snow here, than to face the dangers of the "flying leap," favored the idea of taking her ride at once. She had insisted that it should come off in the evening. She "was not going to make a spectacle of herself by broad daylight."

So, one moonlight night, they led Aunt Sarah out for her promised slide. She looked at the long, narrow, frail-looking structure they called "the sled," and said:

"You go down once first, while I stand here and watch you. Two or three of you pile on at once. I want to be sure the thing wont break down under me."

"Why, Aunt Sarah! It's as strong as iron. We've all of us been on it at once!" said Seth. "Well, come on then, boys. Let's go down once, and let aunty see if it is n't fine fun."

They were ready,—more than "two or three" of them,—and in a minute the sled was loaded and went gliding swiftly down the slope, and away across the road, where the load resolved itself into separate youngsters, who came trooping back behind the sled.

There was no excuse for delay, so Aunt Sarah took her place, behind Seth, on the sled. Just as they were starting off, the minister himself came out.

"Now steer carefully, Seth! Remember, you've got valuable freight on board," said he.

"Yes, sir!" replied Seth, and they went down. Smoothly, gracefully, not too swiftly, they glided on till they reached the place where the sled had stopped before; and Aunt Sarah, pleased to find herself right side up and in good order, walked smilingly back up the hill.

"I believe I'll try it myself," said the minister. "Sarah, we used to slide down-hill together,—suppose we try it now."

She had gained so much confidence by her first success, that she made little objection to trying again, especially with her brother. Doubtless, if Seth could steer so well, his father could do still better. So the robes were tucked up again, and off they went.

But somehow—not even the minister knew how—the sled slewed to one side, and instantly they found themselves floundering in deep snow outside the path. There was a great shout of laughter from the irreverent youngsters at the top of the hill.

"*Did* you do that on purpose, John?" the victim asked reproachfully, as she got up and shook her garments and stamped off the snow.

"No, really, Sarah!" said the minister, laughing, but mortified. "It takes more practice than I supposed to steer a sled like this down such a narrow path."

Aunt Sarah would go in then. She had had enough of sliding, she said,—should n't get over the twist her neck got for a week, she dared say. So she and her brother went in, and the children stayed to have their good time out.

She went away two days after—back to her city home. She could n't stay any longer, because it was almost Christmas, and Uncle Ralph's family, where she made her home, made much account of Christmas. The minister's family did not. It

had not yet become the fashion up among the New England hills; and they were in no hurry to introduce it, because where the families were very large it might be doubtful whether old Santa Claus could fill all the stockings. They were thankful, for their part, to be able to furnish the stockings themselves at present.

They had a fire in the best room the afternoon before Aunt Sarah went. The minister's wife had made a plum-cake, and they got out the strawberry preserves, and made a grand supper in her honor, with the best dishes and all. Nobody was there but the home circle, of course, but that was "a party" any time and all the time. And it pleased Aunt Sarah better than if they could have had a grand ball.

After it was over, they all went back to the best room, and sat round the fire, talking, except the girls, who staid in the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Tilda and Pattikin almost quarreled over a bit of cake that had been left on the table. Their judgment in discerning a hair-breadth of difference in the size of the two pieces into which they had cut it was really surprising; and when it was settled between them at last, it dawned upon their greedy little minds that Thirza ought also to have a share in the leftovers.

"Here! we've left none for Thirza! We must each give her a piece of ours!" said Tilda, preparing to divide hers.

"I don't want any cake that's had to be fought about," said Thirza, scornfully.

Tilda's cheeks grew hot, and her cake seemed to choke her; but Pattikin coolly swallowed hers, and then retreated to the parlor, as if her share of the clearing-up was done. And I suppose it was, for she was such a little girl.

(To be continued.)

## POOR KATY DELAY.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

WITH cheeks like pink roses abloom in May,  
And eyes like the stars, so sparkling were  
they!

With breath like sweet clover, or new-mown  
hay,

Ah! pretty and sweet was Katy Delay.  
And good and wise we should find her this  
day,

Had it not been for a very bad way  
She had, whenever her mother would say,  
"Come, Katy, and learn!" of crying, "I'll stay

Just five minutes more!" or "Dear mother, pray  
Wait till to-morrow,—I want so to play!"

Now she is old and wrinkled and gray.  
And knows no more than they do at Cathay,—  
Foolish and old, and never a ray  
Of comfort for her who once was so gay;  
And all because she would have her own way.  
Somehow or other, 't is always *to-day*;  
She never has found, I'll venture to say,  
Any to-morrow. Poor Katy Delay!



## "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES—No. VII.



LITTLE TRADJA of Norway,  
She sat in the door-way,  
Eating her reindeer broth ;

There came a big badger,  
And little Miss Tradja  
Soon carried her meal further north.

## THE SICK FROG.

HAVE you ever seen a green frog which was fed on nothing but pennies? Marie had one. It was made of iron, and painted green, with large black eyes, and it was to be used as a savings bank. It was a curious-looking frog, with its green speckled back ; and when Marie pressed her finger on its left foot, it opened its mouth wide. Then she dropped a penny in the mouth, and let go of the foot. What do you think froggy did? He shut up his mouth, swallowed the pennies, and winked his two black eyes,

as if to say, "That's good—give me another!" It was such fun to feed the frog and see him wink!

But one day poor froggy was sick. He would not eat nor roll his eyes. Marie did n't know what to do. She shook him till he must have been dizzy. She turned him upside down, she pounded him, but it was all of no avail,—froggy would not move his mouth or eyes. At last she took him to mamma.

"Mamma, dear, froggy will not eat any more!"

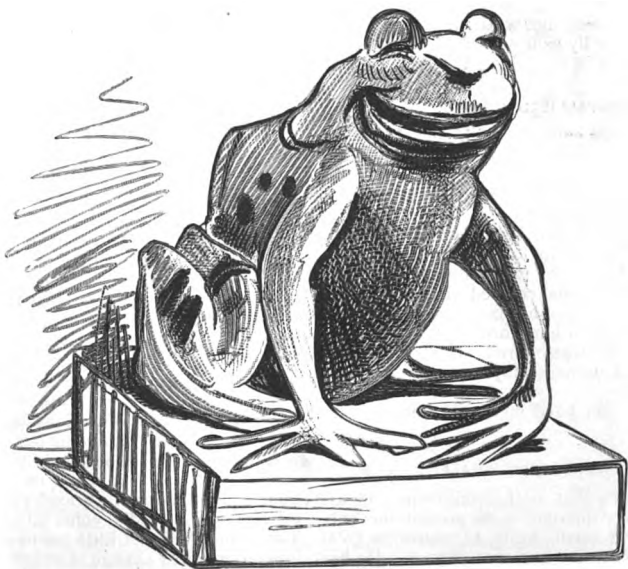
"Too bad, indeed!" said mamma. "Let me see what is the matter."

So she looked in the frog's mouth, just as a doctor looks at little girls' tongues when they are ill and cannot eat.

"Why, what is this I see?" said mamma. "Bring me my scissors."

Marie brought the long shears, and mamma thrust them into the frog's mouth, and soon brought out a piece of slate pencil.

"Why, no wonder poor froggy was sick! Now, don't ever put anything in his mouth, my little girl, except pennies, and he will be all right."



Just then the frog gave a wink with both eyes, as he always did when he was well, and little Marie was happy.

"Oh, you good frog!" said she. "Now you shall have a real nice dinner," and she dropped a silver ten-cent piece into his mouth, which he quickly swallowed, seeming to say, by his winks, "I'm all right now."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, my chicks?

Spring is close at hand, they say; but, if so, she has forgotten to bring her weather. May be it is to be sent after her by express—who knows?

Meantime, here is something that will interest you.

#### CRYSTALLIZED HORSES.

REAL, live horses encrusted with crystal! Most of my children would think that could not be a possible thing, I suppose; but I have some boys and girls away off in British America, or even in Minnesota, or Iowa, or Dakota, who could tell you that it is possible, for they have seen it.

In these places, as in other cold countries, a horse when resting after a rapid drive in the frosty atmosphere will be found covered with ice-crystals. It is the moisture from his body and his breath which has frozen upon him, forming beautiful little ice-crystals over his whole form. In this condition he looks like an immense toy horse covered with sugar.

Who among you have seen this thing "with your own eyes?"

#### A FRESH-WATER WHALE.

YOU must know that as the white whale in the great New York Aquarium is at present the only captive whale on earth, he is, of course, a great pet, and always has the best of treatment. He has two bushels of live eels daily, and until the icy winter interfered, he had his enormous tank kept constantly filled with frequent supplies of salt seawater. Of late, this has been so hard to obtain, that he has had to depend on Croton. Yes, for many weeks this great sea-king has been living entirely on fresh water! There's a let-down for a respectable whale! I suppose he considers himself in a very decided pickle, though it may strike us

differently. And how strange he must feel—the great, heavy, floundering, flapping thing—in water so much lighter than he has been accustomed to, to say nothing of its want of flavor! Still he thrives, and gulps down his two bushels of live eels with great relish. Long may he prosper!

*Later.—By Telegraph.*—Bad news! The great white whale is no more! He has gone to still fresher waters. He died suddenly on January 27th, while the music was playing and crowds of unsuspecting visitors were looking on, wondering at his unusual liveliness.

#### SCHOOL LUNCHEONS.

DEAR JACK: Will you allow me to say a few words to your young folks on the matter of school luncheons? (Yes, indeed, Jack will!) I have noticed that new scholars coming to the red school-house, usually, until they fall into the ways of established pupils, bring for their noon luncheon cakes, pies, and even candies. One day a little girl actually brought a pop-corn ball, a whole box of guava jelly and a pickle! Such things, you'll admit, form very improper nourishment for growing children to depend upon daily from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M., and boys and girls cannot be too warmly advised against their use. Fruit in its season, apples and oranges at any time, good bread and butter, meat sandwiches—these always are safe and wholesome. But it occurs to me that there may be many other things equally good, and that the young people can help each other to find them out. Therefore, with this in view, and also in the hope of partially ascertaining the extent of the evil to which I have alluded, I have a request to make of one and all:

Will you not, dear girls and boys, each write a letter telling me what you ordinarily take to school for your noon feeding? Tell me of the luncheons you like best, and which you oftenest obtain. Don't write out an ideal lunch, naming the things that you would have, if you could, when in your most enlightened state. Tell me what you actually take. If it be molasses candy and pickles, say so. If it be mince-pie and sausages, or plain apples and crackers, tell me frankly. Consider yourself in the light of workers for the public good, and let the whole truth come out.

A good Boston school lately took occasion in its annual catalogue to say that its pupils suffer more from want of nourishing food than from all other matters combined that come into the school-hours. They add: "It is of little use to arrange for varied lessons, frequent change of position, softened light, proper attitude, and pure air, if health is constantly undermined by inattention to food."

Do you not see that it is time for school-girls and school-boys to take the matter into serious consideration? Talk it over with your parents, young friends, and beg them to have fortitude to withstand you when you coax them for meringues and mince-pies!

Who knows what may be the result of this

"movement,"—what dainty, excellent things may come into general adoption among you school-children; what fallow, blotched faces may be cleared up; what headaches may be driven away; what rosy cheeks brought into bloom; what school-triumphs may follow! *All write*, little and big! Address, "The Little Schoolma'am, care of Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York." Write only on one side of the paper; give your full name and address ("confidentially," if you prefer it), and, above all, let straightforward, simple fact-telling be the order of the day.

Now, dear Jack, if the boys and girls respond to my request, I shall indeed be

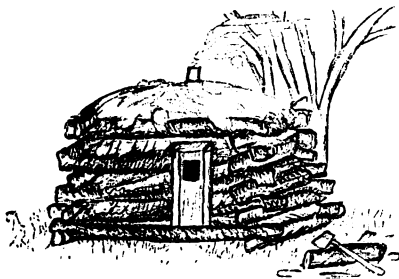
Your happy

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

#### A REAL BABY-HOUSE.

Talbot County, near Easton, Md.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am going to tell you about our baby-house, because it is built out-of-doors, and some of the dear Little Schoolma'am's girls may like to make one of the same kind. It is built of rough little pine-logs. It has pine-rushes on the roof to keep the rain out, for, you know, pine-rushes shed water. Our house is very dark inside, for it has no windows except a pane of glass in the door. The door is very narrow, and I have to go in sideways, as I am rather fat. We have a stove in our house; it is the upper part of an old hall-stove, but it cooks very nicely on top. There is no place to bake. We cook coffee, tea, chocolate, toast bread, stew taffy, and boil eggs there. Our stove is very warm, and it lights up the room nicely when there is a good fire in it. We have also a little cart and an old horse; her name is "Dolly." She is old, and has a swelled leg. Mother would not sell her to any one, but gave her to us, on condition that we would be very kind and gentle to her. We haul rushes from the woods for the roof and for chinking up our house, and wood for our stove. We go out in our cart whenever we want to, for Dolly is very easy to catch, and she is very willing to help. Alice puts her to. (Alice is my sister; she will be eleven years old to-morrow.) We have not fixed the floor of our house yet, but it is to be of boards, with pine rushes on top for a carpet. I am fourteen and a half years old. I inclose a



picture, which I drew myself. I hope it is good enough for you to show to my St. Nicholas cousins. The door of a new one ought to be much larger, so that escape would be easy in case of fire. But we are very careful.—Yours truly,  
MINNIE.

#### A SEED IN THE WOOL.

A LITTLE bird told me lately of a tiny flower which appeared, a few years ago, along the railroads in the Southern States. It suddenly and completely carpeted the ground.

The Little Schoolma'am says that it is called *Acanthospermum*,—she delights in using a large part of the alphabet in one word, you know. It is a

South American plant; and how do you think it happened to be traveling by railroad?

The seeds are supposed to have been introduced by the wool imported from that country.

If the products which were sent to the "Centennial" from all over the world, and from all parts of our own land, have scattered seeds in this way, what startling carpets may greet our eyes this spring!

#### CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

DEAR JACK: Of course you keep posted on the doings of the fairies. If any of the descendants of Cinderella's fairy godmother are with you, will you please ask them about this paragraph, which I cut from a newspaper?

Bangor, Me.

"Was it really a glass slipper by means of which Cinderella triumphed over unnatural relatives and won the hand of the prince? No, that is a philological blunder. The story of Cinderella was a tradition before it was put into print in the French of Charles Perrault. In mediæval French, the phonetic equivalent of *verre* (glass) was *vair*, a kind of variegated or spotted fur. The first man who turned the spoken into the written legend is answerable for the introduction of *verre* instead of *vair*, and hence for changing the slipper of the ancient story into the now universally accepted glass slipper. The *verre* is a manifest absurdity; the pretty Cinderella could not have danced in it. The fur slipper, on the contrary, has abundant excuse for its appearance in the story, for was not the wearing of 'fur and other peltry' rigidly forbidden by the sumptuary laws to all but princes and princesses?"

Now, dear Jack, in behalf of my anxious little ones, I ask you—is this true?

Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER'S MAMMA.

Dear me! This is sad news, indeed. But it might have been expected. The moment a man of inquiring mind gets hold of a fairy story or a legend, he plays the mischief with it. Now, dear mother of a constant reader, if you take Jack's advice, you'll treat this so-called item of information as a base slander. Let it go. The children don't want anything more of that sort. The fellow may pride himself as he pleases on being able to see, through a glass slipper,—but it's no credit to him. Why, he'll be trying next to haul down Jack's bean-stalk! He'd better look out!

#### THE OLDEST ORGAN IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: In these wonderful Centennial times, when people are eagerly bringing forth their ancestors' treasures from trunks and attics, I am sure the children join in the prevailing interest, and would like to hear the history of the oldest organ in the country. Portsmouth, down by the sea-side in New Hampshire, is quite rich in antiquities, and one of the choicest relics—better to me than the old houses, or the old chairs or china—is the old organ in the Episcopal chapel. We claim that it is the first organ ever brought to America. Many years ago, the facts concerning this organ were collected, and published in some musical journal, and an extract was cut from the paper, and pasted upon the organ. Though the print is yellow with varnish and time, yet in this way the organ is able to tell its own story; and this is, in substance, what it says:

"The organ was built in England, was purchased by Thomas Brattle, Esq., and brought to America in 1713; and was set up in King's Chapel."

You know what a prejudice existed, in the days of our forefathers, against organs. The record admits that the prejudice was not abated in favor of this instrument. Just think of its coming to us a stranger in a strange land, meeting no cordial reception, but treated to an imprisonment of seven months in the tower of the church! It was finally placed in the church, where it was used until the year 1756. It was then sold to St. Paul Church in Newburyport, where it did active service for eighty years. Then, in 1836, Portsmouth became the home of the old organ; the price paid for it at that time of the last purchase was nearly \$450. For one hundred and sixty-three years its pipes have sounded, and it has not yet wholly lost its sweetness or its usefulness,—not so old that it may not at times be heard accompanying the chants of the church. We like to feel that it has found its home, that the pretty recess of the chapel where it now stands shall forever be its resting-place.

L. B. G.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## PANSY'S LOVERS.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

*Spring-time.*

Pansy, little pansy,  
 Wrapped in velvet hues,  
 Pansy, little pansy,  
 Bathed in morning dews:

Pansy, little pansy,  
 I'm your lover true;  
 I am gentle Spring-time,  
 Come to welcome you.

*Summer.*

Pansy, little pansy,  
 Art thou here, my sweet,  
 Waiting for the lover  
 Thou hast longed to meet?

I am he, my darling,  
 I am Summer gay;  
 When I come, my sweetheart,  
 Spring-time hastes away.

*Autumn.*

Pansy, little pansy,  
 Dost thou not know me?  
 I am glorious Autumn,  
 Tinting vine and tree.

Pansy, little pansy,  
 Grant me this one boon,—  
 Stay with me, my darling,  
 Winter's coming soon.

*Winter.*

Pansy, little pansy,  
 Dost thou love us all?  
 Then, my darling pansy,  
 Answer Winter's call.

Pansy, little pansy,  
 I'm the flowers' night,—  
 I'll fold you in my arms, pet,  
 Wrapped in mantles white.

L. D. D.

## SOME CALIFORNIA SCENES.

I LIVE in Oakland, California. Last year dear papa took Harry and Wallie, my two brothers, and myself up to the Summit, Donner Lake and Lake Tahoe. We had never seen snow falling until we went to the Summit House, where we arrived by the overland railroad about midnight. When I looked out of the window in the morning, I saw something flying about, and thought it was mosquitoes. I called to papa, who was in the next room, to look at the great number of mosquitoes; he told me I was mistaken, that it was snowing. When we heard this we all jumped up and were soon out in the snow. The snow sheds (called galleries) over the railroad track, and the mountains all around, were white, and the snow was falling in beautiful large flakes like soft white down. But I do not intend to tell you about that trip in this letter.

*Pescadero*—which, papa says, is the Spanish for fisherman—is a little village near the ocean. On the first of July we all—that is, papa, mamma, aunt Mattie, Harry, Wallie, with my little playmate, Maud, and two ladies and one gentleman, and myself—left Oakland on the eight o'clock train for the wharf at the end of the overland railroad, where we went on the ferry-boat to San Francisco, and then on the street-cars to the steam-cars; we left the cars at San Mateo and rode in a four-horse coach to Pescadero; the coach was full inside, and papa, Harry, Maud and I rode on top. The road winds along the sides of mountains to Half-Moon Bay; in some places we were hundreds of feet above the little houses in at the foot of the mountains. We stopped for dinner at Half-Moon Bay, and arrived at Pescadero about five o'clock. The Swanton House was decorated with flags, and a large flag was on a pole in front of the hotel, and ropes, with hundreds of little flags on them, were fastened to the flag-pole and to houses across the streets. We children had each a cen-

tennial flag, which we waved as we drove up to the hotel. We did not stop at the hotel, but had a cottage. There are four beautiful cottages, with a green lawn and trees in front; ours was named "Myrtle," the others were "Ivy," "Oak," and "Fern." The next morning we went to Pebble Beach, a little beach with a high bank on one side, and large rocks at each end, over which the waves dash with a great booming sound and splash. The beach is covered with beautiful smooth pebbles, white, green, pink and other colors, all washed nice and clean by the waves; some are very beautiful. There are a great many common pebbles, which nobody cares for.

The fun is in hunting for and picking up the nice round colored ones. Everybody squats down, or lies flat down on the beach, and has a little bottle, or box, or something to hold the pebbles; and they scratch over and dig holes in the pebbles to find the prettiest ones. It looks very funny to see thirty or forty people, big and little, squatting or lying down, hunting for pebbles. We children took off our shoes and stockings and ran down the beach when a wave went out, and when a big roller came in we scampered back; we got caught sometimes, and got awful wet, but did not mind it a bit. The sun was very bright, and we all got sunburnt. We went to the beach nearly every day, and brought home several small bottles and boxes full of pebbles. Little Wallie picked up pebbles like the rest, and brought home one of papa's socks full; he and papa empty the pebbles on a paper on the floor, and lie down on the carpet and hunt for the pretty ones, and call it playing "pebble beach."

One day papa, mamma, aunt Mattie, Harry, Wallie, and myself, went in a carriage to Camp Spaulding in the redwoods. It is a lovely place; the trees grow very large and tall. Papa stood up against the end of one that had been sawed off, and it was higher than his head. There were a great many larger than that one. The ground was covered with ferns, growing five and six feet, and so high and strong we could hardly get through them. Papa and I went up a little cañon where a little stream of water trickled down over the rocks, to look for ferns for his fernery, and we had great sport. The cañon was full of old logs, brush, ferns and weeds, on which we walked; sometimes we would come near slipping through, and sometimes when papa reached up the steep bank for a beautiful fern, his foot would slip and he would slide down among the brush and ferns. We saw great quantities of hazel nuts, but they were not ripe, and we only gathered a few to show to the others at the cottage. On the road we passed a steam saw-mill, where they make boards and shingles from the redwood trees. Great wagon loads of shingles are hauled through Pescadero to the landing by mule teams; the mules have bells on their collars which make a merry jingle in the woods to give notice to people in carriages to stop, as the road through the forest is so narrow in a great many places that two wagons cannot pass each other.

Lizzie.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me to present to you the Young Contributor pictures—"Father, Father" and "Sir Isaac Newton Discovering Gravitation." I drew it for the September numbers of last year.—Your young contributor, Paul Mink.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

It is very apparent that Dr. Eggleston's little Fairy Show for Sunday-schools, published in the Christmas number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, met a need precisely. We have received, and still are getting, many pleasant letters from delighted young correspondents who saw it played in their schools, or themselves took part in it, and everywhere it has proved a "success." Minnie Whitney writes that the people of her Sunday-school, in Hudson, Mich., "were tired of Christmas trees," so carried out Dr. Eggleston's plan,— "and it was splendid!" In a Wisconsin town they admitted the children free, but charged the fathers and mothers ten cents each, and so cleared almost three times their expenses, besides having a deal of fun. In cities, where the churches were larger, and the best arrangements for getting up and ornamenting the stages most easily procured, the play seems to have excited greater admiration even than in rural towns, less accustomed to theatrical representations, and the dainties from Santa Claus's pack were especially welcomed by the children of the poor, who always collect at the festival of a city Sunday-school. The North Presbyterian church of St. Louis, for example, brought out the Fairy Show in a grand manner, in the presence of over 500 children and a houseful of older people. The pulpit, we are told, was handsomely decorated with evergreen trees, while on the north side was placed a miniature house, about ten feet by six in size, thatched and trimmed with evergreens, tufts of raw cotton and strings of popped corn, and with a veritable-looking chimney. The front of the pulpit was also adorned with evergreens and popped corn. Five hundred and six boxes of candy, each labeled, "A merry Christmas, 1876, from the North Presbyterian Sunday-school," and 1,200 oranges were given away to the little folks, who enjoyed the occasion vastly.

Ripon, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your December number it is said that the giant Captain Bates and his wife live in Rochester, N. Y. But that is a mistake. They live in Seville, Ohio. I know this because I was visiting my grandpa all last summer, who lives in Medina, Ohio, which is only a few miles from Seville. I am nine years old, and have been taking *ST. NICHOLAS* for two years and a half from the news office here, and I like it very much indeed.—Yours truly,

WILLIE B. GERRY.

Philadelphia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you inform me why pulling candy makes it change its color.—Yours truly,

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

A good question, and one to which we will gladly reply in an early number. Meantime, what do our young correspondents say about it?

Harlem.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am not a boy that lives in some queer place that you would like to hear about, yet I have something funny to tell you, though it may not seem true. We have a snake all spotted red and yellow, and we keep it in a glass case till it gets tamer. Yesterday morning we put my little baby sister's whistle in the case and went away. We did it just for fun, but when we came back, the whistle was gone and we could not find it anywhere. Just then we heard a queer noise, and when we looked, we found the snake all coiled up and whistling, with a little bit of the wooden whistle sticking out of its mouth. Once I heard of a snake eating two birds and a toad. I would like to know if this could be true.—Yours truly,

TOM C. GRANT.

Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 6th, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This evening I read a letter from *ST. NICHOLAS* about putzes in Bethlehem, and I was very much interested in it, because I live in Bethlehem and am a Moravian. There were a great many putzes here this year. On one could be seen the Switch-back railroad in the coal regions. On another one we saw a stable, with some angels over it. There were cattle in the barn-yard, and shepherds standing and watching their sheep. We had a tree and a small putz for our dolls. I have a sister, and we both play with our dolls. We got a great many Christmas presents, among them *ST. NICHOLAS*. I like it ever so much, and wish it would come oftener. I am nine years old.—From your little friend,

ERNEST H.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14th, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I saw so many little girls were writing, I thought I would send you a few lines to congratulate you on your immense success. I have taken you from your birth, as a writer to your magazine said. I think you are grand, and I hope you will live forever. I like "His Own Master" ever so much. I hope Jacob will marry Florie. I am making up a list of Bird-defenders, and will send it as soon as it is full. Give my best regards to Deacon Green and the Little Schoolma'am, and always remember me as your devoted reader,

MAMIE KING.

Flushing, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a piece of money, on one side of which is "VICTORIA D: G: BRIT: REG: FID: DEF: MDCCCLVI." On the other side is a British device, and also, "ONE FLORIN. ONE TENTH OF A POUND." Is this an English, Austrian, Dutch, or Prussian piece of money? How much is it worth?

JOS. F. DARLING.

This is a common English coin, sometimes known as a florin, but usually called a two-shilling piece. It is worth two English shillings.

LILLIE WOLFERSBURGER, HENRY H. SWAIN, AND O. H. B.—The "O" on some coins is only a badly cut "C" (for Carson City). Coins from that mint are sometimes badly stamped, and the C readily becomes an O.

Heidelberg, Germany, November, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a very little boy, and I have not been in dear America for four years. I am awfully homesick at times, and would be a great deal more so if it was not that my papa sends me the welcome *ST. NICHOLAS* every month from away out in Michigan. I am in Heidelberg with my two great big brothers, studying German. I go to the public school, and can talk the language here like a Dutchman.

This is a beautiful place, full of lovely drives and walks. We live right under the walls of the old castle, and we walk up to the Konigstuhl often.

The big boys are very bad here, and fight awfully, and try to cut off each other's noses with swords. They have big spotted dogs, as large as calves. You ought to see the German girls dance, with their blue stockings. They are lovely.

They drink an awful lot of lager-beer here. Can you tell them in your nice paper that it is very wrong to drink and fight? I am going home to Grosse Ile, Michigan, next summer. I should like to stop in New York and see you, *ST. NICHOLAS*.—Your friend,

WILLIE S. BIDDLE, JR.

Chicago.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sick and cannot go out, so I thought I would write you a letter. I have a little dog. He has a ball, and I take it and put it in my pocket. Then he will put his head in, and growl until he gets it out. Then he will run away with it, but bring it back for me to do it again. He will get mamma's slipper and try to chew it up; and if we go after him, he will run and try hard not to be caught. I have two pigeons; they are very tame, because I am kind to them. They like me, and when I go in the coop to feed them, they fly down and eat out of my hand. I am eight years old. I like the "Boy Emigrants" better than any story.

WALTER GARFIELD.

PLEASANT letters have been received from Hugh Toland Carney, Lizzie Spencer, Winnie H., Marie L. Haydel, Kittie Blanche, "Kate," Mamie Kennedy, A. T. C., Julia E. Botsford, Hattie and Anna Mack, Allen Browning, Martha L. Munger, and others.

Fort McKavett, Menard Co., Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. Occasionally I see letters in your "Letter-Box" from boys and girls living in the army, so I thought I would send you a short letter from Texas. We live at Fort McKavett, one of the best frontier posts in the State. The surrounding country is very pretty. There are five infantry and two cavalry companies stationed here. I have a pony, which I ride nearly every day and enjoy it so much. My papa went on a scout two years ago and brought home this pony; he belonged to the Indians. I think he must have been one of the squaws' ponies, because he is so gentle and likes women better than men around him.



I have a black and tan terrier dog named Nipper, and a cat called Teeny. I could not live away out here without plenty of pets—it is so lonely. I have no brothers or sisters, but there are eighteen officers' children in the garrison, and all under twelve years of age. I have not been North for four years. I am getting tired of living South so long. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS so much, and out here it is doubly welcome. I am afraid I am writing too much, so will close for this time.—I remain one of your best friends,  
JANET G. LARKE.

INQUIRY: Can any one tell where to find a little poem on the "Snow," commencing:

"Look at the beautiful flakes of snow,—  
Where do they come from, whence do they go?"

Quietly, silently, gently they fall:  
They do not jostle each other at all.  
We in the world are not like the snow,  
Jostling and pushing wherever we go."

Little Falls, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have come to us ever since your existence, and we would hardly know how to do without you. "Sister Grace is away at school, and says you may come in my name another year. Brother says he will pay for a copy to go to our cousins away on the prairies of Nebraska. I think it very kind in him, for it will be so appreciated by them, as they have had a hard time to get along. It seems hardly true that they lived in a hole in the ground when they first went there!

I suppose you are tired of the many letters you get from the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, but, if possible, I would like you to print this little extract, at least, that I read in a paper a few days ago, asking the young French scholars for a translation, or give it yourself, as you wish. It was styled "A Beautiful Truth." "*Ce n'est pas la victoire qui fait la joie des nobles cœurs; c'est le combat.*"

Hoping to see it in the "Letter-Box" soon, I remain your little friend,  
SUSIE C. B.

West Union, Iowa, December, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, I go to school and study the Third Reader. I like the story of "His Own Master" very much. Papa has taken ST. NICHOLAS for me ever since it was published. I have got a little brother named Robby, and a dog named Frank, and a cat named Slammens. Is n't Slammens a funny name? Mamma named him. It is pretty cold out here in winter. I want to see this in ST. NICHOLAS before I write again.—From your friend,  
HARRY TALMADGE.

Louisville, Ky.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a little girl last summer who never saw ST. NICHOLAS. I felt very sorry for her. She read "dry old books," and stories of astonishingly good children and impossible grown people, and she never had any real, merry romps.

Oh no, she was 'nt a "very poor child," either. She had a great many unnecessary things for a little girl, one of which was a little black girl to wait on her. I thought the little black girl was very funny, and used to laugh at her every day—not because she was black, but because she said such very odd things and often got her words wrong. One morning she said: "John he did n't come home 'till las' night—leas' ways he never sleep' in he bed, 'cause it's all *unwanged* this mornin'!" Was she wrong to think when the bed was all made up that it was *unwanged*?

Sunday, Bess wanted to do something she was told was wrong, and her mistress said: "Don't you know the Bible says you must not do such things on Sunday?" Bess rolled her great eyes up and said: "Oh! yes, missie, but dey is a heap in things in de Bible what you can't *fill full*." She saw a small marble bust of Dickens, and she said: "How dis man git he portragh took so hard 'n' white? Mus' 'a' been awful pale he self, I reckon." Bess kept the flies off the table at meal time. The big fly-brush was fastened over the table, and Bess had to pull a cord to move the brush. I never knew her to get through one meal without going to sleep at her work. She would nod and pull the cord at the same time. It looked as though she had the cord fastened to her head, and pulled it down each time her head came down. It looked very strange to see her sleep standing up and all the time going on with her work. Bess often heard the white people talk of things she did not at all understand, but she would remember the sound and try to use the words afterward. When Bess was sent to do errands away from home, as happened sometimes, she never seemed to have but one idea, and that was to go to the place to which she was sent. Then she seemed to think her errand was done. She was sent to me at another house, one day, and the first I knew of it was when I looked up and saw the queer little thing standing in my room. She had a bright yellow dress on. She never liked any other color. I could not help smiling at her, she looked so contented and

as though her errand was done, although she had not said a word. I knew she had been sent for something, and I said: "Good morning, Bess: what do you want this morning?" She stood perfectly still and rolled her great eyes up and said: "Nuffin." I waited to give her time to think, and then I said: "What did you come for, Bess?" "Nuffin." "Who told you to come?" "Missie." "What did she tell you to do?" "She done tole me to come straight to your room an' stay till you tole me to go home again." How was I to get at the message? I knew one of her words. After a little I said: "What did your mistress tell you to say to me?" "She say tell you to look at my breast-pin—that's all she say." I looked and found a note fastened by a pin at her throat. I laughed at this and wondered why she could not have carried it in her hand. I found afterward that she lost everything she was trusted to carry. I answered the note and said: "Bess, what shall I do with this note? I want your mistress to have it." With a perfectly indifferent face, and still looking any place but at me, she says: "I do no; 'speck I reckon you better tie it to me. I mout lose it." I took a string and tied the note around her neck like a locket, and she seemed very proud of it. Then I told her to go right back to her mistress and give her the note. She made a queer bow and said: "Yes, miss, I goin'," and she was gone as rapidly and as quietly as she had come. She went to her mistress as she had come to me, and without a word got waited to be examined. If you would like to see Bess, and will go with me to Virginia, you can hear her talk. I think you'd laugh a good deal. They are used to her where she lives, and don't think her funny. Bess would be surprised if she knew I had written to you about her.—Yours truly,  
M. A. C.

Oakland, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write you a receipt for chocolate caramels; I think you will find them very nice.—Quarter pound prepared chocolate; one cup of sugar, brown; one cup of milk (or cream); half cup of butter. Boil until done, stirring briskly all the time, and just as it is done put in three or four drops of extract of vanilla. I have not tried Gussie's receipt yet, but I intend to soon. From your affectionate reader,  
FIDIE M. BELCHER.

Media, Jan. 10th, 1877.

DEAR JACK: In the January ST. Nicholas, "M. S." gave a sentence containing five "thats" in order, and asked how it would be parsed. At an examination in our school, some time ago, we had to parse a sentence of a like nature. The first "that" is a conjunction, connecting "Jane said" with the rest of the sentence. The second "that" is a demonstrative pronominal adjective relating to the third "that," which is a noun, subject of the verb "was." The fourth "that" is a relative pronoun, its antecedent being the third "that." The fifth "that" is a demonstrative pronominal adjective, limiting the noun "boy."—Yours truly,  
E. N. FUSSELL.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little anecdote about Kansas rats, that perhaps your readers will enjoy.

During Quantrell's raid, which was in 1864, the town of Lawrence was burned. There were no rats in Topeka. On the day following the fire, they appeared in force, and persons who went over the road between the two places, saw innumerable tracks of little feet, showing that the little quadrupeds had evidently gone in an army from one town to the other. Since that time, there have been plenty of rats both in Topeka and all stations west.—Truly your friend,  
MILDRED R. B.

"SANTA CLAUS," of New London, sends this ingeniously rhymed answer to Rebus No. 2 in the January number:

THE WITCHES' SPELL.

This remarkable spell  
Is devised very well,  
On a truly original plan;  
If I've not got it right,  
In my guessing to-night,  
Then pray let him "Spell it who can."

IN addition to those who were credited last month, the following boys and girls sent answers to puzzles in the December number: Prentiss Dow, Clara Lee, Edith Heard, ("Professor,") Tellis F. White, Nellie S. Thompson, Howard Suel Rodgers, Thomas Dykes Beasley, Melck J. Tilman, William C. Delaney, Nettie Mack, Bennie Self, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Mary Brenda Balmair, Nettie Marcellus, C. Crecy S. Slate, Lizzie Kiernan, ("Beth,") S. H. Hamilton, Agnes L. Pollard, ("M. E. A.") and "L. G.," Chas. Burnham, Dwight Blake, Ham, May Ely, Charlie A. Miller, Kittie M. Blinn, Beulah W. Green, Ella Blanke, Leonie M. Milhaud, Zeila Milhaud, Edith L. Smith, Helen Green, Jackie D. W., A. G., Elmer L. Jones, Edith L. Smith, Delaney, Henry T. Perry, Elmer L. Jones, Edith L. Smith, ("C. A. D.,") Clarence M. Trowbridge, and Sarah.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## BEHEADED ENIGMAS.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

1. Do you need a 1, 2, 8, 3, 6 to find the place where you shot the 2, 8, 3, 6? 2. While on our 7, 8, 3, 1, 2, we went under an 8, 3, 1, 2, 3, I think it was 3, 8, 5, 2 to fell the 8, 5, 2. 4. She was not 5, 7, 8, 3, 6 to go to the 7, 8, 3, 6 in search of 5, 3, 6. 5. There is a stove in your school-house. Do you often 9, 4, 6 by 4, 6? 6. He had best 6, 3, 4, 7 off a little of that 3, 4, 7. 7. He wore the 1, 2, 8, 3, 7 as a protection from 2, 8, 3, 7.

Put the nine letters in their proper order, and find a pleasant hol-  
LIZZIE KIERNAN.

## HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.

FIND in the following sentence a Latin motto for puzzle-guessers:  
A student so thoroughly patient I admire greatly; he evinces that quality which is the basis of all excellence in scientific knowl-  
edge.

J. P. B.

## PICTORIAL LIBRARY PUZZLE.

Who are the sixteen authors represented on the shelves?



## INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the blanks in each sentence with words pronounced alike but spelled differently and having different meanings.

The — beauty of that horse is his —. 2. A fisherman — hauling in his nets added much to the —. 3. He — the helmsman — the tiller and start across the —. 4. William — a boy with a — to procure for him some —. 5. He came through the — with an awkward —. 6. Once a week the society — and — out the — to the poor. 7. No doubt the ancient — used their shields for pillows for many —. 8. I think rats must have — in this —, for the corn is all nibbled. 9. They had the — tied with a chain of enormous —. 10. Taking a —, Mary attempted to — it with a — of scissors.

STALLKNECHT.

## CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE musical instruments and leave edibles. 2. A series of steps, and leave to arouse. 3. Very important, and leave a bottle. 4. A beautiful substance found in the sea, and leave a useful substance found underground. 5. A vessel, and leave to spill. 6. Pieces of baked clay, and leave fastenings.

The syncopated letters, read down, form an acrostic, meaning a guard.

CYRIL DEANE.

## METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a river in England. Curtail me, and I am to part. Transpose, and I am a stanza. Omit one letter and transpose, and I am without end. Transpose, and I am to turn aside. Curtail and transpose, and I am a part of the day.

STALLKNECHT.

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS, centrals, and finals form three animals.

1. A great musician. 2. Part of Oceanica. 3. A shade of color. 4. An earth-worm. 5. A Latin council. 6. A color.

LITTLE ONE.

## MELANGE.

1. TRANSPOSE a kind of fish, and give the name of a poet: again, and give an article of food: again, and give a pledge. 2. BEHEAD the fish, and leave a girl's name. 3. SYNCOPATE the fish, and leave to satisfy appetite. 4. BEHEAD the article of food, and leave an Oriental tree. 5. BEHEAD the pledge, and leave to seize. 6. TRANSPOSE to satisfy appetite, and find a residence. 7. CURTAIL the Oriental tree, and find a beverage. 8. BEHEAD the residence, and find what we all do.

ISOLA.

## EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A young animal. 3. A wild animal. 4. A domestic animal. 5. A consonant.

ISOLA.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. ANGER. 2. A peculiar substance, obtained from certain seaweeds, or marine plants. 3. More recent. 4. An animal. 5. Empty. 6. One who entertains. 7. A small period of time. PRIMALS and finals, read down, give two boys' names. BEHEAD and curtail each word, and the following will remain: 1. An animal. 2. An ancient god. 3. A heathen goddess. 4. A verb. 5. A girl's nickname. 6. To ponder. 7. A sign.

CYRIL DEANE.

## HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND a French proverb in the following sentence which may teach us to be charitable in our judgment of others:

Do I prefer Valenciennes to Honiton laces? O! it seems quite malicious, Amy, to ask me; but I will relieve your suspense, and say "Yes."

B.

## HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FAR Western State. 2. A report. 3. To cast forth. 4. Possessed. 5. A conjunction. 6. A consonant.

LITTLE ONE.

## OMNIBUS WORD.

WHAT word of five letters contains:

I.—Two word-squares. First: 1. An animal. 2. A vegetable. 3. An organ of the body. Second: 1. What the hungry desire to do. 2. A verb. 3. A beverage.

II.—A diamond puzzle. 1. A consonant. 2. A period of time. 3. To preach. 4. What the hungry did do. 5. A vowel.

III.—Words which, transposed, will fill the blanks in the following sentence properly: We must — up every —, or they will spoil the crop if they grow at this —.

IV.—Four reversible words. 1. A state of equality: reversed, a knock. 2. A stratagem: reversed, a portion. 3. A light blow: reversed, to mend a shoe. 4. An animal: reversed, a resinous substance.

V.—Words meaning: 1. Duplicity. 2. Quick. 3. Carried away by excitement or wonder. And a prefix and a preposition.

H. H. D.

## REBUS.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

## HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Innocence.

O B D I E N C E  
L E A N I N G  
H O N O R  
T O E  
F R E  
D O N O R  
S P E C T E R  
P E R P E T U A L

ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.—1. New Castle. 2. Charleston. 3. New Orleans. 4. Syracuse. 5. Montreal. 6. Providence. 7. St. Augustine. 8. Portsmouth.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—Mild.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.—

23,008

8,945

82,000,000,808

49,000,006

82,049,032,767

## DIFFICULT DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Indistinguishable.

I  
N  
L E D G E  
H O L I D A Y  
F O R E S I G H T  
R E C E P T A C L E S  
P R E M E D I T A T I O N  
R E P R E S E N T A T I O N S  
I N D I S T I N G U I S H A B L E  
S O M N A M B U L A T I O N S  
I N V E S T I G A T I O N  
H U R R Y S K U R R Y  
S H E P H E R D S  
M I R A C L E  
S A B L E  
A L E  
E

## ENIGMA.—Paris.

DOUBLE MEANINGS.—1. Racine. 2. Rouen (ruin). 3. Cork. 4.

Buffalo. 5. Tours. 6. Lyons. 7. Lancaster (lank aster).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Idle folks have the most labor."

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Plum, Lime, Date, Prickly-pear.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Paris, Genoa.

P — G  
A — E  
R — N  
I — O  
S — A

## NOVEL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

T  
N E T  
T E N E T  
T E N  
T

## SQUARE-WORD.—

R O S E  
O P A L  
S A I L  
E L L A

PICTURE PUZZLE.—1. It is a ball (bawl). 2. It is a wet season. 3. Criers. 4. It is an overflow of salt water. 5. Because their hands are together. 6. Because they are in tiers (tears). 7. She needs to unbend. 8. It is upbraided. 9. They are in arms. 10. His elbows are out. 11. "I'se hid" (eyes hid).

REBUS.—"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

HIDDEN WORDS.—Ragout, gout, ou, si, de, te, en, le, combat, bat, baton, ton, on, Lyon, ont, fi, fiel, the.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

D  
S I P  
S T A R E  
D I A M O N D  
P R O U D  
E N D  
D

## RIDDLE.—Fire, ire, fir.

EASY ENIGMA.—Aversion, a version, aver, Sion.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A P E  
A G E N T  
S P E C T R E  
E N T R Y  
T R Y  
E

## EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Agate, Slate.

A R I S  
A G L E  
B E A C H  
S T A T E  
E Y R I E

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Prelate, relate, elate, late, ate.  
CONCEALED DIAMOND AND WORD-SQUARE.—

B  
T O E  
B O N E S  
E E L  
S

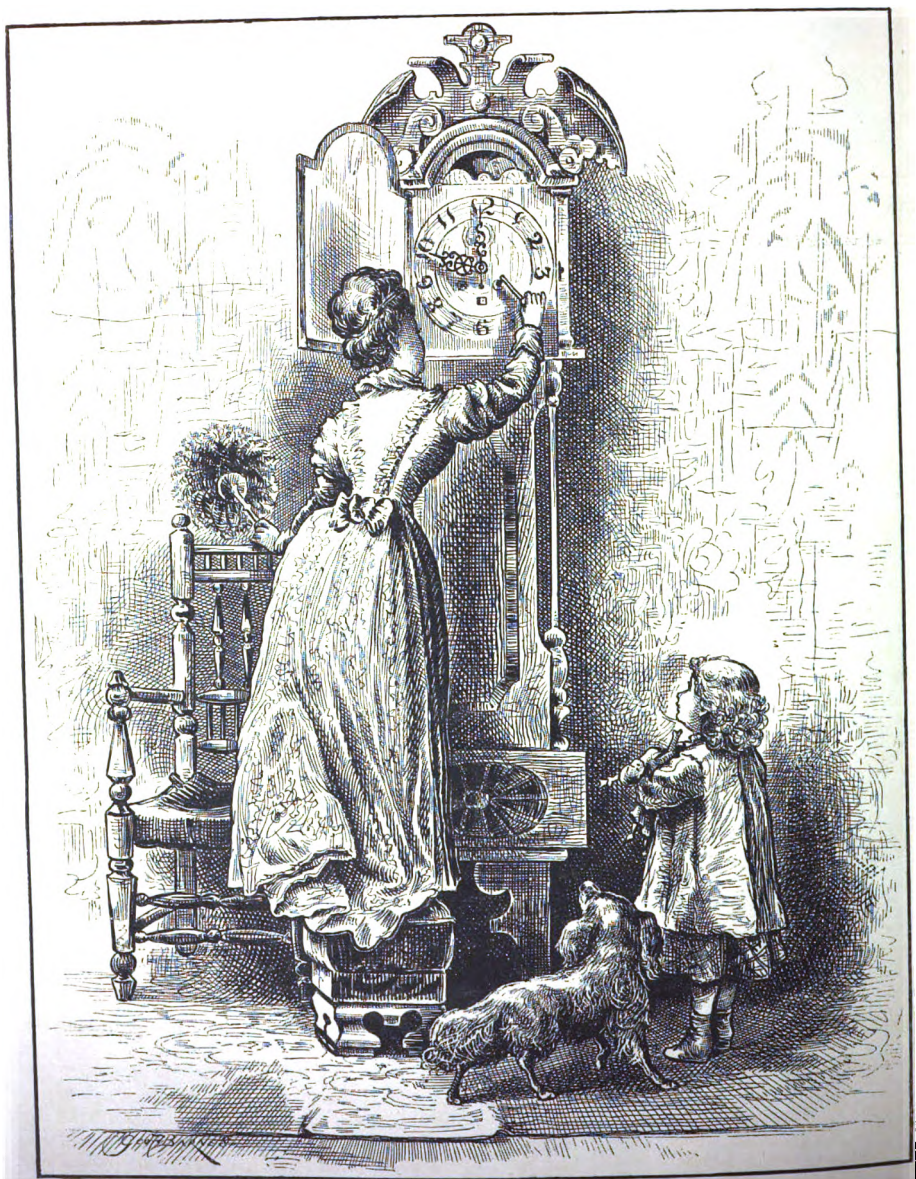
## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Yorktown.

METAGRAM.—Ada, Adam, madam, mad, lad, bad, a.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, previous to January 18th, from Fred S. Pickett, Arthur D. Smith, Harry K. Merritt, Lydia W. Brown, "Santa Claus," Sadie Hamilton, Frieda E. Lippert, Josie Morris Brown, "Alma," Addie Guion, Henry A. Bostwick, Jr., M. S. R., "Pandora," M. H. S., Brainerd P. Emery, Harry Nathan, Horace Read Keay, Alma Bertram, Nellie May Sherwin, J. B. T., Nannie E. Stevens, "Alex," Nellie Emerson, "Oliver Twist," "Norma," Louie Rodman, Ella Coggeshall, L. Harry Nyce, Alice B. McElwain, Charles Hart Payne, Annie M. Horton, S. N. Knapp, Chas. G. Case, Frank Frick, Lilla G. Condie, "Frederic," Thomas Hunt, Jr., Nellie B. Baker, Alice M. Reisig, Clara Lee, Howard Steel Rodgers, Nelly Chase, "Beth," Emma Elliott, M. W. Collet, "Yankee Doodle," Louis W. Ford, "Lizzie and Annie," Arthur F. Stone, Grace H. Miller, Alfred S. De Witt, Genevieve Allis, Sadie Hamilton, Fred Richardson, Willie Dibblee, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Golden Eagle," Marion A. Coombs, Willie Glover, Mary F. Spoden, M. Louise Cross, "Mercury," Mamie A. Rich, Edith Lowry, "Telemachus," Dee L. Lodge, Katie S. Wright, "Professor," E. D., Bessie S. B. Benedict, "Apollo," Ora L. Dowdy, Arthur C. Smith, Willie R. Lighton, "General Butterfingers," S. S. B. R., "John C. Robertson," Herbert C. Taylor, Lizzie Wilson, Jennie Hill, Mildred Pope, Oliver Everett, Willie L. Thomas, Ellen M. Field, Ella L. Reed, Edwin C. Garniques, "Perseverance," Blanche L. Turner, A. G. Cameron, Thos. W. Fry, H. C. Taylor, Leroy W. Nind, Katie Brown, Eddie Vulture, George Herbert White, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green, Amy Shiver, Carroll L. Maxey, George B. Thompson, W. Chamberlain, W. C. Spencer, and W. Irving Spencer.







AUNT CARRIE WINDS THE CLOCK.  
(See "Sam Clemson, the Second.")

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## SAM CLEMSON, THE SECOND.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SAM CLEMSON was called "The Second" because he had a cousin, several years older than himself, who was also Sam Clemson, and there had to be some way of distinguishing them. Samuel was a family name among the Clemsons, and, like many other favorite family names, it had created a good deal of confusion. These two Sams lived only a few miles apart, and that made the matter worse in their case; but the plan adopted worked very well indeed.

The only peculiarity about our Sam, apart from his name, was the fact that he owned a twenty-dollar horse.

From his earliest boyhood, a horse had been the dearest wish of Sam's heart,—a horse which should be all his own. So, when a neighbor offered this reliable family horse, warranted kind and gentle, and fearless of locomotives, for the trifling sum of twenty dollars, Sam never rested until he had raised the money and purchased the steed.

He had saved fourteen dollars; he sold his gun (hammer broken) for three dollars and a half; his sled went for a dollar; a pair of pigeons and an odd one, for another dollar; and his mother gave him fifty cents.

When Sam brought his horse home, he was proud indeed. Not another boy of fourteen in the neighborhood owned a horse. Even Sam the First was not so rich.

It was holiday-time, and there was a light carriage on the place, which seldom was used, and for days our young horse-owner did little but drive about, and take any one riding who cared to go, and who felt in a leisurely frame of mind. For it

must be admitted that Ronald, the new horse, was not a fast animal. What once he might have been, I cannot say; but many years had certainly elapsed since he had done any very rapid trotting. However, he was a large, stout horse, and he had an air of having lived well.

Sam had asked some questions about his age, but his owner had replied:

"Now, I don't warrant him to be a young horse. If you want young horses, I have some that I'll sell from a hundred and fifty dollars up. But there's lots of life in that horse yet; and by the time he's too old to work at all, you'll be ready for a younger animal, at a higher price."

So Sam said no more on that subject.

After a time, Sam gave up driving out so frequently, though the horse did not seem to object to jogging along meditatively all day. But, as Sam was a boy who liked to feel that he was of use, he insisted on driving over to Rossville, a little town about two miles away, whenever anything was wanted from the store.

After one or two visits there, he made a discovery, and that was, that a buffalo-robe, which always hung at the door of a small store at the end of the town, was the only thing that old Ronald was afraid of. He never could pass it without getting frightened and trying to run away. But his aged legs and Sam's hard pulling interfered very much with that performance; and so he had never done anything more than caper and shy, and trot off at a fair pace with his head high in the air, whenever he happened to pass the store.

Sam thought it possible that in his youth he



might have hunted buffaloes, and been injured by one; but this was difficult to prove. At all events, Sam took advantage of this weakness in Ronald, and as he found that he never became entirely unmanageable, he always drove past that small store before he went to the larger establishment in the center of the town. The post-office was in the latter store, and there were always people standing about as Sam came rattling up, holding in his spirited animal with all his might.

"Lively old beast!" a man said, one day. "What did you give for him?"

Sam told him, and the man stepped up and looked into Ronald's mouth.

"A dollar a year," said he, "or thereabouts."

Sam walked into the store without answering. He thought some men could say very foolish things.

Not long after the purchase of the horse, a younger sister of Sam's mother came to make them a visit. Aunt Carrie, as Sam and his sister Kitty called her, was about twenty years old, and a very sprightly and pleasant young lady.

Sam was glad to see her,—glad because he liked her, and glad to have some new person to take out to drive. He soon took her to look at his horse, but she did not seem anxious to go riding that day, as Sam suggested. He asked her frequently, during the next few days, but she always had some good-humored reason for staying at home.

But it was not very long before Aunt Carrie wanted to go and spend a day with the family of Sam the First; and then our Sam's chance came in. He promptly offered the services of his horse and himself; and as there was no very good way of doing otherwise, they were accepted cheerfully.

They were to start at ten o'clock, but long before that hour Sam was ready. He took the horse and carriage around to the front door, and having carefully tied Ronald, he went into the house to see if Aunt Carrie was prepared to start.

As he entered the sitting-room, he was astonished to see that young lady, with a feather-duster in one hand, standing on a stool, and winding the old family clock, while his little sister Kitty and the house-dog, Tip, were watching the operation with a vast deal of interest.

"Why, Aunt Carrie!" cried Sam, "have n't you begun to get ready yet? And it's no use winding that old clock,—it don't go."

"From the dust in it, I should think it had n't been wound up since the days of Sam Clemson Minus Two," said Aunt Carrie.

"Minus two?" exclaimed Sam. "Why, who was he?"

"Don't you see," said Aunt Carrie, closing the clock, and getting down from the stool, "that if

you are Sam the Second, and your cousin is Sam the First, that the Sams who came before you, your grandfathers and so forth, must have been Sams minus something? I hope the old clock will go. I set it at ten, because I knew it must be nearly that time, when I heard you bring the carriage around. And now I'll be ready in three minutes."

And away she ran.

At about a quarter past ten, Aunt Carrie, whose three minutes had stretched themselves considerably, made her appearance, and Sam was not slow in helping her into the carriage.

They did n't exactly dash off, but still you could easily see that they were moving. Sam did not ply his whip. He knew that it would be of no earthly use, and he preferred to have his aunt Carrie think that he rather liked to go along gently, so as to enjoy the scenery and the weather. But he did not intend to jog along in that way all the time. He had his plans.

There were two roads to his uncle's house. One was almost direct, and the other went through the lower part of Rossville. Before they reached this road, Sam asked his aunt if she would like to go through the town.

"I'm not particularly anxious to do so," she said; "but if it's a better road, I don't object."

"Oh, it's a good road," said Sam, and turned into it without further words.

Of course, Sam wanted to go by the buffalo-robe. He not only wished his aunt Carrie to see what a spirit still lived in his old horse, but he hoped, as his uncle's house was not far from Rossville, that some of the fire and dash might remain until they reached there; for Sam the First had never seen Ronald, and it was therefore desirable that he should make as fine a show as possible.

As he approached the little store, he looked out for the robe. It was there, but not in its usual place. Having hung out so long in summer as well as winter, and being a second-hand robe, any way, the owner might have thought he could never sell it if he did not dust it out sometimes. At any rate, it was hanging on a rope, tied to two posts near the road-side, and a small boy was banging it with a stick.

When they drew near, Sam tightened his hold on the reins, and old Ronald pricked up his ears and looked for the buffalo-robe.

There it was, close to his head, and shaking and wriggling dreadfully!

It had been many years since Ronald had given such a jump as he gave then! It astounded Sam, and made Aunt Carrie give a little scream. Away went the horse in a gallop.

"Whoa! Whoa!" cried Sam, pulling and tugging at the lines; but the animal would not

"whoa." He plunged on, regardless of everything.

"He's running away!" cried Aunt Carrie, extending her hands toward the lines. "Let me help you!"

"No! No!" said Sam, his eyes nearly starting from his head with his exertions. "I can hold him!"

Sam expected Ronald to cool down very soon, as he had done always before, after a buffalo scare; but he was mistaken. The horse was terribly frightened this time, and Sam's desperate struggles at the lines had no effect whatever. Aunt Carrie grasped the side of the carriage, as it rattled and banged along the road. She did not scream, but she expected every minute to be thrown out.

Fortunately, the horse kept on the road which led to Sam's uncle's place, and which branched off from the main street. Here the way was clear, and Ronald quickly left the town behind him.

As they reached a little hill, Aunt Carrie saw some straps flapping in the air, and she exclaimed: "Something is loose!" The next minute, a snap was heard, and just as they were at the top of the hill, Ronald burst away from the carriage, jerking the lines from Sam's hands and nearly pulling him over the dashboard.

"Mercy!" cried Aunt Carrie, grasping Sam by the coat.

Away went the horse, and slowly the carriage rolled backward down the hill, making a turn as it reached the bottom, and backing gently against the fence at the side of the road.

Aunt Carrie and Sam looked at each other, and then burst out laughing. Now that the danger was over, it seemed ridiculous to be sitting there by the road-side in a carriage without any horse.

"Well," said Aunt Carrie, when she had done laughing, "I suppose we may as well get out."

"Yes," said Sam, "I suppose so;" and out they got.

"Well, Sam," said his aunt, "you'd better go after your horse. He will soon be tired of running, and I expect you will find him eating grass by the side of the road. I see we are near old Mrs. Campbell's little house. I will walk up that far with you, and wait there."

"All right," said Sam; "and when I catch him, I'll go on to uncle's, and get them to send for you."

So Sam left Aunt Carrie inside Mrs. Campbell's garden gate, and hurried on. He walked and walked, but no horse he saw.

At length he reached his uncle's place. The carriage gate was open. Looking back toward the barn, he saw Sam the First slowly leading old Ronald toward the stable door.

"Hello!" cried Sam the Second, running to the barn.

His cousin stopped, and looked back. "Hello!" he rejoined. "What's the matter? Is this your horse?"

"Yes," said Sam; and when he reached the barn, he sat down on a log in the shade and told what had happened.

Sam the First, who considered himself quite a young man, stood gravely listening to the story, still holding old Ronald, who was puffing and blowing at a great rate.

"I had no idea this was your horse," he said. "He came walking in here as if he was glad to find a home. But I'll put him up, and then we'll get out the buggy and go for your aunt Carrie."

As Sam the First bustled about, our poor Sam sat rather dolefully on the log. Things had certainly turned out differently from what he had expected. His cousin pulled the buggy from the carriage-house, brought out a gray horse from the stable, and backed him up to the buggy.

"Sam," said he, "that horse is n't a safe one for you to own. I heard you had a horse, but I had no idea it was such a dash-away as this."

"Oh! he's as quiet as a cow, generally," said our Sam.

"Yes, that may be; but you see he is n't to be trusted—for a carriage-horse. There's no knowing when he'd run away. I tell you what you'd better do," continued Sam the First, as he hooked a trace to the whiffle-tree, "you'd better sell him to me. He's a big, strong horse, and would do very well on a farm. Father's given me that field by the woods to work for myself, and I'll want a horse. What'll you take for him?"

"I don't know about selling him," said Sam the Second.

"Well, you'd better think it over."

While Sam the First was in the house he saw his mother, and told her all about the mishap. When he came out, he walked rather slowly, apparently thinking about something.

"Sam," said he, "you had better jump in and go after your aunt."

Our Sam's eyes sparkled. He was another boy in a minute.

"May I?" he said, with his hand on the side of the buggy.

"Certainly," said his cousin. "You're a good driver, with a safe horse like this. When you come back, I'll send our man to take your carriage home."

Sam drove off joyfully, while his cousin, feeling very tall and manly, shut the stable door.

"It don't take much to please a boy," he said to himself, with a smile.

The gray horse was a good traveler, and Sam soon drove up to Mrs. Campbell's gate.

On the way back to his uncle's, Sam told Aunt Carrie all about the buffalo-robe, and his reason for driving by it.

"That was a great risk to run," she said, "just for the sake of showing off a little. But I guess you're only a boy, are n't you, Sam?" and she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I suppose so!" said Sam.

"But, Sam," said Aunt Carrie, "let me give you a piece of advice: Never try to make anything—especially anything that is old—exert itself beyond its strength."

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the house of Sam's uncle, and before he came away, our Sam had sold old Ronald to his cousin for twenty dollars.

After an early supper, a four-seated carriage was brought around, and Sam the First drove Aunt Carrie and his cousin home, with Ronald's broken harness stuffed under one of the seats.

They reached the house before dark, and when the story had been told, and the excitement had cooled down, Sam the First went home.

After the matter had been talked over a little

longer, Aunt Carrie went into the sitting-room, where a lamp had just been lighted.

"Why, I had no idea it was so late!" she said; "it's nearly ten o'clock!"

At this, everybody exclaimed that it was impossible, and little Kitty declared that it could n't be ten o'clock because she was not in bed.

"Well, you can go in and see for yourselves," said Aunt Carrie.

Sam walked into the sitting-room, and soon walked out again.

"It's the same old ten o'clock that it was this morning," said he. "That old clock has n't gone an inch."

"But something has gone more than an inch," said his mother. "Just after you left, I heard a snap and a crash of something falling. I expect the cord broke and the weight came tumbling down."

"I hope I have n't injured the dear old clock," said her sister.

Sam the Second arose from his seat and stood in front of his aunt.

"Aunt Carrie," said he, "let me give you a piece of advice: Never try to make anything—especially anything that is old—exert itself beyond its strength."



EASTER MORNING.

## SONGS OF SPRING.

[PART I.]

BY LUCY LARCOM.



HAT set the first poet singing? How came poetry to be thought of at all?

Have these questions ever come into your mind? The best way to get them answered is to go out into the woods or fields on a pleasant May morning,—anywhere among trees and flowers and running streams and caroling birds,—and just look and listen.

You will be very likely to feel as if poetry were trying to sing itself through you, as you hear it bub-

bling from the bird's throat, and lisped by the rippling brook.

I think that the birds were the very first poets. Certainly the sweetest poetry is like their singing,—free and fresh and natural,—the singer's soul pouring itself out in delight and rapture that nothing can repress.

Never does the unanswerable question, "What is poetry?" seem so foolish as it does in spring, when the air is laden with it,—when it floats upon the clouds, sifts through sunbeams and raindrops, and rises as incense from opening bud and bursting leaf and springing grass, and even from the brown earth itself.

Poetry? Why, you are living and breathing in it, and you can no more define it than you can define your own life. The beautiful smile of Nature is like the smile of a mother upon her child. How it gladdens the little one, who would be no wiser or happier for hearing a definition of its gladness, if there were one to be given! In the presence of the dear mother Nature we are all little children—happy in her beauty, and blessed with her blessedness, we know not how or why.

But if we cannot define poetry, we can recognize it, as we recognize a face or a voice that we love.

Wherever beauty, strength, or joy is springing to life from sweet and natural sources, there is poetry. It may be found elsewhere, and there may be poetry which never gets expressed, as gems may lie hidden in unopened mines; but there is enough of it around us to make us every day as glad as heart could wish.

And a morning in spring is like the re-opening of Nature's book of pictures and poems, the more charming to us because of the blank white leaves of winter we have been turning; left blank for us to fill up with the poetry of heart-and-home life, which is even more beautiful than any Nature can write upon her tinted pages.

When the winds of March begin to blow open the leaves of this delightful picture-book, young and old are newly alive with joy.

Yes, even March—the windy, blustering month, that everybody finds fault with—has a poetry of his own. He is the advance-guard of Spring; his noisy trumpeters announce her approach, and his hurrying tempests sweep the earth clean, to make ready for the green carpet upon which her beautiful footsteps are to fall.

We all have learned to welcome March, in the old rhyme which must have made itself, since



nobody appears to know just where it came from :

" March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers."

Wordsworth has a little poem about March, of which some lines run thus :

" The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun :  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising,—  
There are forty feeding like one."

That is March as it is in England, where the fields are green earlier than is usual with us.

How is it possible that out of the frozen brown earth even the smallest blossom should rise like a star, or bring up its little cup of perfume? How marvelous that the colorless and shapeless clods beneath our feet should be transformed into flowers by the magical touch of spring! No tale of enchantment was ever half so strange as that which we read in the unfolding leaves of every returning May.

There is only one thing more marvelous than this new creation which we behold around us, and that is ourselves, who are so made that we can enter into it and enjoy it all. You, little child, whoever you are, looking out into the most glorious landscape, can sing for yourself this song :

" Great, wide, beautiful world,  
With the wonderful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—  
World, you are beautifully drest !

" The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

" You friendly Earth, how far do you go,  
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,—  
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,  
And people upon you, for thousands of miles ?

" Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all.  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say :  
' You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot,—  
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot !'"

Very early in spring comes the bluebird, that Tennyson calls

" The sea-blue bird of March,"—

the bluebird, forerunner of the violet, which nestles in the grass, and, bird-like,

" Curves her throat  
Just as if she sat and sung ;"

and of the azure harebell of summer-time, which has always a fluttering, winged look, as if it were a shred of the sky, ready at any moment to take flight upward.

Oh! the birds and flowers are first cousins to one another! The birds are blossoms with wings, and the blossoms sing with the birds,—only their music is too fine for mortal ear to catch.

It must be that the flowers are glad to come up out of their underground cells,

" Where they together,  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house alone,"

as good George Herbert says, and look into human faces again.

Another writer puts it in this pretty way :

" In the snowing and the blowing,  
In the cruel sleet,  
Little flowers begin their growing  
Far beneath our feet.  
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerily,—  
' Darlings, are you here?'  
Till they answer, ' We are nearly,  
Nearly ready, dear.

" ' Where is Winter, with his snowing?  
Tell us, Spring,' they say.  
Then she answers, ' He is going,  
Going on his way.  
Poor old Winter does not love you,  
But his time is past ;  
Soon my birds shall sing above you—  
Set you free at last.'"

And you remember how

" Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground  
The sweet rustling sound  
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains,—  
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains ;"

and how, knowing that she was wished for, and waited for, and needed,

" Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,  
Through the brown mold,  
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,—  
Although the white snow lay in many a place ;"

and the rest of Daffy-down-dilly's wise sayings and doings, all which are worthy to be heeded.

As one after another of the wild flowers comes back to greet us, peeping out of the grass or reaching toward us from shrub or spray, we feel as we do when dear old friends return to us after long absence. The flowers are our friends truly ; for everything that has life in it is related to us in some way, and bears some message of love to us from Him without whom neither flowers nor human beings would be alive.

All true poets of nature have felt this, and ad-



dress the flowers as if they were companions, neighbors, or teachers.

Scarcely a more beautiful out-of-door poem of this kind ever has been written than Horace Smith's "Hymn to the Flowers," from which these verses are taken :

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,  
From loneliest nook.

"'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
& Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer."

The songs of spring are none the less enjoyable for being old,—very old indeed.



"THE WONDERFUL AIR IS OVER ME."

In Palestine, thousands of years ago, they welcomed her coming just as we do now. A poet-king of that country wrote, rejoicingly: "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Perhaps the violet has had more poems written about her than any flower except the rose. How can we help saying "her" of this lowly, sweet-breathed child of the meadow and road-side?

The air begins to be as sweet as if the breezes of another world were blown through ours, when the violets unfold. This, too, was noticed long ago. Shakspeare speaks of

"The sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."

And Christina Rossetti writes to-day :

"O wind, where have you been,  
That you blow so sweet?—  
Among the violets  
Which blossom at your feet.

"The honeysuckle waits  
For summer and for heat;  
But violets in the chilly spring  
Make the turf so sweet!"

Do you know Willis's "April Violets?" Here is a part of it. The delicate odor of the flowers seems to steal up to you as you read :

"I have found violets. April hath come on,  
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain  
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.  
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve  
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,  
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,  
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,  
Tells the release of waters, and the earth  
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves  
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know  
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard  
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.  
Take of my violets! I found them where  
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank  
That lean'd to running water. There's to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers,  
That touches me like poetry. They blow  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out  
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.  
I love to go in the capricious days  
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain  
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod  
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind."

Children who have long been grown up used to learn Jane Taylor's

"Down in a green and shady bed,  
A modest violet grew:"

and nearly everybody knows Wordsworth's

"Violet, by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye."

Barry Cornwall says this lovely thing about the violet :

"She comes, the first, the fairest thing  
That heaven upon the earth doth fling,  
Ere winter's star has set;  
She dwells behind her leafy screen,  
And gives as angels give, unseen,—  
The violet."

The New England flowers appear few and far between at first, as if they dreaded the east winds, for

"The spring comes slowly up this way."

Pussy-willows, furry mouse-ear, rock-saxifrage, hepatica, starry white blood-root, and anemones peep out one after another, or close together; and





by that time the fields are white as snow with innocence-bloom, or *Houstonia*. There are blue patches of violets on the hill-sides; the gold of the marsh-marigold lies scattered along the brook-margins, with the yellow adder-tongue nodding close by. Jack-in-the-pulpit sits hidden under his green canopy; the columbines and wild geraniums flutter their purple and scarlet along the wood-paths; and, by and by, the wild rose awakens. But then it is June, and we are talking of spring.

summer, long after most other birds are silent, or have flown away.

The songsters gather in throngs, with their gay or tender ballads, each so different from the rest,—wren, swallow, linnet, thrush, oriole,—and none of them dearer or merrier than the bobolink, the Robert Burns among bird-poets, whose warble follows the track of the plow, and ripples along the edges of the corn-field.

The song of the bobolink has often inspired



"REACHING TOWARD US FROM SHRUB OR SPRAY."

Faster than the flowers, come the birds. As early as the bluebird, honest Robin Redbreast and his wife are here, hopping up and down the garden-walk, turning their heads this way and that, as they consider their prospects for house-building. High in the leafless tree-top,—out of a snow-cloud sometimes,—you hear the song-sparrow's heavenly carol, so full of hope and gladness! The sweetest and one of the most social of our field-minstrels, he has a song for all seasons, and everybody who listens to him is charmed. It is a comfort to know that he is going to stay with us through mid-

human minstrels to emulation, with its rollicking, talkative note. Wilson Flagg has some bright, wide-awake verses about the "O'Lincoln Family," which take you right into the midst of a meadowful of these saucy little singers. And Bryant's charming "Robert of Lincoln" gives you the bird's manners, travels, and history, to perfection.

Many of you will have a chance to listen to the "merry note" of the bird itself before reading next month's continuation of "Songs of Spring." Meantime, if you have not the whole of Mr. Bryant's beautiful poem, you may at least enjoy this extract:

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink!  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee!"

"Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,  
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note:  
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink!  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee!"

"Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:  
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink!  
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee!"

"Modest and shy as a nun is she;  
One weak chirp is her only note.  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat:  
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink!  
Never was I afraid of man;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!  
Chee, chee, chee!"



## CÉCILE ET LULU.\*

PAR A. A. CHAPMAN.

"QUELLES sont ces drôles de marques noires, Cécile, que nous voyons partout sur les murs?"

"Des lettres, Lulu; ne les sais-tu pas?"

"Non, Cécile, personne ne me les a jamais apprises."

"Hélas! que tu as été négligée, ma pauvre petite! mais quand il faut travailler toute la journée pour gagner son pain, on ne trouve pas très-facilement l'occasion pour enseigner ou pour étudier. Moi-même j'ai beaucoup oublié de ce que je savais lorsque nous étions heureuses. Mais ce que je me rappelle encore, je te l'enseignerai, petit à petit, selon que je trouve le temps."

"Pourquoi sommes-nous si pauvres, Cécile?"

"C'est notre malheur, mon enfant: il faut le souffrir avec patience jusqu'à ce que le ciel nous envoie de meilleurs jours. Seulement, si nous pouvions trouver notre oncle, tous nos malheurs finiraient."

"Pourquoi n'allons-nous pas à sa recherche tout-de-suite, Cécile?"

"Mon enfant, je l'ai cherché partout jusqu'à ce que tout mon argent fût dépensé. Mais ne songeons plus à cela. Tu vas prendre une leçon, tu le sais.

Voici une affiche qui nous servira très-bien de livre de lecture."

"Cette lettre-ci," dit-elle en l'indiquant de son aiguille à tricoter, "s'appelle 'M.' Regarde-la bien; t'en souviendras-tu?"

"'M,'" répéta Lulu, je m'en souviendrai. 'M,' —je le sais déjà."

Et ainsi Cécile apprit à sa petite sœur les lettres M-A-I-S-O-N.

"Qu'est-ce que veut dire tout cela?" demanda enfin la petite Lulu.

"Ces lettres épèlent le mot *maison*—le vois-tu? M-a-i-s-o-n—*maison*. Mais voilà l'heure qui sonne. Je n'ai plus le temps de t'enseigner. Je dois aller à l'usine. Voici un petit panier de fruit que j'ai acheté pour ton goûter. Partons!"

"Oh, Cécile! ne me renferme pas dans cette pièce sombre et étroite! Je la déteste. Permets-moi de te suivre, ou bien laisse-moi ici, où je sens l'air frais, et où il y a quelquechose à voir, je t'en prie!"

"Me promets-tu de ne pas quitter ce lieu, pour t'égarer dans les rues?"

"J'y resterai jusqu'à ton retour, Cécile."

\* This little French story is for the benefit of our young readers who are studying French. All translations received before April 15 will be credited in the June number.

“Rappelle-toi, Lulu, que si je te perds, je serai toute seule au monde.”

“N’aie pas peur, Cécile, sois sûre j’en prendrai bien garde.”

“Je demande seulement que tu te tiennes où tu

revoir ces merveilles perdues, Lulu courut au coin, d’où elle regardait le long d’une large rue, bordée de magasins magnifiques, et remplie de belles voitures, d’enfants richement habillés, qui s’amusaient avec jolis jouets de toutes espèces, et d’une foule de ces petits drôles que nous appelons gamins.

Pendant quelques minutes, elle eût bien soin de ne pas perdre de vue le mot *maison*, qu’elle pouvait toujours entrevoir. Mais elle n’avait pas encore six ans, et d’ailleurs, elle était bien inexpérimentée, étant récemment venue de la campagne où elle fût née. C’est pourquoi il n’est pas très-surprenant qu’elle oubliât bientôt le mot, et qu’elle ne pensât plus qu’aux objets intéressants qu’elle avait sous les yeux.

Petit à petit, elle se rapprocha de ces merveilles, qui l’attiraient irrésistiblement par leur éclat, jusqu’à ce qu’elle eût complètement tourné le coin, et se trouva au milieu de son nouveau paradis.

Le temps se passa. De plus en plus entraînée par ces charmantes nouveautés, Lulu tourna beaucoup de coins, sans se rappeler combien, lorsque tout-à-coup l’heure sonna quand sa sœur avait l’habitude de revenir chez elle ! Ainsi éveillée de son rêve de plaisir, elle comprit qu’elle était perdue dans la grande ville sans savoir où diriger ses pas.

Triste et effrayée elle tourna coin après coin, traversa rue après rue, à chercher le lieu qu’elle avait quitté,

peux voir toujours le mot *maison*. Sois sage, mon enfant, et n’oublie pas ce que je t’ai enseigné—au revoir !”

Elle embrassa sa petite sœur, les larmes aux yeux, et s’en alla.

Lulu s’assit bien contente, et se mit à examiner le contenu de son panier ; ne songeant pas, heureusement, qu’il avait coûté le dîner à sa sœur. Mais son attention fut bientôt divertie de son occupation agréable par les diverses choses qui se passaient dans la rue. Elle les trouvait si nouvelles et si charmantes !

Enfin Lulu prit son goûter, puis elle relit deux ou trois fois le mot *maison* qu’elle venait d’apprendre, et puis elle commença à s’ennuyer de l’endroit où elle était, qui devint maintenant fort tranquille, car tout le monde avait tourné ce même coin de rue, qui lui semblait l’entrée dans un lieu mystérieux où se trouvaient toutes sortes de jolies choses. Pour

sans savoir comment le reconnaître si elle réussit à le retrouver, tant il y en avait qui lui ressemblait. Après beaucoup de détours, elle se souvint du mot *maison* qu’elle serait certaine de reconnaître et qu’elle résolut à chercher.

Enfin elle le revit sur un mur de l’autre côté de la rue.

“Ma maison !” s’écria-t-elle, “je l’ai retrouvée ; bientôt ma sœur me retrouvera.”

Un monsieur qui passait à ce moment, s’arrêta et dit :

“De quelle maison parles-tu, mon enfant ? Celle-ci est à moi.”

“Je parle du mot *maison*, que voici sur le mur.”

“Et peux-tu lire ce mot-là ?”

“Oui, monsieur, ma sœur me l’a appris.”

“Et comment s’appelle cette bonne sœur ?”

“Cécile.”



LA LEÇON.

"Et ton nom, petite?"

"Je m'appelle Lulu."

"Cécile et Lulu!" répéta le monsieur; puis il dit vivement: "Comment s'appelle ton père?"

"Mon père n'est plus. Il s'appela M. Henri Jolivet, mais —"

"Mon enfant," dit le monsieur d'une voix très-émuée, "tu as vraiment trouvé ta maison, car désormais c'est à toi, comme tout ce que j'ai au monde. Mon pauvre petit agneau perdue que j'ai vainement cherchée depuis si longtemps, viens dans mes bras,"—et il l'embrassa tendrement.

À ce moment une jeune fille, d'une mine effarée, tourna le coin d'un pas rapide.

"Oh, Lulu!" s'écria la nouvelle venue d'une voix impatientée, "comment as-tu pu être si méchante? Voilà plus d'une heure que je te cherche!"

"Mais pourquoi n'es-tu pas venue ici me chercher tout-de-suite?"

"De quoi parles-tu, Lulu? Ce n'est pas l'endroit où je t'ai laissée."

"Mais si, Cécile, ne vois-tu pas le mot *maison* que tu m'as enseigné?"

"Tu te trompes, Lulu, c'est le même mot, mais c'est un autre lieu."

"Elle ne se trompe pas," dit le monsieur, "c'est le lieu qu'elle devait trouver. Ne me connais-tu pas, Cécile?"

Elle le regarda fixement un instant, puis elle poussa un cri: "Mon oncle!"

Lulu sait maintenant lire, écrire et faire beaucoup d'autre choses; mais elle n'oubliera jamais la leçon que sa sœur lui avait donnée et qui avait un résultat si heureux!

## FOURTH MONTH DUNCE.

By H. M. M.

THE curious custom of joking on the first of April, sending the ignorant or the unwary on fruitless errands, for the sake of making them feel foolish and having a laugh at them, prevails very widely in the world. And whether you call the victim a "Fourth month dunce," an "April fool," an "April fish" (as in France), or an "April gowk" (as in Scotland), the object, to deceive him and laugh at him, is everywhere the same.

The custom has been traced back for ages; all through Europe, as far back as the records go. The "Feast of Fools" is mentioned as celebrated by the ancient Romans. In Asia the Hindoos have a festival, ending on the 31st of March, called the "Huli festival," in which they play the same sort of first of April pranks,—translated into Hindoo,—laughing at the victim, and making him a "Huli fool." It goes back even to Persia, where it is supposed to have a beginning, in very ancient times, in the celebration of spring, when their New Year begins.

How it came to be what we everywhere find it, the wise men cannot agree. The many authorities are so divided, that I see no way but for us to accept the custom as we find it, wherever we may happen to be, and be careful not to abuse it.

Some jokes are peculiar to particular places. In England, where it is called All Fools' Day, one favorite joke is to send the greenhorn to a bookseller



A VICTIM TO THE "STRAP OIL" JOKE.

to buy the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Grandmother," or to a cobbler to buy a few cents' worth of "strap oil,"—strap oil being, in the language of the shoe-making brotherhood, a personal appli-

cation of the leather. The victim usually gets a good whipping with a strap.

There was an old superstition in England that prayers to the Virgin at eight o'clock on All Fools' Day would be of wonderful efficacy, and it is seriously mentioned by grave writers of old days.

In Scotland the first of April fun is called "hunting the gowk," and consists most often of sending a person to another a long way off, with a note which says, "Hunt the gowk another mile." The recipient of the note gives him a new missive to still another, containing the same words; and so the sport goes on, till the victim remembers the day of the month, and sits down to rest and think about it.

In France, where the custom is very ancient, the jokes are much the same; but the victim is called an "April fish," because he is easily caught. In one part of France there is a custom of eating a certain kind of peas which grow there, called *pois chiches*. The joke there is to send the peasants to a certain convent to ask for those peas, telling them that the fathers are obliged to give some to every one who comes on that day. The joke is as much

on the monks as on the peasants, for there is often a perfect rush of applicants all day.

A more disagreeable custom prevails in Lisbon on the first of April, when the great object is to pour water on passers-by, or, failing in that, to throw powder in their faces. If both can be done, the joker is happy.

I need not tell you the American styles of joking: nailing a piece of silver to the side-walk; tying a string to a purse, and jerking it away from greedy fingers; leaving tempting-looking packages, filled with sand, on door-steps; frying doughnuts with an interlining of wool; putting salt in the sugar-bowl, etc. You know too many already.

But this custom, with others, common in coarser and rougher times, is fast dying out. Even now it is left almost entirely to playful children and the uneducated classes. This sentiment, quoted from an English almanac of a hundred years ago, will, I'm sure, meet the approval of "grown-ups" of the nineteenth century:

"But 'tis a thing to be disputed,  
Which is the greatest fool reputed,  
The one that innocently went,  
Or he that him designedly sent."



## PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THIRZA'S HOUSEKEEPING.



HE minister's wife was n't well. The doctor said she needed rest and a change. The sea-air would do her good.

"You must go to Boston and visit Matilda," said the minister.

"Who'd take care of the house?" asked she.

"I would," said Thirza, boldly. "I am 'most eleven; I can keep house!"

"Who'd take care of us?" asked Pattikin.

"I would," said her father. "Mother would take the baby, of course, and I hope I'm to be trusted with the rest."

"Who'd make the bread?" asked Seth.

Now, raised bread was yet one of the mysteries to Thirza. She could mix up biscuit, and had a general idea how a good many other things were done, but not much experience in doing them. Nevertheless, her ambition was fired at the thought of being mistress of the house, and she answered, but not so boldly: "I would; mother could tell me how. Oh! I shall get along first-rate, I know. I like to keep house."

Her experience in that line was limited to such half days as her mother had been able to devote to parish visiting.

So it was decided that the minister's wife should spend at least four weeks in Boston.

There were endless instructions given to Thirza—so many, indeed, that when she came to want them she could remember scarcely one.

How desolate the house seemed, when having caught the last possible glimpse of the stage, the minister and his children went in! They looked at the empty "mother's chair," and then at the empty cradle, and then, rather wistfully, at one another, as a homesick feeling began to creep over them. Then the minister boldly lifted the cradle and set it in the farthest corner of the room.

"It's quite a decent-sized kitchen," said he, in a cheerful tone, "when the cradle is out of the way; and Robbie will soon be old enough to do without it."

The spell thus broken, every one instantly felt their courage rise and their spirits revive.

"I can get the dinner, father," said Thirza. "It's only boiled meat and vegetables, and I've

often prepared them for mother. Tilda will help, and we shall not need anybody else."

"That's my brave little woman!" said her father; and after a few cheery words to Pattikin and the boys, he went off to the study, to come out no more till dinner was on the table.

Thirza remembered, as soon as he was out of sight, that her mother had said she would better ask him to get out the meat for her.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "I guess I can get it well enough. I won't call him back."

Tilda went down cellar with her to hold the lamp. By vigorous pulling, Thirza got a piece of corned beef up from the brine and into her pan. Then she had to run up and warm her fingers; the brine was so cold!

She washed the meat in warm water a good while to get her fingers warm. Looking up at the clock she saw that it was nearly eleven.

"It's time it was in; mother always boils it a long time, I know," said she, and plumped it into the pot, which she half filled with cold water.

"Now for some pork," said she. "Oh, how I hate to put my hands into cold brine again!"

But she went down, and took off the lid of the pork barrel, and lifted out the stone that held the meat down. After feeling about in the brine for a while, she got hold of a piece of pork. She could only get a very little hold, because it was packed in so tightly, and her fingers would slip off, and the pork would n't come up.

"Oh dear! oh dear! my fingers are freezing! What shall I do? I'll take the carving-knife and pry it up!"

She ran up for the carving-knife, and stopped a little to warm her fingers again. Then she went back and pried at the pork with the knife.

"Crack!" and the minister's folks had for a carving-knife only a broken blade, and a handle with a piece about two inches long. Thirza sat down on the potato bin and cried.

"Never mind," said Tilda, who was getting the potatoes, "I guess carving-knives don't cost very much. Pa'll get another, I know."

Thirza was pretty sure it would cost much. But she dried her eyes, and prepared for another plunge for the pork. She tugged away again with no better success.

"I would n't get any pork to-day," said Tilda. "Mother does n't, always."

So Thirza concluded she would n't try any more



to get the pork up, but would get the cabbages and beets and potatoes on as soon as she could.

When she got upstairs again it was half-past eleven and the pot was n't boiling.

"What's the matter that it does n't boil yet?" said she, puckering her forehead into little wrinkles.

"I guess the fire's 'most out," said Tilda.

The fire was not only almost, but altogether, out.

They hurried to rebuild it, and at twelve the pot began to boil. It stopped, though, when they put in the vegetables. But it began again soon.

Then Thirza and Tilda set the table.

At half-past twelve their father came out to dinner. The table was all ready. The bread was cut, and the glasses filled with water. The pot was yet boiling on the stove, with a cheerful bubbling, and things looked very promising.

"Dinner 'most ready?" asked the minister, rubbing his hands together before the fire.

"I guess so, father!" said Thirza, cheerfully. Then, recollecting her accident, she said, with a trembling voice, "I broke the carving-knife, father."

"Broke the carving-knife?" said he, looking concerned. "How did you break it?"

Thirza explained about the pork. Her father looked at the knife, put the two pieces together, and then, as they would n't stay so, laid them down on the sink-board, and, taking a fork, lifted the lid of the dinner-pot. Just then Seth, Samuel, Simon, Sandy, and Pattikin came in to dinner.

"You did n't call us, Mrs. Housekeeper," said Seth, "so we took the liberty to come. Hope no offense, mum!"

"I did n't call you, because dinner was n't ready," said Thirza. "The potatoes don't seem to be quite done. How blue you look, Patty! Come to the fire. It's growing colder, is n't it?"

"Guess 't is!" said Pattikin, warming her fat fingers. "Going to have another winter, I s'pose."

"I should think so," said Thirza. "It's the last of March now."

The minister was trying the potatoes and meat, with his fork, to see how nearly they were done.

"The meat seems very hard; what time did you put it on, Thirza?"

"It got to boiling about half-past, I believe," said Thirza.

"Half-past ten?" said her father.

"No, sir; half-past eleven," said Thirza. She really thought it was but little later than that, for she had n't kept watch of the clock.

Her father laughed. "I might have known it would n't get done," said he. "The stage went at a quarter past ten. I know your mother boils the meat almost all the forenoon."

"What shall we do?" said Thirza, looking in dismay toward the group of impatient brothers.

Her father opened the cellar door and took down a great ham that hung in the cellar-way, and began to cut it with the bread knife, after he had whetted it a minute or so. At this sight the faces of the whole family grew brighter.

Thirza tried the potatoes once more. They were done now, and by the time she had peeled them, the cabbage was done and the ham was cooked. The beets seemed as hard as ever, but that was no matter. They were left to boil with the beef, while the family sat down to their dinner.

"I hope things wont go so every day," said Thirza, looking up at the clock, which told a quarter past one.

"I hope so, too," said Seth. "Though all is well that ends well."

## CHAPTER VII.

### MORE OF THIRZA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

SUPPER went off well enough. There was plenty of bread, and a gingerbread, baked yesterday.

Breakfast went pretty well, too, only that there was a little too much soda in the johnny-cake, which gave it a greenish hue.

"There is n't bread enough left for dinner," said Thirza, after breakfast was over. "I guess I'd better put some to rising."

"It will not get raised to bake for dinner," said her father. "You need n't expect it. You can make biscuit, can't you?"

"Yes, sir. I'll bake biscuit for dinner, then. The bread will get raised for supper, I suppose."

"I should think so; though it seems to me your mother puts it to rise the night before. I'm not sure, but I have some such impression."

"Sometimes she does, and sometimes she does n't," said Seth. "I know, for I've seen her."

It was a relief that somebody knew, for Thirza only "believed," and Tilda "could n't be sure," and a great deal depended on the raised bread. Thirza could n't keep such a family on biscuits.

"You'd better set it going just as soon as possible, Thirza."

Thirza ran down to the cellar and brought up the jug in which her mother kept the yeast.

"The cork is tied down with a string, and the knot is a hard one. Wont you untie it, father?"

The minister gave the jug a shake or two, saying: "There seems to be plenty in it. That's a good thing, for I am afraid we should n't be equal to making yeast. I wonder why she ties it down that way?" said he, as he picked at the knot.

He soon found out why. The knot being untied and the cork loosened a little —

Bang! It went clear to the ceiling overhead,

while a stream of yeast followed, flowing over upon the minister's hands, on the table and on the floor.

"Get a pan!—quick!—we're losing it all!" he exclaimed. A pan being brought, the overflowing was directed into that and saved.

"Well, really! your mother is a remarkable housekeeper! That's what I call lively yeast. Do you know how much to use?"

"Yes, sir; a cupful. Mother told me." And Thirza proceeded immediately to mix the bread.

cutter. Thirza was very happy about the work, and sang all the time she was doing it.

When they were in the oven, she began to set the table, still singing.

"Have you looked at your biscuits since you put them in?" asked Tilda, presently. "The fire is pretty hot. Perhaps they will burn."

Thirza hurried to the oven. "What in the world ails them?" said she, with the little fretful wrinkles puckering her forehead all at once.



MAKING READY TO BOIL THE MEAT.

"I suppose this ought to be tied down again," said her father. "But I shall be careful how I open it next time."

Thirza's bread rose like a puff. In fact, it was ready for a second mixing just as she began to get dinner.

"I can't attend to it now, anyway," said she. "It will have to wait."

Tilda chopped meat and vegetables for a hash, while Thirza made biscuits. It was fun to mix and mold and cut them out with the pretty round cake-

"Are they burned?" asked Tilda, looking over her shoulder into the oven.

"No; but they're such nasty, flat, black looking little things! They don't rise a bit like mother's," said Thirza, wrathfully. "I put everything in just exactly as she told me"—still surveying the cakes with a frown. "Why *don't* they rise?"

"I'd shut the door and let them be a while longer. May be they will, by and by," said Tilda, comfortingly.



Thirza shut the door, looking discontented enough; for she had no hope of the cakes rising by and by. "I don't care if they burn black now," she said.

She resumed her work of setting the table, but not her singing. She had used one of the drinking-cups to mix soda in. She went to the pantry for it, as there were not enough without it. There was a little water in the bottom. She poured it out. As she did so, some white powder stuck to the cup.

"What's this, I wonder!" And then it all came to her in a minute. She had never put the soda in at all. She leaned her head against the old wooden pump and cried a little. It was such a little bit of forgetting that should cause her such trouble! Then she went and looked into the oven again, but mournfully, hopelessly, as at something quite spoiled and lost.

Then she thought of the long table full of hungry, disappointed children. Would there be hash enough? A mountain weight of care seemed settling down upon her heart. She visited the bread-box. There was a little old bread and a few bits of cold johnny-cake. She arranged these on a plate, and then took out her biscuit, and put them on a plate. They were as heavy as her poor little heart, and her poor little heart was like lead in her bosom. They were sour, too, and had got quite brown, being left in the oven so long.

"I don't believe they will be very bad," said Tilda, in a vain attempt to cheer her sister. "There—the hash is done. I'm going to call father."

She called him, and then ran out to the barn where the boys were working, to call them, too.

The minister came out, cheerful and smiling. He noticed Thirza's downcast face, and naturally looked at the dinner-table to find out the cause.

"Bad luck with the biscuits, my little maid? What ails them? They are a *leele* poor, I am afraid, taking up one, and breaking it in halves, and testing it by taste and smell.

"They are n't fit to eat! I'm so sorry! I forgot to put in my soda!" said Thirza, crying again.

"Oh, well! never mind! If you know what was the trouble, it is n't half so bad as it might be, because you will have them all right next time," said her father, encouragingly. "Don't cry. We'll get along with the hash and the cold bread."

"There's all these is!" said Thirza, disconsolately.

The boys, having been privately admonished by Tilda, made no complaint. They were a hungry little set, and even the leaden cakes went down, and were converted into good rosy blood and sturdy

sinews, causing never a twinge of dyspepsia. Their father dined on hash and cold johnny-cake, telling his most amusing stories all the time to cheer Thirza, whose heart grew sensibly lighter as the biscuits disappeared, though she could n't eat much.

After dinner Seth followed her into the pantry, and said: "Anything will do to eat, Mrs. Housekeeper, if you'll only keep a jolly face. But look as doleful as you do to-day, and we shall all be crying for mother. Can I help you any?"

"Oh, Seth! I'm so tired of being housekeeper! I never can stand it four weeks! I work all the time, and then I can't make things decent. I wish I might never have to get another dinner!"

Seth put his arms round her and kissed away the tears, and promised to come up to the house an hour before dinner to-morrow and help; and if things did n't turn out well, the responsibility should be his.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

AFTER the boys were gone, the minister came out into the kitchen. He wore a very droll face, and went straight to the row of nails behind the pantry door, where a big linen apron hung, and tied it round his waist.

"Now you'll see how a minister can cook! I've finished my sermon, and I am going to help you this afternoon. If we get our work done in season, we'll have a ride before supper. What is there to do, Mrs. Housekeeper?"

Thirza actually laughed to see her father with a kitchen apron on, setting about housework.

"Come," said he, "lay out the work, and then we'll divide it up, and get it done in no time." And he looked intent upon business.

"Well," said Thirza, "in the first place there's this bread to mold. It ought to have been done before, but I could n't, because you see it was dinner-time. I'm afraid it's sour."

"Well, what else? I want the work all before my mind, so I can go at it intelligently."

"All these dishes to wash. Tilda can do them. Then there's that basketful of clothes. Mother had n't time to iron them, and I meant to have done it yesterday; but the day slipped away somehow, and I did n't get it done. And we've nothing for supper. I suppose mother would make apple pies, and I would if I knew how; but everything she told me seems to have gone out of my head."

"Oh, I know how to make a pie," said Tilda. "You just cut up the apples and roll out the crust and put it in and put sugar on it, and cover it up with the other crust and bake it. It's just as easy!"

"But the crust—how do you make the crust?" said the minister.

"With lard and flour and water—or milk, I forget which," said Tilda.

"Any soda?" asked Thirza. Tilda did n't know.

"We will try, anyway. We are not going four

we will all go for a grand drive while the pies are cooling."

The bread ought to have been good, after such a vigorous molding as it got at the minister's hands. And when it was in the pans, it did rise in a wonderfully short space of time. Tilda washed dishes



LEARNING HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

weeks without an apple pie!" said her father. "If we fail the first time, we'll try again, and keep trying till we get it right. I'll mold the bread and make the pies. You, Thirza, shall do the ironing, and Tilda can wash the dishes. Then

with marvelous zeal and rapidity, and Thirza so far forgot her troubles that she hummed a little over her ironing-board. It was such an inspiration to have father working with them.

As for the pies, the minister shortened and sweet-

ened and spiced as if he had always been used to it. He made crust enough for five or six, so he had to send for more apples; but Tilda brought them from the cellar, and pared and sliced, and at last they were all in the oven.

It was encouraging to see four great loaves of new bread arrayed on the pantry shelves, and the pies beside them. The little girls went off to ride with light hearts.

They came home in fine spirits, but the minister noticed Thirza's flushed face and slow movements.

"We ought to divide up the work," said he; "I see that the girls have too much on their hands. How many things are there, Thirza, that have to be done every day?"

"Oh, no end!" said Thirza, laughing. "I could n't begin to tell them. A great many of them are such little things, and only take a few minutes."

"And yet, altogether, they keep you at work about all day, don't they? Tell all you can think of, large or small."

Thirza began, and the minister took his note-book from his pocket and wrote them down. There was quite a long list.

"Then I know there are other things that are always needing to be done once or twice a week, but which don't come regularly every day," said he; "let us have a list of these also."

Thirza began again, and again quite a long list was the result.

"Now, we each can take upon ourselves a part of these duties, and not be heavily burdened either. In the first place, let every one make his own bed, and take care of his room. It is very easy work, and it will not hurt a boy to know how to do such work properly. I think I can make mine up so handsomely as to be a pattern for you. At any rate, I'll try, and if Seth can put me to shame, the girls may cheer him roundly."

"Then I will take it upon myself," he resumed, after a moment's consultation of his note-book, "to see that the lamps are filled and kept in order. Seth may cut the meat, and bring up the vegetables for dinner, every morning, before he goes out to his work. Samuel may sweep down the chamber stairs, and the front entry, and steps. Simon may see that both pails are filled with water, and the wood-box with wood."

"Why, I always do that!" said Simon.

"I thought you forgot it, sometimes," said Thirza, mildly; "and I forget to tell you, so I have to run for wood pretty often, some days."

"If I forget again I'll eat raw potatoes for my dinner," said Simon, resolutely. "But give me some other work, too."

"I will give you nothing else for every-day," said his father, "but twice a week, say Tuesday and Friday evenings, you may bring up a pan of apples, and pare them for me to make pies next day. You and Sandy have to churn twice a week already, so I think that will be your share of the work."

"And I'll help cut the apples," said Sandy.

"Father, we can't trust him!" said Thirza. "He never thinks to wash his hands, and —"

Sandy had a quick temper, and he flared up at once.

"You better not say much about that, Miss Taze, when you forgot to put something or other in the biscuits, and made 'em real bad and sour, yourself."

"Hush, Sandy! For shame! Thirza didn't say that to provoke you, but because it was a solemn and awful fact," said Seth, "and necessary to be taken into consideration."

Sandy showed signs of another outbreak at this, but his father interposed.

"There, Sandy! that will do. I will tell you what your work shall be. You can grind the coffee for Thirza every morning, and Saturdays you may sweep out the shed-room. That will be your share."

"And now mine!" said Pattikin.

"I will teach you to set the table for me, if you will be in the house at the right time," said Thirza.

"I truly will!" said Pattikin.

"And you know the dusting is always your work, only you are 'most always out-doors when it ought to be done," continued Thirza.

"I'm truly goin' to stay in my house all the morning for future to come!" said Pattikin. "You need n't laugh, 'cause I'll do it, see if I don't."

"It's quite time Pattikin was making herself useful!" said the minister. "She's been a plaything a good while. So if the chairs are found covered with dust at dinner-time, nobody shall be blamed but Patty. Nobody must do it for her, or remind her. And she may learn to set the table, too. Mother will be pleased when she comes to see that her little gypsy girl has turned into a neat little housemaid. We all will begin our new tasks to-morrow, and Saturday we must write to mother, and tell her how we are getting along."

"I'm sure Tilda and I will not have hard work to do what is left; you have taken so much off our hands," said Thirza, gratefully.

"I guess it was my bed-time 'bout 'leven hours ago," said Pattikin, gaping; on which hint she was bundled off to bed with small ceremony. And it was not long before the rest followed, for they kept early hours in Pattikin's house.

(To be continued.)



# Illuminated Texts.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THERE are two ways in which texts can be illuminated. You can buy a square or oblong of perforated paper at a fancy-shop, with the text outlined upon it in pale gray, and, with floss and split zephyr worsteds, you can work the letters, shade them, and produce very pretty effects. Or you can take a bit of Bristol board, measure and sketch your own letters, and make them of any beautiful colors you like with a camel's hair brush and water-paints. Some people practice still a third method with oil-paints and a wooden panel; but this is more difficult, and so few of you boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS have oil-paints, or know how to use them, that it is not worth our while to speak further on this method. Neither is it worth while to say much about the first way, for however pretty the perforated embroidery may look when it is done, and however neat the stitches may be, it can never have the freedom or value of a text done in the second way; nor can the doing of it ever give the same pleasure. Still, since some of you may like to try it, I will add that all the rules for grouping and distributing the colors, according to their symbolic meanings, apply to the embroidered as well as to the painted illuminations, and it will be quite safe to follow them in laying out your work.

## TEXTS PAINTED IN WATER-COLOR.

The paints absolutely necessary for illuminating purposes are four in number: Black, white, vermilion, and cobalt, or ultramarine blue. Most paint-boxes contain these four; but for any of you who do not happen to have a paint-box, I would recommend buying what are called the "half-moist" colors, which are the pleasantest and easiest to use. Buy half a cake of each of those mentioned, and, besides, lemon yellow, carmine, gamboge, Prussian blue, and burnt-umber. If you want to make your list very complete, you may add sepia, sap-green, rose-madder, cadmium, neutral tint, and violet carmine; but these are luxuries, not necessities, and you can do very well without them. Gold and silver paints are, however, indispensable. The best are those which come in tiny shells or

saucers; but these are also the most costly. A good substitute is the preparation known as "Bessemer's Gold." It is a fine dry powder, sold in small bottles, with larger bottles of a liquid which dissolves it, the price of the two bottles being seventy-five cents. They last a long time, and are much cheaper than the little shells, which cost twenty cents apiece, and barely hold gold enough for a single capital letter.

The Bristol board should be thick and smooth. A pale tint of gray or cream is better in most cases than white. Two brushes are needed, a large and a small, besides a third brush kept exclusively for the gold paint. For other implements, you will want only a lead pencil and ruler; but, above all, you want that care and patience so indispensable for producing anything really fine, delicate, or worth having. There is no royal road to anything, remember. All our little successes must be earned step by step, slowly and faithfully, with nothing shirked, nothing hurried, and we must be willing to give the time which is needed to make each step perfect in its way before we pass on to another.

After the materials, the next thing to be considered is the design. Pretty patterns for letters can be picked up almost anywhere—from signs, newspaper headings, book-covers, or the ornamental work in churches. A little practice will make it easy to vary and combine them. There is a "Book of Alphabets" also, published by Mr. Prang of Boston, which it would not be a bad idea for boys and girls who live near each other to club for and buy. Its price is two dollars and a half; it contains an alphabet of capitals in color, and of small letters in a dozen different styles, ancient and modern, and is a great help to young beginners.

The first step after trimming the Bristol board to its proper size, is to measure the spaces and draw parallel lines, between which the letters can be sketched in with lead pencil. Make the pencil lines *very light*, that they may not show through the color. Next, paint in all the small letters, being careful to keep the edges neat and distinct, to dot the i, and to add the commas and period. A mix-



ure of white with the other paints makes it much easier to put them in smoothly. This mixture is known to artists as "body color." After the small letters are finished and shaded, paint the capitals in the same way; and, last of all, add the gold and the ornamental touches, the flowers, vines, arabesques, and little hints of contrast, which add so much to the richness of the effect. I cannot tell you what colors to use, or what designs, for these depend on your own taste and fancy, and every worker must make them out for himself. But if you begin with simple things,—with a single line, for instance,—a line which says something brave or sweet, or comforting (the Bible is full of such lines), painting it in plain gray letters, shaded on one edge with black, and one vivid capital in scarlet, or blue and gold, you will have done a valuable and delightful thing; and going on little by little, your powers will increase, till by and by you produce work which is beautiful for its own sake as well as for that of the thought which it enshrines.

I will add a list of rules for the choice and placing of the colors. Every color has a meaning; did you know that? and there are certain words which must always be painted in certain colors, and no other.

#### GENERAL RULES FOR COLORING.

*Rule 1.* Capitals and initials should always be of a different color, or ornamented differently, from other letters of the text.

*Rule 2.* Letters belonging to words which do not begin with a capital must all be of one color.

*Rule 3.* It is not necessary that all the letters should be shaded, but the shaded letters in the same sentence should be shaded on the same side. Black or dark brown shading makes a red letter appear more brilliant. If one letter in a sentence is lightened with gold or bright color, the other letters must be lightened to correspond.

*Rule 4.* Never paint an unimportant word in a striking color.

*Rule 5.* Sacred names, such as Christ, God, Lord, Savior, Creator, should always be painted in red, black and gold. The letters I. H. S. should also be in red, black and gold, and all personal pronouns referring to Deity, such as Him, His, Thy, Thine, must be in the same colors, which are called *canonical*.

*Rule 6.* Do not use these colors combined except in words denoting the Deity, or pronouns referring

to Him. Ever since the first gospel was illuminated this rule has been observed, red being used to signify love, and sometimes also creative power; gold, to signify glory; and black, awe or majesty. If you notice, you will find these colors constantly used in the decoration of churches.

*Rule 7.* It is not desirable to use gold and silver in the same word. Never put a blue letter next to a purple or green one. Gold harmonizes with all colors.

#### MEANINGS OF COLORS.

Various nations hold traditions about the meanings of colors. Even our North American Indians have ideas upon this subject, and, strangely enough, these traditions agree in the main all the world over. These are some of them:

Red is the color of life and happiness. It is from this idea that the expression "Red-Letter Days" comes.

Blue is the color of heaven, and should be used for words which denote heavenly things, such as piety, truth, constancy, divine contemplation.

Yellow or gold means not only glory, but faith, goodness, marriage.

Green symbolizes spring, youth, mirth, hope in immortality; also victory, as in the palm and laurel, which are emblems of a conqueror.

Violet means suffering.

Gray, the color of ashes, means humility, mourning, and penitence.

Purple was the color of pomp and royal state. Kings and emperors allowed this color to be used in churches, otherwise it would have been sacred to imperial use. In former days, princes, even in their cradles, wore this color, hence the phrase "Born in the purple."

White denotes innocence, light, faith, joy, religious purity. Sometimes silver is employed in place of white.

Black typifies night, darkness, death, sin, mourning, and *negation*. It is proper to use black in such words as no, never, not, nevermore.

You understand that I do not prescribe these colors to be used always exactly after these rules; but it is well to know the rules, and, as they may be helpful to some of you, I give them. The best rule is *taste*, and that is a thing that grows by using. So don't be discouraged, any of you, if you chance not to succeed the first time, but remember Robert Bruce and the spider, and "Try, try again."

## APRIL SNOW.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"WHAT do you say to the snow to-day?"

"Oh, the robins and roses are coming.  
For South-wind and Sun will find the old way;  
And the brown bees soon be humming.

"You've had your revel—you've had your day!  
Oh, snow, it is time for leaving!

For never 'round paths of warm, sweet May  
Should the winter's ghost be grieving!"

"What do you say to the snow to-day?"

"Oh, the red in the maples is glowing,  
If still in the heart of old woods you delay  
The pale anemone's blowing.

"You've held your revel—you've had your day,  
To the tune of the North-winds' humming;

But there never was June yet that lost her way,  
And the robins and roses are coming!"

## THE FOX AND THE TABLET.

BY P. HOWARD.

A TABLET, from Boston, with wise thoughts of Mr. Emerson engraved upon its hard substance, while lying by the road-side, saw a fox passing by.

the thoughts I bear, than all your experience and cunning added together."

"That *may* be very true," replied the fox, "but



"Ho! you poor creature!" cried the tablet, filled with an exalted opinion of its own wisdom, "men call you wise and cunning, do they? Behold me! I have more wisdom in one sentence of

recollect, if you please, that my wisdom is original, and my own, while yours are the thoughts and ideas of another, and only impressed upon you by vast labor at that."



## CASPAR DEANE AND THE "CINNAMON."

BY C. D. CLARK.



CASPAR DEANE lived in California, upon the border of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He had been brought up in this wild region, for his father, when a young man, had been one of the miners who drifted from the old "States" when gold was first discovered in California, in the year 1849. Mr. Deane had tried mining in every shape, and had

at last satisfied himself that it did not pay very well after all, and that steady labor at fair wages was the best method for getting rich. He was a man who made up his mind slowly, but when he *had* decided, did not easily change. He worked for two years in a quartz-crushing mill, running the stationary engine by which the machinery was moved. He saved money and soon had a thousand dollars in the bank at Marysville. One day he detected a leak in the "battery" through which the gold passes after being separated from the quartz. It was a very small leak, perhaps a quantity of "dust" equal in size to a bean might have passed out each day since the leak started. He went to the superintendent of the mine, and told him what he had seen.

"Nonsense, Mr. Deane," he said, "how much gold do you think could be lost through a leak of that size?"

"Will you give me permission to wash out for my own benefit the clay under the battery?" Mr. Deane asked.

"Of course; but you will only waste your time."

Mr. Deane said nothing more; but when his six hours of duty were over, and another engineer and fireman came to relieve him at the engine, he borrowed a wheelbarrow, and took four or five heavy loads of sand and clay from beneath the battery. He scraped this dirt up clean, for he knew that gold was heavy and would work through any soil except hard pan. The men looked on and laughed as they saw him at the work, but were not so scornful when he had washed fourteen hundred dollars in gold-dust from the heap of earth taken out. With this money and that which he had in the bank, he purchased and stocked a ranch—as a farm is called on the Pacific coast—of about two hundred acres, in the bottom lands above the Yuba River. He had been a farmer in New York State, and knew the best land to choose for stock-raising. He wanted grass, water and shade, and a better

plot than he had selected could not have been found in that region. Then he found a wife, which was easily done, for a certain pretty girl in Marysville had promised to wait for him until he was ready to establish a home. When his house was built he went to Marysville, and was married; and the two took their horses and rode away, under the beautiful Californian sky, to their home in the shadow of the snowy mountains. Starting at the right time, Mr. Deane grew rich, and at last became one of the most extensive stock ranchers in that part of the State. He had added to his farm year by year until he had nearly fifteen hundred acres of the best land. He raised cattle and horses for the San Francisco and Sacramento markets; and every year great droves from his corrals went down to Marysville, and thence down the Yuba to the sea.

He had two children—the older a boy called Caspar, who was a sort of prince upon his father's land. In stock ranches a great many hands are employed, mostly Mexicans and native Californians. Some of these attend to the cattle, but the Californians in general prefer to work among the horses. Caspar grew up among these rude men, seeing only the miners who made his father's house a stopping-place at times; and it is a wonder that he turned out so fine a boy as he became. But he had a good mother, and a father who knew when and how to stop him in any wrong act. He did not allow his vaqueros and stockmen to use profane language before the boy, and *they* knew that their time on "Deane's Ranch" was short if they disobeyed him. Mr. Deane, for the present, attended personally to Caspar's schooling, for he himself had had a good common-sense education. Maggie, his little daughter, the delight of Caspar's heart, was a sweet little thing, twelve years old when Caspar was fifteen—the date at which Caspar met with the adventure about to be related.

In the foot-hills, a few miles back from his father's ranch, was an elevated table-land, which was the favorite hunting-ground of the people of that vicinity. Living, as he did, upon the border of civilization, Caspar had early learned the use of a gun, and at fifteen years of age few could beat him at a quick shot. One morning in the wet season, Mr. Deane, having business across the foot-hills, invited Caspar to go with him, and, as Maggie pleaded hard, she was allowed to go too.

The vaquero, José, quickly brought their horses. Caspar was at home in the saddle, and even Maggie

was a good rider, for at that time every one on a ranch in California early learned to ride. Mr. Deane rode a large gray "American" horse, as Californians term an animal brought from the East; Caspar, a light-colored mustang, which he had named Fleetfoot,—a fiery animal, but one which Caspar knew how to manage; while Maggie had a beautiful white pony which had been trained especially for her use.

They cantered away past the stock corrals and sheep runs, stockmen's huts and the cabins of squatters, Caspar riding at the right hand of his father and Maggie at the left. They passed the mill where Mr. Deane had made his lucky strike, and Caspar looked seriously at the sand and clay, wondering whether he could do as well as his father had done if he chose to try. A solemn-faced Chinaman, with a big umbrella-hat and a long pig-tail, was washing clothes by the side of the road, and looked up with a sickly grin.

"How are you, John?" asked Caspar, who knew the man.

"Ah!" said the Chinaman, "I welly good all 'ee time; how you?"

"I'm first-rate, John," replied Caspar; "I'm going through the foot-hills with father, and if I get more game than I want, you shall have some. How will you like that?"

"Welly good," said John, with the same meaningless smile. "You no got gun; how can shoot when no have gun?"

"My gun is down to Ranger's," Caspar explained; "I'm going to get it as I go down."

Ranger kept a store a short distance below the mill, and Caspar rode up to the door and shouted to a boy inside, who quickly brought out a handsome rifle, with bullet-pouch and powder-flask.

"It takes you a great while to get ready, Caspar," said Mr. Deane. "What do you mean to do with your rifle?"

"I'll tell you, father. You are going across the table-land, and Job Fisher tells me that it is just running over with game now. I want you to leave me there and take Maggie with you wherever you are going, and I'll have a load of hares and grouse before you get back."

"That is the reason you brought the gun, is it?" asked Mr. Deane, smiling. "Suppose I should refuse to let you stop there alone?"

"Then," said Caspar, looking blank for a moment, "I suppose I would give it up and go with you."

Mr. Deane did n't know that he had any objections to his son's having a hunt, only adding: "You must promise to be careful."

"I'll be very careful, father."

They were now riding through the passes of the

foot-hills, as the elevations of land always seen at the bases of mountain chains are named. Up they went through range after range, each somewhat higher and steeper than the one before, until they came out upon a scene so beautiful that Maggie clapped her hands with delighted surprise.

It was a vast table-land, fringed with sage-bushes and aromatic shrubs; but the center, as far as the eye could see, was a mass of flowers of every shape and hue. The air was heavy with the mingled perfumes of the blossoms which a month hence, when the sun had scorched them, would lie withered and brown upon the ground.

"I'm going to picket Fleetfoot here, father," Caspar remarked, "and then skirt the sage-brush. Then, you understand, everything will run into the center and I can get a good shot."

"I shall be gone about two hours; don't forget yourself, and go too far."

So saying, Mr. Deane rode away with Maggie, leaving Caspar to his own devices.

Fastening one end of his rawhide lariat firmly to the pommel of the saddle, he drove the iron pin attached to the other end deep into the sod, where the grass was rich. Then he slung his game-bag over his back, took his rifle and ammunition, and started on a tramp.

For nearly an hour the boy started some sort of game at short distances, and his game-bag was soon full to overflowing. Not caring to make useless slaughter, he sat down to rest upon a mossy knoll, and was wondering when his father would come back, when a peculiar shadow fell upon the grass beside him—a shadow which caused him a thrill of horror, for it outlined the figure of a gigantic bear.

He looked about and could see nothing. The bear must be behind him, and he slipped silently down the knoll on which he sat. There was a shuffling sound in the grass, the shadow moved away, and when he ventured to look up, a large cinnamon bear was trotting slowly across the plain, a hundred feet away. Luckily, the animal had not seen him, and if Caspar could have let him alone there would have been no trouble. But Caspar was proud of his shooting, and made up his mind that he could easily kill the brute, and show the skin as a trophy. He knew the cinnamon bear was a variety of the dreaded grizzly, and that to conquer one in open fight would be no small honor. Sighting across the knoll, he took steady aim and fired. The bear turned a sort of somersault and fell, and Caspar leaped to his feet with a shout of triumph; but, to his horror, the bear also rose, slowly, and, with a wicked look in the small, twinkling eyes, came after him in that shuffling, deceitful, loping gait which diminishes distance so rapidly and yet





seems so slow a pace. Caspar knew his danger, and if he ever ran in his life he ran then.

One thing he thought he had learned to perfection, and had practiced in leisure hours,—to load a rifle while running. He tried to do it now, but seeing that he lost ground fearfully, gave it up, and bringing his rifle to a trail dashed on at his best speed. He was a noble runner, and for a little time actually seemed to gain upon the bear; but his breath was beginning to come in quick gasps, while the bear could keep up that long, rolling gait for

to his side. A moment after, Caspar was in the saddle, and the bear, seeming to realize that the horse could outrun him, paused with an angry growl.

"Now then, old fellow!" cried Caspar; "I'll pay you Just wait until I load!"

He swiftly rammed down a charge, and put on a cap, while the bear stood waving his head from side to side. The rifle was loaded, and throwing his bridle across his arm, Caspar took steady aim and fired. Crack!

The cinnamon rose upon his hind paws, struck



"THROWING HIS BRIDLE ACROSS HIS ARM, CASPAR TOOK STEADY AIM, AND FIRED."

hours. He began to wish that he had let the creature alone, but the wish was too late. At this moment, when he had almost lost hope, he heard a distant neigh. It was Fleetfoot, anxious for his return. The sound gave him new courage, and raising his fingers to his mouth, he uttered the sharp whistle with which he had been wont to call his horse. But he did not slacken his speed,—nay, he even increased it, dashing forward, with wild eyes, heaving chest and beating heart, repeating his whistle as he ran. Still the bear gained, when the rush of hoofs was heard, and Fleetfoot, trailing the lariat, which he had dragged from the ground at his master's call, dashed through the sage-brush

wildly at the air, and fell with a crash. Caspar loaded again, rode very near the prostrate beast, and gave him another shot from the saddle. But the huge body lay motionless. Then he knew that he was surely dead, and uttered a shout of triumph which made the foot-hills ring again, and with his arms about the neck of his beloved Fleetfoot, he thanked him for the life which he had saved.

When, an hour later, Mr. Deane came back, he found his son calmly seated upon the body of his giant game, as coolly as if shooting cinnamon bears were an every-day event. But I am afraid Caspar bragged a little that evening among the workmen at the mill and the stockmen in the ranch.

## THE STARS IN APRIL.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

IN the northern heavens we now see the Little Bear passing above the horizontal position which, last month, he had not quite reached. The Great Bear is now overhead, but inverted. The triplets of stars  $\psi$ ,  $\mu$ ,  $\lambda$  and  $\theta$ ,  $\iota$ ,  $\kappa$  represent his paws, and I fear there is nothing better for his head than the small group  $\nu$ ,  $\beta$ , and 23. The dreary constellation Lynx occupies the position shown. It was not one of the ancient constellations, but was invented by Hevelius, just as Cameleopardalis, the Giraffe, was invented, to fill up a waste place in the star-charts. King Cepheus is now immediately below the pole, but in a very unkingly attitude. The stars  $\gamma$  and  $\kappa$  represent his feet, flourishing wildly upward;  $\zeta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\delta$ , as I mentioned last month, represent his head; and  $\iota$  marks the place of his left hand, in which he bears a regal scepter. Admiral Smyth, in whose "Bedford Cycle" there is much curious information about the constellations, gives the following doggrel account of the true position of Cepheus, according to Aratus and Ptolemy:

"Near to his wife and daughter see,  
Aloft where Cepheus shines,  
That wife, the Little Bear, and Swan,  
With Draco, bound his lines;  
Beneath the pole-star twelve degrees  
Two stars your eye will meet,—  
Gamma, the nomad shepherd's gem,  
And Kappa mark his feet.  
Alphirk ( $\beta$ ), the Hindu's Kaipeny,  
Points out the monarch's waist;  
While Alderamin ( $\alpha$ ), beaming bright,  
Is on the shoulder placed;  
And where, o'er regions rich and vast,  
The Milky Way is led,  
Three stars, of magnitude the fourth,  
Adorn the Æthiop's head."

The story of Cepheus and his wife Cassiopeia, their daughter Andromeda, and Perseus, the gallant knight who rescued her from the sea monster (Cetus), does not belong to astronomy. But if it did, I should not venture to tell it here; for has it not been told already in Kingsley's charming poem "Andromeda?" How Perseus found means to gorgonize the sea monster with a petrifying stare is even more charmingly told in the "Tanglewood Tales" by your own prose-poet, Hawthorne.

Cassiopeia is following Cepheus, a little to the left, or west, of the north. You can always find Cassiopeia by noticing that it is almost exactly opposite the Dipper, regarding the pole as a center. Thus  $\delta$  of the Great Bear, and  $\alpha$  of Cassiopeia, are at the two ends, and the pole at the middle of

a mighty arc on the heavens. Cassiopeia passes under the pole star in the same undignified position as her husband's. For you are not to suppose, as many (I find) do, that  $\epsilon$ ,  $\delta$ , and  $\gamma$  form the back of Cassiopeia's chair,  $\gamma$  and  $\kappa$  the seat thereof, and  $\zeta$  and  $\beta$  the ends of the chair's legs. These last are at  $\epsilon$  and  $\psi$ , while  $\zeta$  and  $\beta$  mark the place of the top rail. Still, in its present position, the group forms a very fair picture of a rocking-chair,  $\theta$ ,  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ , and 4 forming the rockers. Next month I shall speak more particularly about this constellation.

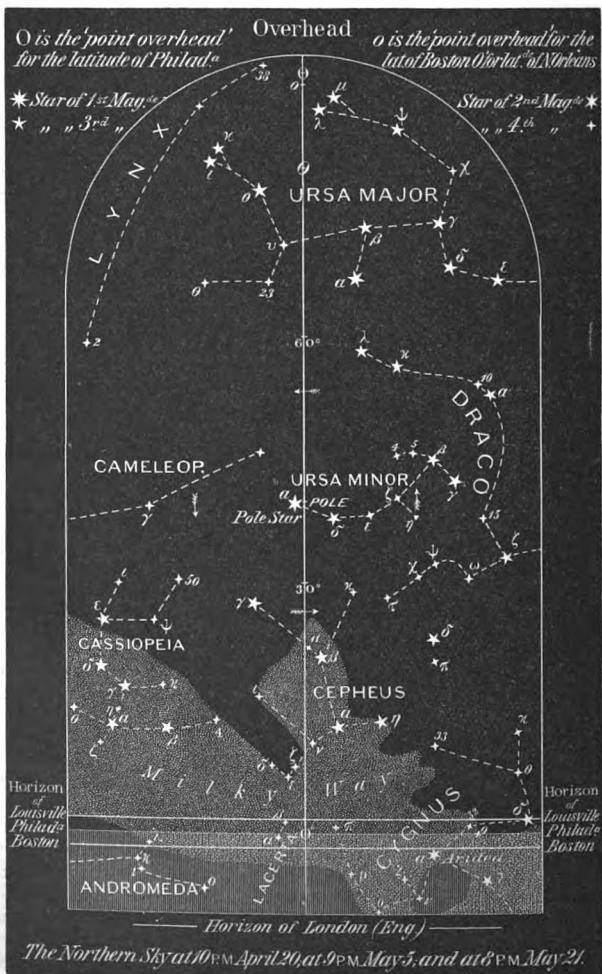
The portion of the Milky Way now under the pole is very irregular. In the constellation Cygnus you will see a great opening in the Milky Way. This opening is sometimes called the Northern Coalsack, though it is not nearly as black as the opening in the Southern Milky Way near the Cross, which is the real Coalsack.

The region in which the northern coalsack lies is shown in the map of the northern sky. But a special map is added on page 388, for another purpose. Since first this paper was written a new star has appeared in the constellation Cygnus (the Swan). On the evening of Nov. 24th, Professor Schmidt, director of the Athens Observatory, noticed a star of the third magnitude at the place shown by the skeleton star in the special map. Not only was no star of that brightness there before, or any star visible to the naked eye, but it was found when catalogues and charts came to be examined, that no star had ever been noted there, even in lists meant to include all stars down to the tenth magnitude. For instance, Argelander has made such a list, and charts from it, showing no less than 324,000 stars,—that is, a hundred times as many as we can see on the darkest and clearest night; yet his list showed no star where the new one had appeared. Astronomers do not, however, suppose the new star is really new, except in the sense of being seen for the first time. They know that when last a new star appeared in this way it was found to be one of Argelander's army of 324,000 stars, and watching that star (which had appeared in the constellation of the Northern Crown in May, 1866), they found that though it faded gradually out of sight to ordinary vision, the telescope could still follow it, until it had sunk to the tenth magnitude, at which degree of luster it remained and still remains. No doubt if we had had full lists of all stars down to the fifteenth, or perhaps the twentieth, magnitude, we should have found that the new star in Cygnus

was simply an old faint star which had brightened up suddenly, and remained for a time as one among the stars adorning our skies.

Examined with an instrument called the spectro-scope the new star gave a very strange account of itself. It was found to be emitting the same sort

sun's outer atmosphere, as seen during times of total eclipse. All these vapors surround our sun; and it is very probable that if anything caused our sun to blaze out with greatly increased light and heat, folks living on a world circling round some other sun would find the same peculiarities in our



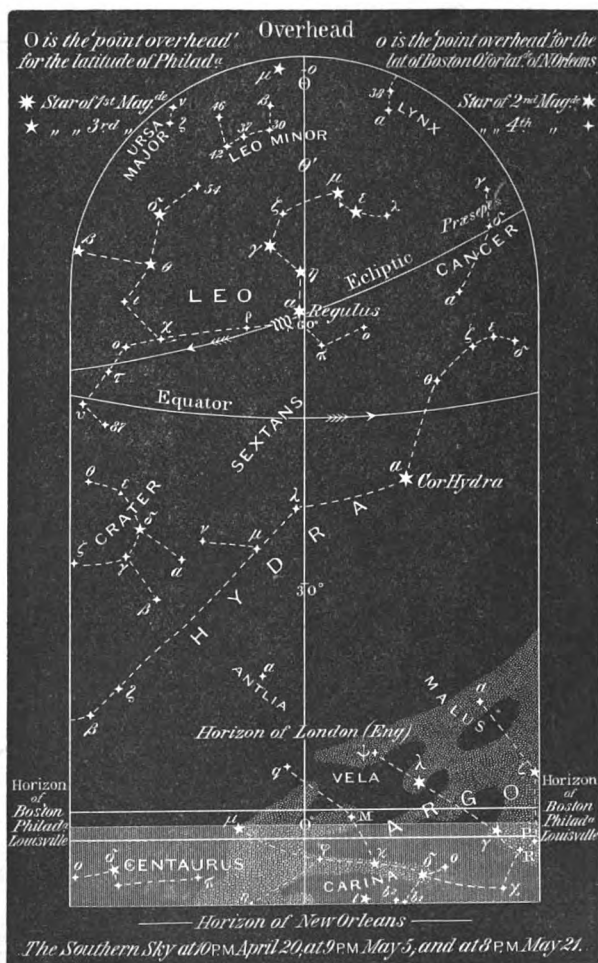
of light as other stars; but, besides that light, it emitted such light as comes from intensely heated vapors. Among the vapors in that star thus (for the time) intensely hot, were hydrogen, the vapors of the metals sodium and magnesium, and a vapor known to be present in enormous quantities in our

sun's light as we have found in the light of the new star in the Swan. What caused that star to blaze out in that strange way, we do not know. We should like to know, because we might then determine whether the cause which had so disturbed that sun might not be one from which our own sun

may one day suffer. Whatever the cause was, its effects did not last very long. In a week the new star had sunk to the fifth magnitude, in another week to the sixth, in yet another to the seventh, since which time (December 15th) it has very slowly diminished, and is still (January 5th) above the

several hundred times its usual heat, it is certain that every creature on the earth would be destroyed, and when the sun returned to its usual luster it would shine on a system of worlds on which not a single living creature was left.

In the southern sky, we find the great Sea-ser-



eighth magnitude. But although the unusual light and heat of that remote sun faded thus quickly away, yet if inhabited worlds circled around that sun, the cooling of their sun must have come far too late to save those creatures' lives. If our sun were to shine even but for twenty-four hours with

pent, Hydra, occupying the leading position. This is the longest, and nearly the largest, of all the constellations. It began to show itself in our southern region last month, and you will not quite see the end of it for three months yet to come; so that it shows itself in no less than five of our southern maps.

This is another constellation which has changed in position owing to the mighty reeling motion of our earth. When the constellation was first formed,



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE LION.

the Sea-serpent extended along the equator; and I think originally represented the great serpent which was supposed to gird round the ocean. I have sometimes thought that when this constellation was framed (and Cetus, too), there may still have remained some few of those long-necked, paddling sea-monsters whose skeletons are found from time to time in various parts of the earth. You know that Mr. Gosse, in a sketch called the "Great Unknown," maintains that there are still a few of these monsters left, who, being seen from time to time with their long necks reared above the sea, have been regarded as sea-serpents. But though this may be unlikely or impossible, as Professor Owen seems to think, one may well believe that such monsters were either known or remembered, three or four thousand years ago.

The bright star Cor Hydræ (or the Serpent's Heart) is also called Alphard (or the Solitary One). The head of the Sea-serpent is marked by the stars  $\zeta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\delta$ , which may be remembered conveniently, though absurdly, by the aid to the memory which I mentioned in the case of Cepheus's head last month.

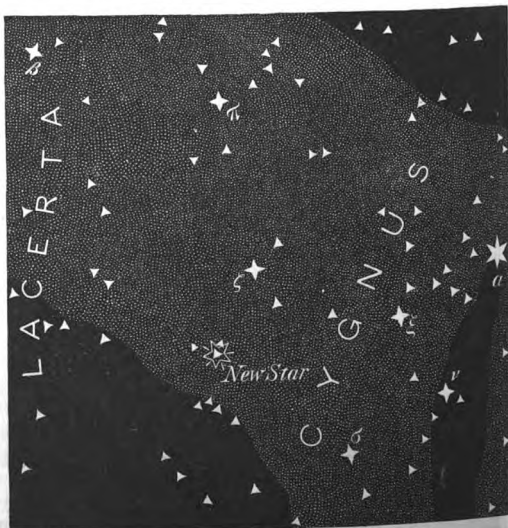
The constellation Crater, or the Cup, is a very neat one, and really like a rather damaged claret-cup. It is now tilted on one side, but formerly came to the south upright, as a well-filled cup should be. It has been regarded as the original goblet out of which Noah first took his wine, though since put to this higher use.

The ruling ecliptic constellation this month is the Lion. You will know it at once by the mag-

nificent sickle, formed of the stars  $\alpha$  (Regulus or Cor Leonis, the Lion's Heart),  $\eta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\zeta$ ,  $\mu$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\lambda$ . This group is sometimes conveniently called the

Sickle in Leo. It is an interesting region of the sky for many reasons, but especially for this, that the wonderful shower of falling stars known as the November meteors, radiates always from this part of the heavens. The constellation of the Lion has been greatly reduced from its former noble dimensions. The figure shows how it is now presented in our charts; but if you look at the heavens, you will see nothing in the least degree resembling a lion. Still, if you allow your survey to range over a much larger space, you will see a very fine lion, his head lying on Cancer, his mane reaching to Leo Minor, his fore-paws on the Sea-serpent's head, his hinder paws on the two bright stars, shown in the figure (behind his hind-paws), which

really belong to the Virgin, and his tail well represented by the constellation Coma Bérénice, or Queen Bérénice's Hair (shown in the figure, but not in the southern map). That this was formerly the real extent of the constellation, is shown by the fact that the star-cluster forming the knot of Coma Bérénice is still called by Arabians the Lion's Tail; and there are vague traditions showing that Leo formerly extended to the constellation Gemini.



THE NEW STAR.

The Lesser Lion is one of Hevelius's absurd constellations. It occupies a space between the Great Bear and the Lion, which might have been

divided quite readily between these two constellations. Sextans is another idle addition to the constellation figures. It is so called, apparently, not because there are any stars, even small ones, forming a shape like a sextant, but because over

a space not unlike a sextant there are none but very small stars.

Antlia, short for Antlia Pneumatica, the Air-pump, occupies another desert region. It was invented by Lacaille.

## GOOD-WILL.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

IN one of my walks, the other day, I saw two boys of my acquaintance, whom I shall call Orson and Robin, playing a game of barn-ball. I suppose every country boy knows what that is. The ball is thrown against the unclapboarded side of a barn, or any other suitable building, and as it rebounds, the thrower, who stands behind the knocker, tries to "catch him out." Of course, there must be no windows to knock the ball through, or, the first you know, there will be a pane to pay for, and, quite likely, somebody very cross about it. A nice little game it is for two; and as I used to be fond of it when I was a boy, and am something of a boy still, I stopped to watch my young friends Orson and Robin.

They played very well, and I sympathized so much with their enjoyment, that I was myself a little disappointed, when Orson's aunt appeared with a letter which she said must go to the post-office at once, and asked Orson to carry it.

Now, Orson was her favorite nephew, and I have no doubt she had given him the very ball and bat he was playing with at the moment. She is always making him presents or doing him favors. So, hard as it was for him to leave his sport, I expected to see him, nevertheless, run with the letter, to please one who was constantly doing things to please him. On the contrary, however, he grumbled out, "Can't go now,—I've got Rob here to play with me," and continued pitching the ball.

"It is very important the letter should go to-night," pleaded the aunt. "Come, Orson, dear; then you can play when you come back."

"I don't want to! I can't!" And bounce went the ball again, tossed against the old barn.

"Oh yes, go!" said Robin. "I'll go with you."

But Orson still refused, while the aunt turned back sadly toward the house.

"I'll go alone, then," cried Robin. "Mrs. Woodman! I'll take the letter!" And he ran after her to get it.

"Oh, come, now! You'll spoil all the fun!" growled Orson, who was so angry that he would not go with Robin, but stayed about the barn and sulked,—flinging the ball occasionally, and trying to knock it himself,—until his companion returned.

I was walking by again when Robin came back; and I think that if my readers could see what I then saw in the faces of those two boys, it would be a great deal better than anything I can write. I thought of it a few days later, when I received the editor's kind invitation to "talk" to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS; and I wished that I could paint for them that picture instead:

Orson, sullen, gloomy, selfish, unhappy;

Robin, bright, cheerful, radiant with satisfaction and good-will,—until he came within the shadow of Orson's discontent.

As I cannot paint this contrast, I may as well make it a text for my "Talk." The world is full of *Orsons*, boys and men; there is, moreover, an *Orson* and a *Robin* in almost every one,—a spirit of selfishness and a spirit of good-will; and I am going to ask each of my young readers to look for these two fellows in himself,—to get rid of the bad company of the one, and to cultivate the society of the other.

There are many subjects which I should like to talk with the boys about; but it seems to me they may be nearly all summed up in that one golden word—*Good-will*. Robin has this beautiful gift, and it makes him helpful and happy. Orson lacks it; and the opposite quality not only renders him miserable, when things do not go to suit him, but gives him the dreadful power of making others uncomfortable. The good spirit will make a brave, generous, upright, manly man of Robin; the bad spirit—if it be not cast out—will make a selfish, unaccommodating, hard, ill-natured man of Orson. Need I ask you, my dear boy, which *you* would rather be?

I have called the good spirit a *gift*: are those,



then, to blame who have it not? But I have also said—or meant to say—that every one has it in a greater or less degree, and that all can cultivate it. Easy enough it seems for Robin to give up for the moment his own pleasures, and hasten to do a good action; his joy is in it, and he knows that his sports are all the sweeter when, after it, he comes back to them. It is not so easy for Orson, because he thinks too much about himself, in the first place; partly, also, because he is not wise, and does not know the satisfaction there is in generous conduct. Ah! if I could only show him his own portrait, and convince him that even he has a Robin side, which he can show to the world when he will, and make sunshine with it for himself as well as for others!

I suppose you all, my boys, are looking for some sort of success in life; it is right that you should; but what are your notions of success? To get rich as soon as possible, without regard to the means by which your wealth is acquired? There is no true success in that: when you have gained millions, you may yet be poorer than when you had nothing; and it is that same reckless ambition which has brought many a bright and capable boy like you, not to great estate at last, but to miserable failure and disgrace,—not to a palace, but to a prison. Wealth, rightly got and rightly used, rational enjoyment, power, fame,—these are all worthy objects of ambition, but they are not the highest objects, and you may acquire them all without achieving true success. But if, whatever you seek, you put *good-will* into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last; for whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble and beautiful character, which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.

I say, good-will in all your actions. You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but, whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it. Thomas is put by his parents to learn a business. But Thomas does not like to apply himself very closely.

"And what's the use?" he says. "I'm not paid much, and I'm not going to work much. I'll get along just as easy as I can, and have as good times as I can."

So he shirks his tasks; and instead of thinking about his employer's interests, or his own self-improvement, gives his mind to trifles,—often to evil things, which in their ruinous effects upon his life are not trifles. As soon as he is free from his daily duties, he is off with his companions having what they call a good time; his heart is with them even while his hands are employed

in the shop or store. He does nothing thoroughly well,—not at all for want of talent, but solely for lack of good-will. He is not preparing himself to be one of those efficient clerks or workmen who are always in demand, and who receive the highest wages. There is a very different class of people, who are the pest of every community, workmen who do not know their trade, men of business ignorant of the first principles of business. They can never be relied upon to do well any job they undertake. They are always making blunders which other people have to suffer for, and which react upon themselves. They are always getting out of employment, and failing in business. To make up for what they lack in knowledge and thoroughness, they often resort to trick and fraud, and become not merely contemptible, but criminal. Thomas is preparing himself to be one of this class. You cannot, my dear boy, expect to raise a good crop from evil seed.

By Thomas's side works another boy, whom we will call James. A lad of only ordinary capacity, very likely. If Thomas and all the other boys did their best, there would be but small chance for James ever to become eminent. But he has something better than talent; he brings good-will to his work. Whatever he learns, he learns so well that it becomes a part of himself. His employers find that they can depend upon him. Customers soon learn to like and trust him. By diligence, self-culture, good habits, cheerful and kindly conduct, he is laying the foundation of a generous manhood, and of genuine success.

In short, my dear boy, by slighting your tasks, you hurt yourself more than you wrong your employer. By honest service, you benefit yourself more than you help him. If you were aiming at mere worldly advancement only, I should still say that good-will was the very best investment you could make in any business. By cheating a customer, you gain only a temporary and unreal advantage. By serving him with right good-will,—doing by him as you would be done by,—you not only secure his confidence, but also his good-will in return. But this is a sordid consideration compared with the inward satisfaction, the glow and expansion of soul which attend a good action, done for itself alone.

Fifty years ago, a young man opened a small dry-goods store in New York. He had been a school-master, but having loaned his money to a friend, in order to start him in business, he was obliged, by his friend's illness, to assume the business himself. On the morning of the opening, he heard his clerk tell a woman that the colors in a piece of calico he was selling would not wash out. He reproved him for the falsehood on the spot.

"You know they are not fast colors. Then why do you say they are?"

"I thought I was here to sell goods," was the clerk's poor excuse.

"So you are," said the employer. "But you are to sell goods for just what they are, not for what they are not. Don't misrepresent anything, though you never make a sale. Treat every customer just as you would wish to be treated yourself. Ask a fair price for everything, and do not deceive anybody. I believe that is a true principle of business, and I am going to carry it out."

"It is a fine theory," replied the clerk; "but it can't be carried out in any line of business. If you are going to try it, I may as well look for another place, for you won't last long."

The employer did try it, however; and when he died a short time ago, he left one of the three largest fortunes in America. His name was A. T. Stewart. What became of the clerk I do not know.

Now, I do not mean to hold up Mr. Stewart as an example to be followed by the boys I am talking to. But he is a striking illustration of the fact that deception in trade is not necessary to success. He believed, on the contrary, that in the long run it could only lead to failure. Here is a golden saying from the lips of a man who in fifty years amassed more than fifty millions of dollars:

"I CONSIDER HONESTY AND TRUTH AS GREAT AIDS IN THE GAINING OF FORTUNE."

If such a man, with such wealth, should go still farther, and make *good-will* to his fellow-men the leading motive of his life, what a power he might become, and what a halo of glory would crown his name!

Ah, my boys, what a world it would be, if this spirit prevailed in it,—if on every side we met those ready to help and cheer, instead of being compelled always to be on our guard against selfishness and fraud! Now, every one can do his share toward making his own little world such a world. I have known a single brave, manly, generous boy to influence a whole school, so that it became noted for its good manners and good morals. I have also seen a vicious boy taint a whole community of boys with his bad habits, and set them to robbing orchards and birds'-nests, torturing younger children and dumb animals, using bad language and tobacco, and doing a hundred other things which they foolishly mistake for fun.

Good-will should begin at home. How quickly

you can tell what sort of spirit reigns among the boys or in the families you visit! In some houses there is constant warfare; at any time of day, you hear loud voices and angry disputes.

"You snatched my apple and eat it up!"

"Touch that trap ag'in, Tom Orcutt, and I'll give ye somethin' ye can't buy to the 'pothecary's!"

"Ma! sha'n't Sam stop pullin' my hair? He's pulled out six great handfuls already!"

"He lies! I ha'n't touched his hair!"

"Who's been stealin' my but'nuts?"

"Pete shot my arrow into the well,—and now sha'n't he make me another?"

Then go into a house where you find peace instead of war, innocent and happy sports instead of rude, practical jokes,—and, oh, what a difference!

You may always tell a boy's disposition by noticing his treatment of his sisters. A mean and cruel boy delights in tyrannizing over smaller children: but in the presence of stronger boys, he can be civil, and even cringing. A cowardly fellow like that is pretty sure to exercise his ill-nature upon the girls at home.

Now, I know that many of the boys I am talking to have far more good-will than they ever show. Their disagreeable ways are the result of long habit and want of thought. The spoiled child is pretty sure to form such ways. He is accustomed to think only of himself, and to have others think chiefly of him. That is the trouble, I suspect, with Orson. Will he, when he reads this, resolve to break up the old, bad habit, and cultivate the better spirit that is in him?

By good-will I do not mean simply good-nature. *Good-nature* may sit still and grin. But *good-will* is active, earnest, cheering, helpful.

Ah, my boys, I have told you many stories,—and I have no doubt some of you wish I had made this a story instead of a talk. But the real motive of all my stories—the lesson I have always wished to teach in them, but which I am afraid some of you have overlooked—has been this which I am trying to impress upon you now. If I were to write as many more, the hidden moral lurking in every one of them would be the same. Or if I were now to take leave of you forever, and sum up all I have to say to you in one last word of love and counsel, that one word should be—GOOD-WILL.



## TURNING INTO CATS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

ONCE there was a law that, on a certain day, when the meeting-house bell rang for noon, everybody should turn into a cat.

Some people don't believe this is true; but you ask the children and the barn-swallows!

Well, and so you may be sure it was great fun to sit up on the big granite-rock on the side of Deer

Hill and see them turn, just where they were and whatever they were doing, at that very minute!



MR. FADYON'S FOOL.

The minister's son had come into the study, with his hat in his hand, and said:

"Shall Cornelius and I, sir, take our scythes, sir, and go out and mow a little while, sir?"

And then Mr. Fadyon's fool caught hold of the bell-rope.

Mr. Fadyon's fool knew some things as well as anybody; and he knew how to ring the bell exactly when the sun-dial and the noon-mark and his grandmother's eight-day clock said it was noon.

So "ding, dong!" went the bell, and—it was only a Maltese kitten that had hold of the rope!

Just at that hour, Aunt Patty was out in her garden hoeing weeds, with an old hat of Uncle Rodney's tied on her head; and she began to turn, first her nose and then her chin. They were very long and sharp when she was Aunt Patty, and they

grew short and snubby, and whiskers began to start, and her ears pricked up as though she heard something, and then, quicker than you could say "scat!" she was a spotted cat chasing Deacon Davis's hens, that were trying to sneak through the garden fence with the old rooster's spurs on. After scaring them half out of their feathers, she kept on through Mrs. Deacon Davis's cat-hole, and up in the back chamber, where she prowled about and sniffed in all the dark corners and behind the old tea-chests and barrels.

When she was Aunt Patty she always had mistrusted whether or no Mrs. Deacon Davis had n't some cobwebs and poke-holes out of sight, for all that she kept everything looking neat as wax on the outside.

And then the minister's son jumped with one spring on the minister's shoulder, and began to bite the minister's hair and claw off his glasses, for he liked rough ways and mischief as well as any boy, only he had to be proper because he was the minister's son.

The minister looked around solemn and dignified, a good deal astonished; and then his glasses grew rounder and rounder, and his arms grew



AUNT PATTY.

slenderer and slenderer; and then he seemed to wink all over; and then there was a great black cat, with a white spot on his throat and a white

face and four white feet, sitting in the study-chair, snapping at the flies, with one paw on a volume of Jonathan Edwards' sermons.



THE MINISTER AND HIS SON.

It was a great change for the minister. But as for Mrs. Deacon Davis, she did n't seem to need to alter hardly a bit. Her eyes were the mildest skim-milk before, much more faded than an old cat's eyes; and her hair was pale buff and sort of furry. And she had a way of rubbing herself against the side of her chair as she talked along in a kind of purr-purring tone. She stopped work for the first time in her life, though, and taking her yellow paws out of the wash-tub, went to chasing dandelion-down.

But as soon as ten clocks anywhere in town struck one at the same second, all the cats turned back to people again; and you ought to have seen how surprised they were to catch themselves doing such odd things.

Aunt Patty was rummaging through the minister's wife's bureau-drawer among her best clothes; and, bad as that looked in a cat, it looked a thousand times worse in Aunt Patty, with Uncle

VOL. IV.—26.

Rodney's hat still on her head and a hoe under her arm.

Mrs. Deacon Davis was curled up asleep in the rocking-chair, and she rubbed her eyes and put her hands in the wash-tub again, and did n't know anything had happened. She would n't believe it now if you should tell her. Only, when her clock struck one (it was always a little slow), she felt grieved to see a few cat's hairs on her chair-cushion, and to find she had lost so much good time right out of the heart of the day. "But then," she thought, "my nap has rested me up completely, and with such poor health as I enjoy, I do suppose I needed it. And, all *is*, I must work the smarter to make up."

The minister looked most astonished to find himself playing with a large brown, limp rat. "It is very extraordinary! Most remarkable!" said he. "Gloriana!" he continued, turning to the black serving-maid, who was swinging herself down from the cherry-tree, where, a moment before, she had been a black kitten, chasing a squirrel. "Gloriana! you may take this dead animal and bury the creature in the garden. It will act as a fertilizer."

And then he began to walk up and down the



AUNT PATTY IS HERSELF AGAIN.

footpath, from the door to the gate, with his hands behind him, and to think over the heads of his next sermon.

On the whole, it was funnier when the cats

became people than when the people became cats; they were so surprised and shocked to find where they were and what they were doing.

Now, you just think, some night as you are dropping off to sleep, how the folks you know,

one after another, would look turning to cats, and what they would fall to doing.

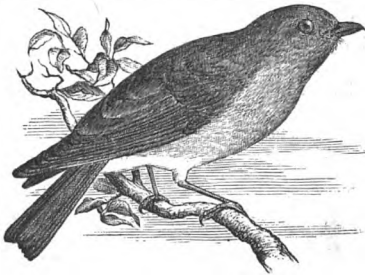
And the next thing, if you don't believe my story ever happened, you will be believing some story not a bit more true.

## SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

[FIRST PAPER.]

By W. K. BROOKS.

THIS morning, the 9th of March, as I was arranging the papers upon my table, my attention was caught by the notes of the first bluebird of the season. You all know what a welcome sound this



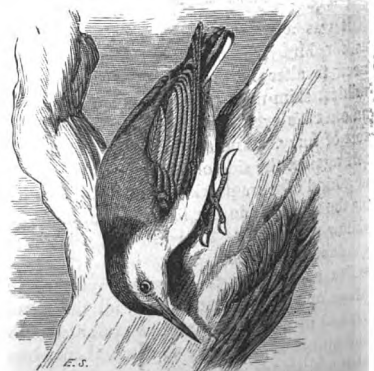
THE BLUEBIRD.

is, and how anxiously we look forward, as spring draws nearer, to the time when our song-birds shall return from their long winter journey to the south. The migrations of birds, their departure in the fall to a milder region, and their return in spring as soon as the weather has grown warm enough to make our northern latitudes suitable, are some of the most wonderful facts in their history, and I hope that a few words upon this subject will form an interesting introduction to what I have to say about "Birds."

### WINTER BIRDS.

Those of us who spend our winters in the city are apt to think that all our wild birds desert us during the cold weather, for the only birds which are found in our parks and gardens at this time are the domesticated pigeons and sparrows. In the country, however, many birds are to be met with during the whole winter, and some of them, such as the hawks, seem to be more abundant at this time than at any other; but this, probably, is owing to the fact that the bare branches do not hide them

as does the foliage in summer. Another reason why they are more often seen in winter is, that at this time their hunger drives them to hunt for food in open fields, and sometimes even in barn-yards. Besides the hawks, owls are found at all seasons; and the familiar "caw" of the crow is often heard in the dead of winter. Quails and partridges are also abundant at this time, and as they can be followed by their footprints upon the snow, they are readily taken for market. Although most of our smaller birds migrate in the fall, a few do not. The blue-jay, after his winter stores of nuts and acorns are exhausted, is often glad to make a meal upon the few frozen apples which still cling to some of the topmost branches of the trees, and occasionally a large band of noisy jays gathers in the orchard for this purpose. In the woods the little nut-hatch is found, even in the coldest weather,



THE NUT-HATCH.

tapping the trees with his bill, and examining every crevice in the bark for hidden insects. This little bird does not seem to suffer from the cold of our

most severe winter days; but when in warmer weather icy rain and sleet cover the branches and trunks of the trees with a thick varnish of ice, he is no longer able to obtain his food in the woods, and is sometimes driven by hunger to the farmer's barn-yard to pick up a little of the food which is thrown to the poultry. Sometimes in the dead of winter we find a stray robin, or bluebird, or black-

thologist, tells of two which alighted upon the courthouse in Cincinnati; and I once obtained the dead body of one which had entered the town of Geneva, N. Y., flying about the streets as quietly as a dove, and finally attacking some meat hanging in front of a butcher's shop, where it was killed. These which I have mentioned are by no means all our winter birds, but they are enough to show that we



THE SNOWY OWL.

bird, looking very forlorn, but still able to endure the cold and to pick up a scanty living. These are supposed to be stragglers, prevented by some accident from accompanying their companions in their flight southward.

There are a few winter birds which are not found here at any other season, but spend the rest of the year much farther north. The large snowy owl is a native of those Arctic regions where the ground is covered with ice and snow all the year; and explorers meet it far beyond the Arctic circle. Occasionally in winter it wanders down into the United States, and as there are no towns or villages in the frozen deserts among which it lives, it has never learned to shun them, but often flies into cities without understanding its danger, until it falls a victim to its ignorance. Wilson, the ornithologist,

tells of two which alighted upon the courthouse in Cincinnati; and I once obtained the dead body of one which had entered the town of Geneva, N. Y., flying about the streets as quietly as a dove, and finally attacking some meat hanging in front of a butcher's shop, where it was killed. These which I have mentioned are by no means all our winter birds, but they are enough to show that we

#### WHY DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

Inability to stand the cold of our winters is generally supposed to be the reason of this migration, and in many cases this is true. A humming-bird or a summer yellow-bird would die very soon if it should be exposed to a winter storm; but we often have very cold and stormy weather after our earlier spring birds have returned, yet they live through it without appearing to suffer very greatly. Birds are very well protected from the cold by their feathers and their warm blood, and the stray robins and blackbirds which occasionally winter with us do not have any difficulty in withstanding the cold.

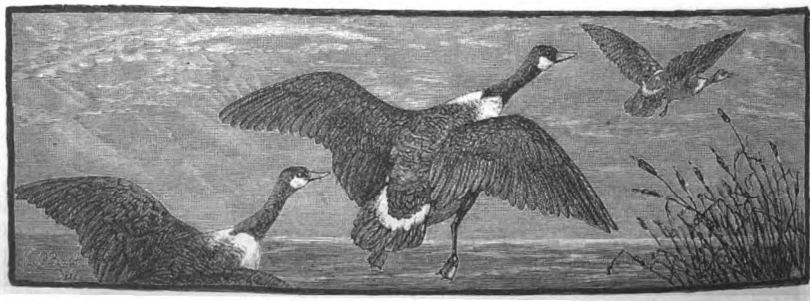
Hence we must look for some other reason for their migration. Most of our migratory land-birds feed upon insects, worms, and small fruits and seeds, and as these cannot be obtained in the winter, the birds must either move southward when the home supply begins to fail, or starve. Lack of food, not the cold, is the reason of their migration. Water-birds seem to be able to endure any amount of cold: a duck will swim contentedly for hours, entirely surrounded by ice, and not seem to mind the cold at all. Many of our common water-birds are met with in summer far beyond the Arctic circle, so that inability to stand the climate cannot be the reason why they leave us in the fall for the south. Marsh-birds, like the snipe, the coot, and the plover, and many of our water-birds, such as the wood-duck, feed upon the small animals and plants which they find in shallow water, or in the mud; but as soon as the frost comes, all the shallow water is changed to ice, so that this supply of food is cut off, and the birds must go to a warmer country.

We can see, then, that birds migrate from lack of food, and not on account of the cold weather, for those water-birds which, like the gull, are able to catch fish in deep water, stay with us through the whole winter. The lower great lakes, Erie and Ontario, are so wide and deep that they usually freeze only around the shores, and the gulls have plenty of open water on which they can fish. Sometimes, however, the winters are so very cold that these lakes are covered with ice as far as the eye can reach, and the gulls then gather in great numbers upon the open water of Niagara River, below the falls, and live upon the fish which they find there.

Every one has heard of the ice-bridge which is formed upon this part of Niagara River during very

moving up toward the falls. You will easily understand how this comes about if you watch the water driven down from a faucet into a tub. You can see from the air-bubbles that the falling stream does not stop when it reaches the surface of the water in the tub, but goes down to the bottom. Now, if you throw a little coarse sand or shot into the water, it will be driven away from the point where the stream is falling, and toward the sides of the tub; but if you put a few chips or straws upon the surface of the water, they will be drawn toward the falling stream. This shows that there is a current away from the fall at the bottom of the tub, and another, toward the fall, on the surface. So at Niagara there is a strong current down the river at the bottom, and another flowing toward the falls on top. About a mile below the falls, near the point where the railroad suspension bridge is placed, the river suddenly grows very narrow; and from this point down to the mouth there is a rapid downward current on the surface as well as below. The ice which is carried over the falls plunges down with the falling water to the bottom of the river, and then starts down the stream with the lower current; but as ice is lighter than water, it soon comes to the top again, and drifts slowly back toward the falls, like the straws on the water in the tub. As more ice is constantly being carried down by the water, this portion of the river soon becomes pretty well covered with large blocks, which at length become wedged together, and frozen so that they form what is called a bridge, reaching from shore to shore. This bridge continues to grow during the cold weather, and at last forms a solid sheet of ice, nearly a mile long, and thirty or forty feet thick.

Of course this stops all fishing upon this part of



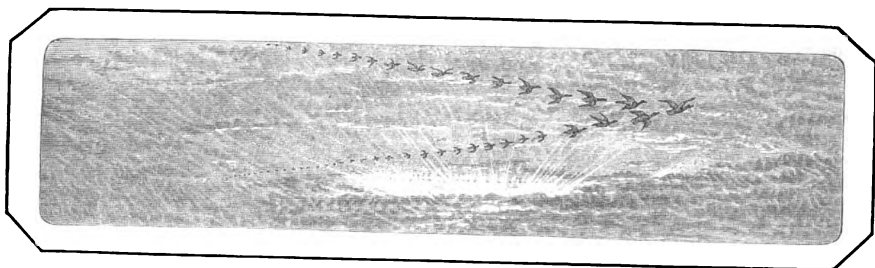
WILD GESE: THE RISE.

cold winters. For a mile below the falls the river is wide and deep, and although there is an exceedingly rapid current at the bottom, the water at the top has very little forward motion, part of it actually

the river, and as not all the gulls which have gathered here are able to obtain sufficient food upon the open part of the river below the bridge, many are compelled to join the crows in searching the fields

and woods for stray squirrels or birds; and a large mixed flock of black crows and white gulls hunting in company, apparently on the most friendly terms, is not an uncommon sight at this time.

clamor is the only sign we have that they are passing. At night, or in foggy weather, they fly much nearer the earth, and when the air is very foggy they often become lost, and settle to wait for



WILD GESE: THE FLIGHT.

Besides the gulls, many other water-birds gather upon the open part of Niagara River in the very cold weather; but they are all fish-catching birds, such as the loon and sheldrake. None of our shallow-water or marsh birds are found there, for all these have migrated to the south, very clearly because of a lack of food.

#### HOW DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

So much about the reason why birds migrate. Now a few words as to the way in which the migration is performed.

Some birds fly only in the day-time; others, such as the fly-catchers, king-fishers, whip-poor-wills, and night-hawks, do their traveling at night. Many journey alone or in pairs, although most unite into flocks and travel in company. The migrations of the wild goose are especially interesting. When the time for migration has come, the wild geese assemble, and spend some time in a loud and animated discussion of the journey. Then they all rise into the air, and arrange themselves in two long lines, meeting like the sides of the letter V. The leader takes up his position at the point where the lines meet, and the birds begin their flight, the point of the V going first, so that the leader is in advance of all the rest of the flock. He is always an old gander; only as this position is very fatiguing, one leader does not occupy it very long, but, as soon as he becomes tired, falls back to the rear, and allows another to take his place. Geese, while upon their migrations, fly very rapidly—according to some estimates, at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, or two miles a minute. They generally rest by some pond or river a part of the night, but sometimes they fly all night as well as all day. In the day-time, when the weather is clear, they fly at a great height, often so far up that they are invisible to us, and their loud

the mists to clear away. At such times they sometimes guide themselves by following the courses of rivers; and occasionally a flock, going south along the Niagara River on a dark, foggy night, flies directly into the falls, mistaking for a cloud the mist which rises in front of them. Of course they are instantly killed, and their dead bodies are sometimes found thrown on the rocks at the sides of the river. They often become bewildered by the bright light from a blast-furnace, and fly round and round it till daylight, calling to each other all the time, and keeping up such a constant and loud noise that they can be heard a mile or more away. Many of them become suffocated by the gases from the furnace, and fall to the ground so dizzy and helpless that they may be caught without difficulty. Young ones caught in this way, or in any other way which does not injure them, are easily tamed, and soon associate with the ordinary tame geese on the most friendly terms, appearing to entirely forget their wild life. But when the wild geese begin to fly north again in the spring, these partially tamed ones hear their calls, and all their wild instincts awaken. They become very uneasy and restless, and, unless their wings are clipped, soon bid farewell to their tame companions, fly up into the air, and join some passing flock. Nuttall gives the following story, which could hardly be believed if something similar to it were not narrated by others: "A Mr. Platt, of Long Island, having wounded a female wild goose, succeeded in taming it, and left it at large with his other common geese. Its wound healed, and it soon became familiar and reconciled to its domestic condition; but in the following spring it joined a party of Canada geese, and disappeared until autumn, when at length, out of a passing flock, Mr. Platt observed three geese to detach themselves from their companions, and, after wheeling round several times,



alight in the barn-yard, when, to his astonishment, he recognized in one of the three his long-lost fugitive, who had now returned, accompanied by her offspring, to share the hospitality of her former acquaintance."

The distances traveled by different birds vary very much. The robin, red-winged blackbird, and the like, go only far enough to find warmth and food, and one or two warm days in early spring are enough to call them back, after which they often go south again. The red-winged blackbird is found during the whole winter as far north as Virginia, particularly near the sea-coast and in the vicinity of large rice and corn fields.

Wilson gives the following account of the abundance of these beautiful birds in Virginia during

Other birds travel much farther in their annual journeys. In the summer the humming-bird is found as far north as Hudson's Bay, but it spends its winters in those tropical, or almost tropical, regions, where the flowers bloom the year through. As spring advances, this bird travels northward from Mexico by short journeys, keeping pace with the opening flowers, which afford it an unending supply of honey and insect food. The distance from the shores of Hudson's Bay to the regions of perpetual summer is nearly as great as that which separates New York from San Francisco, and what can be more wonderful than that a delicate bird, weighing less than an ounce, should be able to make such a journey twice a year; and not simply be able to make the journey, but to do it at the proper time,

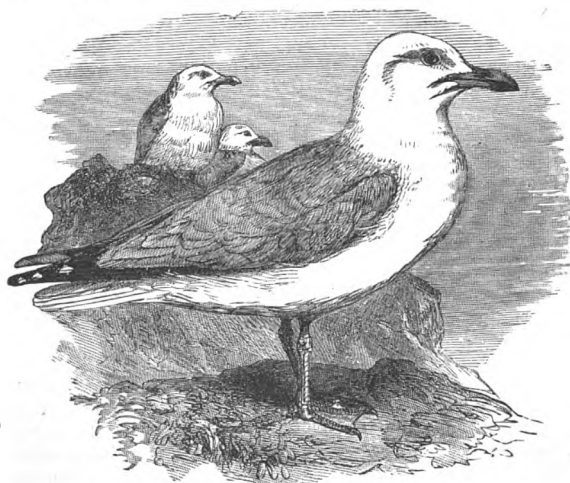
leaving the north before the cold weather has set in, and returning only after the summer is enough advanced to supply all its wants?

Many other birds also make their journey in short flights. This is the case with the robin and the blue-bird, although each is able to fly a great distance without rest, for they are said to visit Bermuda, about three hundred miles from the nearest land.

Most birds make their migrations by flight, but a few do not; our coots and rails perform at least part of the journey on foot. The penguin is a water-bird, with short wings, which are almost bare of feathers and are useless for flight, although they serve as excellent fins for swimming. In order that the feet may be more useful in swimming, the legs are placed so far back upon the body that the bird is almost help-

less upon land, and therefore makes its migrations by swimming.

All the birds so far spoken of undertake their journey at certain definite seasons, and their line of march is north and south; but there are some birds which make migrations of a different character. Wild pigeons, for instance, move in whatever direction they are likely to find food, as often east or west as north or south, and these journeys take place at any time when there is a scarcity of food. About fourteen years ago wild pigeons were very abundant over the Western States, and as it did not take them a great while to eat up all the food in any district, they were migrating in large flocks almost continually. No one who has not seen them can form any conception of the numbers which travel together. The approach of a flock is like



THE GULL.

January and February: "Sometimes they appeared driving about like an enormous black cloud carried before the wind, varying in shape every moment. Sometimes suddenly rising from the fields around me with a noise like thunder, while the glittering of innumerable wings of the brightest vermillion, amid the black cloud they formed, produced on these occasions a very striking and splendid effect. Then descending like a torrent, and covering the branches of some detached grove or clump of trees, the whole congregated multitude commenced one general concert or chorus that I have plainly distinguished at the distance of more than two miles; and when listened to at the intermediate space of about a quarter of a mile, with a slight breeze of wind to swell and soften the flow of its cadences, it was to me grand and even sublime."



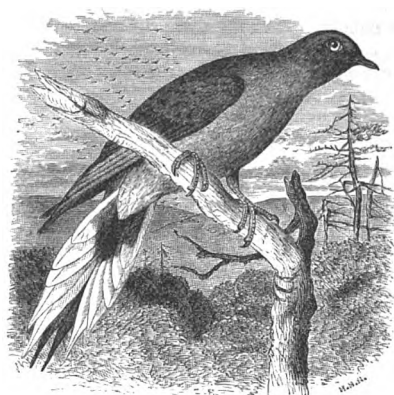
the coming of a thunder-cloud; the sky is clouded by them so that it suddenly grows dark, and the noise of their wings is like that of an approaching tornado. At the time I have spoken of, I think it was in 1864, they were so abundant in northern Ohio that millions of them were forced to cross Lake Erie to Canada every day for food, and to return at night to roost. The lake opposite Cleveland, where I saw them, is about seventy-five miles wide, and their roosting-place was about twenty-five miles from the shore of the lake, so that they must have flown at least two hundred miles each day. The lake shore, at Cleveland, rises abruptly from the water's edge to a height of nearly eighty feet, and on their return in the evening, the birds flew very close to the surface of the water until they reached the shore, when they rose just far enough to clear the top of the bluff, which was lined with men armed with guns, clubs, nets, stones and fish-poles, standing ready to attack them. The flocks were so dense and the birds flew so near the ground that many were killed with long poles; and although thousands were slaughtered every day this did not make any visible diminution of their numbers. So many birds were killed and wounded at this time, that no one tried to collect those which he himself had killed, but each one gathered all that he could find. Some did not even load their guns, but only fired off caps, thus saving their ammunition, and claiming their share of the birds. In the corn and wheat fields in the vicinity of Cleveland, pigeons were so abundant that two men and a dog could kill enough in a few hours to load a wagon; and I have seen a man without a gun, but with a retriever dog, gather all the birds he could carry, simply by collecting those which others had wounded and allowed to escape and hide themselves. The destruction of crops which such an abundance of pigeons gives rise to is nearly as great as that caused by the grasshoppers, and it is very fortunate that these immense flocks do not return to the same region year after year.

#### WHAT GUIDES THE BIRDS?

We have now seen the reason why birds migrate, and the manner in which the journey is made. Now, the question will be asked, "How are the birds guided upon their journey?" It is hard to answer. Naturalists know something about it, but very little indeed.

We know that many birds, the geese for instance, put themselves under the direction of a leader, and we know that this leader is an old bird which has made the journey often before. Many birds are hatched so late in the season that they are too young and feeble to make the journey at the time their friends start for the south. Therefore, they

are left behind, and although they soon grow up and become strong enough to migrate, they do not know the way, and as there is no old bird to show them the path, they are compelled to stay through



THE WILD PIGEON.

the winter, and live upon such food as they are able to find. We see from this that the journey is not directed merely by instinct, but that some experience is also necessary, for if it were not, young birds could find their way as well as old ones. Then, we cannot understand how it is that geese become confused and lost in stormy weather, unless we believe that they find their way by memory of the landmarks. No one who watches a troop of swallows, when they are preparing to leave us in the fall, can doubt that the knowledge of the older birds is very important. As the time for migration draws near, these birds gather in large flocks, and spend several days in preparing for the journey. They keep up an incessant twittering, and often start off for a short flight in order to try their wings; when at last they have learned the surrounding country so well that they will have no difficulty in recognizing it when they return, they mount into the air together, at a signal from a leader, and begin their long voyage to the south.

These noisy consultations and preliminary flights would not be necessary if the migration were entirely due to instinct; and those who have examined the subject the most carefully, conclude that both instinct and experience have part in it.

#### MIGRATION NOT CONFINED TO BIRDS.

Birds are not the only animals which migrate. The journeys of the salmon are as regular and remarkable as those of birds. The salmon lays its eggs in small, shallow streams of fresh water, often a thousand miles or more from the ocean. These





eggs are left to hatch by themselves; yet when the little fish reach the proper age, they abandon the small streams where they were born, and begin their long trips to the ocean. When they reach salt water they find abundance of food, and grow very rapidly. They remain in the ocean until the time comes for them to lay their eggs. Then, in some wonderful way, they find the mouth of the river by which they reached the ocean, and travel up it, through lakes and over rapids, falls and mill-dams, sometimes leaping over obstructions which are more than ten feet high. Having reached the shallow streams where they were born, they lay their eggs, and then return to the sea, but so thin and haggard that the fishermen at the mouths of the salmon rivers call them by a different name, and it is hard to believe that they are of the same species with those which are caught while ascending the rivers. Once in the ocean again, they quickly recover their lost strength.

The great migrations of insects are so well known

that I need say very little about them. You all remember the army of locusts told about in the Bible. Within a few years we have learned that our country is not free from dangers of the same kind, for in the Western States swarms of grasshoppers may come up before the wind, and sweep over the country, changing verdant fields into a brown desert, and leaving no green thing behind them. These insect migrations, like those of the wild pigeon, do not occur at any particular season, and are caused by lack of food.

It is not generally known that our gray squirrels sometimes assemble in great troops and migrate to a better country. This does not occur very often; but occasionally, when the squirrels are very abundant in a region where food is scarce, they band together and move straight forward, through forests and fields, until they find a place where food is abundant. These, and the journeys of many other animals, show that the tendency to migrate is not confined to birds.

## HANS GOTTENLIEB, THE FIDDLER.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A LONG time ago, in the good old days, when the world was fresher than it is now, when fairies were abundant, and when, were one bold enough to climb the breezy hill-tops, one might see scores of little red-capped dwarfs and mannikins dancing in the magic circle of the moonlight,—a “Nix,” a mysterious water-spirit, had his home in a pond adjoining an old, ruined mill near Westerhausen.

When spring came, and the yellow-stockinged storks laid dead sticks crosswise on the high roofs of Westerhausen houses, and so built their nests,—when the frogs at night piped in the lowland marshes, and lambs capered in the moonlight on the misty hill-tops,—the Nickleman of Westerhausen would rise to the surface of the water, and beguile the sleepy echoes of the old mill to strange responses by the magic music of his violin. It was a music that no man with safety to himself might hear,—so piercingly sweet, yet so wild withal, that to listen to it was to be possessed by a strange madness; and the unfortunate being so bewitched would haunt the mill-pond night after night until his body wasted away and he died. This is what some of the good folks said; others affirmed that the music was so gay and rollicking, and yet so

enchancing, that when one heard it, one was compelled, by an uncontrollable desire, to dance; and instances were even known where men had died from the effects of such uncanny waltzing.

Now, there was a certain fiddler in Westerhausen, Hans Gottenlieb by name, that used to play the violin at all the fairs and weddings.

Although Hans was an excellent performer, he was never contented with his own music; but, when the young men would crowd around and thank him for his fiddling, he would say, sadly:

“Ah, yes! it’s all very well, this playing waltzes, but if I could only fiddle one-quarter as well as the Nix of Westerhausen, now that would be something like!”

At length, Hans’s continued complaints were overheard by a swineherd, who was a wise man, and saw strange sights, and knew curious things that no other man knew.

“So you would like to fiddle a-quarter as well as the Nix, would you?” said he.

Yes, Hans would.

“Very well! On the next St. John’s Eve, at midnight, carry a jet black cock to the mill-pond, and, standing with your back to the water, throw

it in. Then repeat these words: 'Nix! Nix! black cock in water. I on land, thou in water. Come, teach me to play one-quarter as well as thou.' After this, take your violin and play upon it, and you shall see what will happen."

Hans was delighted. He could hardly curb his impatience until St. John's Eve should arrive. As soon as the old church bell in the ivy-covered belfry

tented now that the Nix himself had taught him; and he was contented—for a space. But one might as well expect to see a sieve filled with water as an unwise man satisfied with what he possesses, no matter to what extent his wants may be relieved. So it was with Hans; in two months' time he had begun to grumble as loudly as ever.

The wise swineherd having assisted him once,



THE SWINEHERD WHO KNEW CURIOUS THINGS.

told the hour of midnight, he sallied forth, with the black cock in a sack, and did as the cunning swineherd had directed. No sooner had he commenced to play upon his violin than he heard a splash in the water, and the next minute a cold, clammy hand was laid upon his own.

From that time, Hans Gottenlieb could play better than any man in the region.

Every one said that Hans surely would be con-

Hans hoped that he could, and expected that he would, help him again. Accordingly, he applied to him once more.

"If I could only play one-half as well as the Nix," said he, "I feel sure I should be satisfied."

"I doubt that very much," said the swineherd; "you had better hold what you have, without grasping for more. Still, if you will have it, catch a black cat and do as I told you before."





she could not hear even a word of scandal, was the only one who did not join in the unwilling revel; and, although she wept bitter tears at having mislaid her ear-trumpet, it was lucky for her as well as the rest of the good folks, as after-events proved, that she was deaf to the alluring cadence; otherwise there might have been a number of dancing skeletons waltzing in Westerhausen to this day.

The dancing community finally made the old woman understand that they desired her to consult the wise swineherd in regard to their case, for since he had been indirectly the cause of all the hubbub, he was, in all likelihood, the only one that could know the proper remedy.

The swineherd, who had shown his wisdom by keeping away from the bewitched music, made the old woman understand that he did know the proper remedy, but that he would not apply it until the town council had guaranteed to pay him the sum of two thousand guilders.

The members of the town council, who at that time were dancing with the others, freely consented to pay the required sum. They complied the more

readily with the swineherd's demand when they considered that the money was to be paid from the city treasury, and not from their own pockets.

The wise man then stopped his ears with wool, so closely that he could not hear a sound. He then made his way to where lord and lady, burgher and beggar, priest and people, pigs and all,—the great butcher beside the little tailor, every now and then treading on his toes,—were dancing and screaming:

The swineherd drew his terrible, flashing war-knife, and, walking up to the now more than ever terrified Hans, he cut—the strings of the fiddle across. The music instantly ceased, and every one stopped dancing.

They immediately paid the swineherd his two thousand guilders from the city treasury, and from that time he was a rich man.

Poor Hans could never play upon the violin afterward. He died a poor man, while, if he had been contented with his natural talent for music, he never would have been at a loss for notes to his last day.

## "GOD KNOWS."

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

[*"Perhaps your young readers will be interested in this incident connected with the wrecking of the emigrant ship 'Northfleet.' The baby's grave is in the church-yard of Lydd, near Dungeness, England."*—*Extract from Author's note.*]

OH! wild and dark was the winter night,  
When the emigrant ship went down,  
But just outside of the harbor bar,  
In the sight of the startled town!  
The winds howled, and the sea roared,  
And never a soul could sleep,  
Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,  
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,  
No rope could reach the land;  
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,  
There was many a ready hand:  
Women who prayed, and men who strove  
When prayers and work were vain,—  
For the sun rose over the awful void  
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—  
All day they scanned the deep;  
All night the booming minute-guns  
Echoed from steep to steep.

"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"  
They cried athwart the space;  
But only a baby's fragile form  
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all  
Who with the ship went down,  
That night, when the happy babies slept  
So warm in the sheltered town!  
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,  
It lay on the shifting sand,  
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,  
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,  
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,  
When the sobbing children crowded to ask  
The name of the baby dead.  
And so when they laid it away at last  
In the church-yard's hushed repose,  
They raised a stone at the baby's head  
With the carven words,—*"God knows!"*



## WHY NELLIE WAS NOT POPULAR.

BY CONSTANCE MARION.

"WELL, Nellie, what is the matter?" asked Miss Percy, as she seated herself in a straw rocker on the piazza, where Nellie sat, chin in hand, pouting over a portfolio of prints that lay outspread before her.

"I'm mad!" was the reply.

"Mad! That is distressing. I hope you don't bite."

"Oh, of course I don't mean *that*!" said Nellie, turning away from the pictures with an injured air. "I am vexed!"

"Then why did you say *mad*?"

"Oh, you are too particular, Aunt Alice! What do you think Kate Sibley has done?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Her mother gave her leave to invite three of the girls to go with her to the picnic in Cedar Creek, and she asked the Morrisons, and Minnie DuBose, and left me out, though I have worked every one of her examples ever since we have been in Denominate Numbers. It is just the way with them all. I do everything they ask me to do, and they all hate me. I'll be even with them, though, —I'll hate them, too."

And the future misanthrope began to sniffle and use her pocket-handkerchief.

"Don't you think it would be a wiser plan to make them love you?" asked Miss Percy, gravely.

"I can't do it," replied a chokey voice from behind the handkerchief.

"I have tried, but I ca-an't. They all like Rosa Guignard, who never does anything for anybody, but—but——"

As Nellie did not seem able to finish what she wished to say, Miss Percy came to her relief by observing, quietly:

"The girls all like Rosa on account of a very rare gift which she possesses."

"Rose Guignard gifted!" exclaimed Nellie, surprised into forgetfulness of her wrongs. "Why, Aunt Alice, she is 'way down in all her classes, and you know she is n't pretty,—that is, until you get used to her."

"But it is a much rarer gift than either intellect or beauty, that which Rosa possesses," returned Miss Percy.

Nellie's red-rimmed eyes asked a question to which Miss Percy replied with brevity, "Tact."

"Tact? What is that?" asked Nellie.

"I don't know any better definition of the word than one a great novelist has given: 'Tact is knowing what not to say.'"

"Don't I know what not to say, Aunt Alice?" asked Nellie, after a short silence.

"No, my dear; I don't think you do. You will take offense, probably, if I give you a few examples as proofs of this; but as I am in your mother's place this summer, I shall take the liberty of speaking plainly. Do you remember who were in the company yesterday when you coolly asserted that 'the Roman Catholic religion was nothing but mummery,' and went on to observe that, for your part, you looked upon a Romanist as no better than a Mohammedan, or a Jew?"

"There were so many—such a roomful—that I cannot—— Oh, Aunt Alice! I do remember now! Mademoiselle Durand was here, and she is a Romanist. I am so sorry!"

"And Miss Lyons was here also, and she is a devout Jewess. Did you notice that she kissed Kate Sibley when she went away, and did *not* kiss you?"

"Yes; and I wondered what was the matter. But mademoiselle kissed me."

"Yes, mademoiselle kissed you, although the flush had not died out of her cheeks which your thoughtless words had called up; and thereby showed herself to be, what Miss Lyons is not, a follower of Him who, *when He was reviled, reviled not again.*"

"Well, Aunt Alice, I did n't *mean* any harm; and you know everybody makes mistakes once in a while."

"But you make mistakes a great deal oftener than other people do. Shall I give some other instances of your not setting a watch on your lips?"

"If you like."

"Don't be sulky about it. I am 'cruel only to be kind.' When we were told the other evening that Miss Collins had small-pox, you immediately declared that if you were in her place you would rather die at once than get well and be a fright all the rest of your life. It was too dark on the porch to see the expression on Miss Adger's deeply scarred face, but I remember that lady's next remark was, 'I can't endure pert children.'"

"You can't expect me to see in the dark," muttered Nellie.

"No; but you ought to have remembered Miss Adger's presence. And you have not darkness for an excuse for what you said yesterday before Miss Pratt—that you believed all red-haired persons had bad tempers."

"Of course I meant present company excepted."

"It would have been better not to mention red hair at all in Miss Pratt's presence, as her hair, though beautiful, is decidedly of a reddish tint. You made another blunder yesterday, and I think if old Dr. Manning had had Elisha's power, you would have stood in considerable danger of being torn to pieces by the bears after your facetious remarks on the subject of bald heads."

"Oh, I never thought about *his* being bald!"

and get Minnie DuBose to play that, as Nellie says *she* does play it beautifully."

"Resentful creature! Well, at any rate, I have never said anything against Kate's *looks*."

"No; on the contrary, I once heard you remark in the presence of a dozen of her schoolmates that she was *by far* the prettiest girl in Mr. Radford's school; but then you went on to qualify your praise by coolly observing, 'However, I don't think that is saying *much* for her.' You showed more temer-



NELLIE.

"But, my dear child, these are matters that *ought* to be thought about. Let me give you one plain, simple rule, Nellie: *Never remind any one of his or her personal defects.*"

"I'll try to remember that."

"There is another thing you would do well to remember—that comparisons are odious. When Kate Sibley played the 'Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes' for me the other evening, it was scarcely polite in you to exclaim as soon as she had finished, 'Oh, Aunt Alice, you ought to hear Minnie DuBose play that! She does play it *beautifully*!'"

"Later in the evening, when I asked Kate for the 'Étude Mazurka,' she replied, 'Oh, you must wait

ity than I imagined even *you* were possessed of in giving so many young girls to understand that you did not consider them at all pretty."

"Well, I *don't* think them pretty."

"Nor interesting either. At least so I judged the other night when, as they were going away, you observed, yawningly, 'Only ten o'clock.' I thought it was a 'great deal later than that.' You are an unselfish child, Nellie, and always ready to give up your own pleasure to oblige your friends; but you will never be popular until you learn to bear this in mind, that although it is always wrong to tell falsehoods, it does not follow that it is always right to tell uncalled-for truths."

## CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF EASTER.

BY OLIVE THORNE.



DOUBTLESS all you young folks know why Easter is kept with rejoicings all over the Christian world. I am not going to tell you *why*, but *how*; for though all Christian nations celebrate it, each has its own peculiar customs for the occasion.

I suppose your idea of Easter celebration is to decorate the church with flowers, have extra-fine music on Sunday, and on Monday have colored eggs—you hardly know why. But if you were a little fur-clad Russian, you would look forward to Easter-time as you here do to Christmas. You would expect to have, on Palm Sunday, presents of flowers and fruit, birds and angels, all made of wax, and tied with ribbon to a palm-branch (or a stick representing one). And not only these, but books and playthings, and whatever nice gifts Santa

Claus brings to you here in America. The playthings you would use at once, and the palm, or rod, you would keep carefully till the next morning, when it would be your duty, or at least your privilege, to go about the house and whip all the lie-abeds, who were too sleepy, or too lazy, to go to early church. And when Easter arrived, you would have more eggs than you ever saw. Not only old Biddy's snowy-shelled baby-houses, but wonderful and beautiful things that grew in the glass-house or the porcelain-works. These would be of different sizes, ornamented with gold or colored flowers, and stuffed with candies and other nice things; or eggs made of gilt and silver paper, holding raisins and sweetmeats,—things to be hung up with ribbons, and kept with your treasures.

And funny sights you would see in St. Petersburg, though they would n't look funny to you, seeing through Russian eyes. You would see the whole city burst out into kisses! Every one kissing all his friends, at home or abroad, in the house or in the street, wherever he chanced to meet them; every general in the army kissing his officers; every captain his men. Every merchant saluting his clerks; every man his household. Even the Emperor kissing, not only his private family and his noblemen, but the generals of his army and a few private soldiers, enough to imply that he kisses the whole army. This would be a curious sight to American eyes, would it not?

But if, instead of Russia, your home were in the Emerald Isle (as poets have called Ireland), you would be careful to get up early on Easter morning, to see the sun dance when rising! You can do it in America just as well, by the way, and see it just as well, too. You need only a great deal of faith, and a small spring or bit of clear water to look into. Try it, and see.

Very different would be your Easter if your mother wore a mantilla over her head, and your father was a dark-haired Spaniard, and lived in Seville. You'd be a Roman Catholic, of course, and you would go with mamma to the grand Cathedral to see the paschal candle—a monster of the candle family, nine yards high, made of wax, and standing on a marble pedestal, and lighted by brand-new fire, struck from a flint by a priest.

Then you would hear high mass, beginning behind a great veil or curtain, and at a certain point in the ceremony, you would see the curtain snatched off, and fire-works burst out of the upper

gallery, and all the twenty-four bells of the tower would ring out together in a lively peal, and all the bells of the city would join in. Then you would go into the streets, and see people shooting at stuffed figures of Judas Iscariot, hanging from ropes stretched across the street. And if you were near the ocean, and could see the ships, you would see the effigy of this same Judas hung to the ship's yard-arm, dipped in the water, and beaten over the head and shoulders when it came up.

A stranger festival you would see at this time if you were so unhappy as to belong to the Turks. At break of day, the Pacha goes to an open place, away from the city, where he thrusts a sharp knife into the throat of a ram, laid on an altar. Instantly a Jew snatches up the victim, throws it over his shoulders, and runs for a mosque. If the poor animal is alive when he reaches the sacred building, the omen is good, and every devout Turk believes that the year will be a fortunate one; but if the ram is dead, groans and laments arise—the year will be bad. That matter settled, begins a strange celebration, which I feel sure must be a painful sight to many. Every man sacrifices one or more sheep, as he is able, in the open street; the blood of the victims streams down the street, and the people dance and sing, shout, and discharge guns. This lasts for eight days.

Vastly different would be your customs if your name were Victor or Marie, and your home Paris. On Good Friday you would go with the grown-ups (if you were big enough) to the fine churches in the city, every one of which you would find decorated with flowers and other ornaments, and brilliantly lighted with hundreds of wax candles. There you would meet all your friends, also on a tour of sight-seeing. And on Easter-day you would see—*mamma come out in a new bonnet!*

Something not very unlike this you can see in our own fashionable churches, where it has been introduced among other French fashions, I suspect.

Another French custom, originated by so great a man as Charlemagne, was that of allowing every Christian to give an Easter-box (on the ear) to every Jew he met, as a mark of contempt. The world has nearly outgrown this barbarism, but relics still are seen in Paris, where Jews are often chased through the streets with stones, and their windows broken, on Easter-day.

Much more agreeable would be Easter among the Alps, where the joyful day is announced by beautiful hymns, accompanied by guitars, and sung by bands of musicians adorned with flowers. On hearing the music at the door, every family comes out and joins in the chorus, all rejoicing together in the happy day; then the wandering singers go on to the next house.

But in Rome you would see the most imposing Easters. Hundreds of strangers go to that city every year, to see the grand procession,—the Pope carried through the streets on the shoulders of men, sitting in his crimson chair of state, dressed in gorgeous robes, with silken canopy over his head, and preceded by two men bearing immense white fans of ostrich plumes. After celebrating high mass in St. Peter's, the Pope comes out on a balcony, and blesses the people; and in the evening, the grand dome, and all parts of the grandest church in the world, are brilliantly illuminated.

But as you are neither Spaniard nor Turk, French nor Italian, but American, you will like to know some of the queer things done about Easter-time, by our cousins over the water. In London, public festivals are nearly as rare as in our sober American towns; but in the country some of the old customs still linger.

Ceremonies begin with Palm Sunday (the last Sunday before Easter), when many Londoners "go a-palming." That is, into the country for branches of willow (since they have no palms). They come home with the soft yellow sprigs in their hats and button-holes, and bits held in their mouths. What becomes of the willow, after it has done duty as palm branches, history does not tell; but I do not suppose it is hung over the door to keep away evil, as it was of old in England, nor nailed to a balcony to preserve the house from lightning, as in Spain.

The next celebration is on Good Friday, when nearly all England is waked by the cry of "Hot cross buns!"

"One a penny buns,  
Two a penny buns,  
One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!"

In the old times, every family would send out and buy some of the hot, spicy cakes with a cross stamped on the face, for the breakfast-table. This, like other old customs, is fast dying out, and buns are neither so plenty nor so nice as they used to be.

This usage has been traced by some to the pagan custom of worshiping the Queen of Heaven with cakes, which still prevails in China, Mexico, and other countries. In past days, in England, bread was baked on Good Friday to keep through the year, in the belief that a little of it in water would cure any disease. This may be the origin of the buns, which some ignorant people nowadays keep hung up in their cottages.

Easter is the great festival, and what relics of old-fashioned observances still remain, are different in different parts of the kingdom.

Long ago, tansy cakes and tansy puddings were eaten at Easter, in memory of the bitter herbs at the paschal feast. In the same days the clergy





and people played ball and danced in the churches. The highest dignitaries of the church—even the archbishop—joined in this ceremony. A dean, or other official, would begin it by starting a chant, and gravely dancing around to the tune, tossing the ball to others of the clergy who were dancing also. When this ceremony was over, the performers retired for refreshment, of which bacon—to show contempt of Jews—was a standard dish.

Another custom in Durham, is for men to go about the streets and take off a shoe from every woman they meet, unless she will pay a small fee to prevent it. The next day, as is but fair, the women retort by doing the same to men.

In some parts a still more ridiculous custom is found, called "heaving" or "lifting." On Easter Monday the men "lift" women, and on Tuesday the women are the lifters. It is done thus: two



EASTER HYMNS IN THE ALPS.

Of Easter Monday rites various curious relics still linger. One, called "clipping the church," is performed by children of the charity schools, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy. They place their backs against the outside of the church, and join hands till the circle is complete and the building surrounded, when the ceremony is over, and they go to another church.

strong men cross hands in the way we used to call "making a chair," in my school-days, or they carry a chair lined with white, and decorated with flowers and ribbons. On meeting a woman in the street, they invite her to take a seat, and, in fact, insist upon it. They then lift her into the air three times, when she must kiss each of her lifters, and give them money besides. In the time of Edward I.

this custom was so general that even the king was "lifted."

In Kent, the young people on Easter Monday "go a pudding-pieing." That is, go to public-houses to eat pudding-pie, a dish about the size of a saucer, with raised paste rim, and custard inside.

And everywhere, and all the time, are eggs, eggs, eggs; boiled and colored; striped and mottled, and gilded; ornamented with names, or mottoes, or pictures. Common ones are variously adorned with designs drawn with a bit of tallow, which keeps the dye from taking on those parts. A better kind of decoration is to scratch the design with a sharp knife on an egg after it is dyed; landscapes, mottoes, etc., can be made very neatly.

A common game—which, perhaps, you know—

is played with Easter eggs. The owner of a hard-boiled Easter egg challenges any one he meets to strike eggs with him. If his egg breaks the other, it is called "the cock of one," and its owner has the broken one as a trophy. When it has broken two, it is "cock of two," and so on. If an egg which is cock of one or more is broken, the conqueror adds the number of trophies won by the victim to his own score.

The custom of making presents of eggs is said to be Persian, and to bear allusion to the "mundane egg," from which the world was fabled by certain nations to have been derived. It is a custom among Jews, Egyptians, and Hindoos, and was adopted by Christians to symbolize the Resurrection.

This feast of eggs, therefore, very properly occurs at Easter.

## HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### REFUGE.

THE peddling philosopher ate his supper by greedy snatches, while he listened to the boy's broken narrative.

At the close, he appeared chiefly struck by the fact that the drowned person had money in his belt.

"That makes it worth your while to look for him. Otherwise, and aside from that," he said, stirring a fresh cup of coffee, "I don't see that it matters much. I take a philosophical view of it. We're made up of nat'ral elements. We use 'em for a while, then they return to nature. Just how they return, after we get through with 'em, don't make a particle of difference to the parties most interested. I mean me and you, after we've shoveled off this mortal coil."

Jacob confessed that he was unable to take quite so philosophical a view of the subject.

"For my part," he said, "I should n't like to see anything that ever belonged to my friend, and seemed a part of him,—not even his clothes,—thrown away, and treated without respect."

"That 's a nat'ral prejudice," said the proprietor of the Ark. "Not many persons have got above it. But science shows us what we've come from

and what becomes of us, and cures prejudice. Do you see that?" holding up the skeleton of a fish.

Jacob saw it.

"Every creatur' that's got a backbone is a vertebrate animal. Man has a backbone; so has a fish. Man is the highest of the vertebrates; the fish is the lowest. In nature, the lowest forms came first, and the higher were developed out of 'em. Next to fishes come reptiles, then warm-blooded creatur's, up to monkeys; then comes men. Your great-great-'way-back—great-grandfather was a fish. Before the fish there were lower and lower forms, 'way down to the first little simple speck of a living thing that we've all come from. That's the doctrine of *Evolution*. Darwin didn't invent it any more than I did. But he demonstrated it. I can't demonstrate it so well as he does, for I have n't the book-knowledge. He makes a good deal out of *nat'ral selection*, and what he calls *survival of the fittest*. Forms of creatur's all tend to vary, and conditions are always changing; and when there comes a variation that's best adapted to a new condition, that is preserved, while those that aint adapted die off; at the same time the strongest kill off the weakest; and in this way Nature has built on and built up till she's got to man. Whether she'll have time to go any further, and make something as much ahead of man as man is ahead



of a monkey, before the planetary system cools off, is a question I have n't made up my mind about. The earth has cooled off already, so that she is supported by the heat of the sun; and the sun can't keep on throwing off heat into the universe many million-million years longer without losing so much that we shall finally all freeze up here on this little planet; just as the moon froze up long ago, when the earth cooled down. Now, I've told you what we've come from," Sam Longshore added; "would you like to know where we go to?"

"I should like to know where I am to go to-night," replied Jacob, less interested in the remote past or the far future, than in the immediate question of bed and shelter.

The philosopher came back to practical matters.

He regretted that he could not accommodate his visitor on board the Ark.

"I've only just a bunk for myself to tumble into. But you'll find farm-houses a little ways up the crick. There's a village further on, which I'm going to run up to in the morning. If you hurry, you'll find some house where the folks aint yet abed. If you propose to look for the belt of money, may be I'll see you in the morning."

Jacob waited only for a few simple directions as to the course he was to take, and started. The peddler called him back.

"There's so many tramps and impostors traveling through the country, telling big stories to excite sympathy, that may be you wont find anybody to believe you. I believe you, because I've got the science of human nature. I'll lend you a little money. Here's half a dollar,—that ought to pay your lodgings somewhere and breakfast into the bargain. If you find the belt you may pay me back. I suppose you'll offer a reward for it, wont ye?"

"I'd willingly give all the money I have in it to have *him* found," said Jacob.

"That's too much," replied the peddler. "Say twenty-five dollars—that's a handsome offer. Well, good-night! you'd better hurry."

Keeping on up the creek, by a rough sort of wagon-road, Jacob passed a stump-lot, some cleared fields, a house or two in which all was dark, and at last came to one in which there was a light.

Before he had time to knock at the door, it was opened, and a woman with a pale and rather large face looked out at him with a start of surprise.

She was evidently expecting some one else, when she saw this boy.

"Can I stop here overnight?" said Jacob.

"I do not know," she answered, regarding him intently, but not unkindly. "Where does thee come from?"

Notwithstanding his unfavorable opinion of friend

David, the boy felt a thrill of hope at the sound of the gentle voice and the Quaker form of speech.

He set out to tell his story; but before he had got half through she made him come in, and took his hat from his hand, and brought him to the kitchen fire, where she made him sit down and pull off his shoes, and warm his feet and dry his clothes.

She did not betray either much astonishment or much sympathy; but her voice kept the calm and even tone of a person accustomed to constant self-control. Her words were kind, however, and her acts were still more kind.

She offered to set out a supper for him, but he assured her that he was not hungry.

"Thee must not avoid telling the exact truth for fear of giving me trouble," she said, with a simple, earnest smile. "We have had many persons in distress in this house before, and it is our duty to do for such."

Jacob replied that he had supped with the river peddler.

"I think I know the man," said she. "A rather vain person in his talk; one who has drunk a little of the new wine of knowledge, and it has gone into his head. But he deals in excellent fabrics, and we sometimes trade with him."

She saw how haggard Jacob looked, and added:

"Since thee will not have food, thee shall have a bed, for thee is very weary; and the sooner thy wet clothing is put off, the better."

"Oh, I am almost dry now; walking has warmed me," Jacob replied. He was glad to accept her offer, nevertheless.

With a heart warmed and grateful, he followed her to an upper room, where there was a comfortable bed; also a little stand, on which she placed a candle and left him. He quickly undressed and got into bed; then she came and took his damp clothes, to hang them by the fire, and carried away the candle, bidding him a pleasant good-night.

He could not remember that any woman had ever been so much like a mother to him. Such kindness was a balm to his heart, after his intense sufferings; and, soothed and comforted, he fell into a troubled sleep.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A STRANGE BEDFELLOW.

HE was living over in frightful dreams the events of the evening, when there came again a sound of footsteps to the house.

The woman, who was still waiting and listening below, once more hastened to open the door. Again she was disappointed. A second stranger stood before her.

"Is there a hotel near here?" he inquired.

"There is none nearer than the village," she replied,—“about two miles up the creek.”

As he hesitated before speaking again, she observed him closely. He wore his coat buttoned tightly across his chest; he had a youthful face, and his manners were pleasing.

"I find myself in an awkward situation," he said at length, turning frankly toward her. "I have been out in the storm, and walked I don't know how many miles, having lost my way. Would it be possible to get somebody, at this time of night, to carry me to the village?"

"Nay, I fear that will be difficult," the woman

"I got something at a log cabin," he said,—“all I need to-night. I am so tired, I think I will, if you please, accept the bed you kindly offer me.”

"Then come with me." Taking the lamp, she showed the way to the chamber. "I think he is asleep," she said in a whisper, "and it would be a pity to waken him. I have put his clothing by the fire; if thee will place thy garments on a chair outside the door, I will take them too."

Moving silently, she set the lamp on the stand, and withdrew.

The stranger, left alone, glanced curiously about the room, and at his bedfellow buried to the eye-



"SHE TOOK HIS DAMP CLOTHES, TO HANG THEM BY THE FIRE."

replied. "But we can give thee shelter, and at least part of a bed, if thee will accept so much. We have already one stranger guest, a lad, who came but half an hour ago; and he has our only spare room. But thee can share it with him."

"This is unexpected kindness!" exclaimed the young man, gratefully. "I ought not to trouble you." And yet he could not resist her urgent request that he would walk in.

"I am expecting Matthew, my husband, to come home soon," she said. "If thee will not take the bed, then thee can sit by the fire and dry thy garments till he comes. Thee has had no supper?"

brows under the coverlet; then he began to undress.

For some reason his eyes kept glancing at the bed, as if, being a fastidious gentleman, he felt some misgivings about sleeping with a stranger. At length, having got off his outer garments and his wet boots, he took up the lamp, and stepped cautiously to the bedside.

To protect himself from a mosquito or two which he heard buzzing about the chamber, Jacob had covered his head, leaving only a breathing-place under the folds of the sheet. Just the tip of a nose was left visible, with a few locks of light hair.

The stranger lowered the lamp, and gazed for some seconds with curiously excited interest. Then he cautiously laid hold of the sheet about the head, and drew it down until an ear was exposed to view. It was the ear that had the scar upon it. His countenance lighted up with a strange smile. Then, having gazed a moment longer, he softly laid back the sheet, and stepped stealthily away.

Having quickly put on his garments again, he took the lamp in one hand and his boots in the other, and went down-stairs. He found the woman in the kitchen; and as she looked up at him with a mild questioning gaze, he said:

"I should like to place my boots near your fire; but my clothes will be dry by morning if I leave them in the room. I forgot to tell you that I shall have to take a pretty early start. I will pay for my lodging to-night, so that I can get off in the morning without disturbing you."

He was opening his pocket-book as he spoke.

"Nay, thee is welcome to thy entertainment, such as it is," she answered. "We never take money of wayfarers. I am sorry that thee must go so early; but if thee cannot await breakfast, I will leave something on the board for thee."

"Do you often entertain strangers in this way?" he asked, with a smile.

"Not of late years," she said. "But there was once a time when many a poor wayfarer found refuge in this house."

He glanced at Jacob's clothes and little black bag by the fire, and remarked:

"My bedfellow was out in the storm too, I take it."

"Nay, worse than that; he was in the river."

"Ah! How happened that?"

"The Cincinnati boat got aground above the bend, and some of the passengers had been ashore, when, as they were returning to the steamer, their skiff was upset by the raising of the cable, and one of their number was drowned. It was a dear friend of this boy's, and he left the steamboat—which went on its course—to search for him."

"Was the drowned person recovered?"

"Nay; there was a tug-boat employed to search for him, but with no success. It leaves the lad in a deplorable situation. The drowned man was his only friend in the world, he says."

"How distressing!" said the sympathizing stranger.

"To make the matter worse," she continued, "all the boy's money was in a belt which his friend wore about his body."

"And that is lost too!"

"I fear so. He will get help in the morning, and make further search. But, to do the lad justice, it does not seem to be the loss of the

money that troubles him, but the loss of his friend. I never saw any person more devoted to another. He can scarcely speak of him without tears."

The stranger seemed a good deal affected by this account of his bedfellow.

"I regret that I have business engagements which will take me away so early," he said. "I would stay if I could, and join him in the melancholy task of seeking for his friend. If I don't see him before I start, tell him, if you please, how much I sympathize with him in his misfortune."

Just then he who had been so long expected came to the door. The wife started to meet her husband. The stranger did not wait to make his acquaintance; but, having gracefully uttered the sentiment which did so much credit to his heart, he returned to the chamber.

There, having put out the light, he undressed noiselessly in the dark, and got into bed, taking care not to disturb his weary bedfellow.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ON BOARD THE ARK.

THANKS to youth and health, and fatigue of body and mind, Jacob slept well, in spite of bad dreams. They waked him once or twice in the middle of the night; then when he opened his eyes again it was day.

A flood of anxious and painful thoughts rushed upon him, and he started up. It was a moment before he could make out just where he was. Then he remembered everything, and had also a strong impression that when he woke at midnight he had felt somebody in bed with him.

He found his clothes dry and hanging on a chair just inside the door; his shoes and bag beside them. The sight of them brought back upon his heart all the good woman's kindness to him, and made him catch his breath and wink hard as he thought, "Oh, if I had had such a mother!"

He hurried down-stairs to meet her, and met instead a gravely smiling girl,—a sweet young Quakeress of fourteen. She was placing dishes on the table, when she turned and greeted him with demure composure.

"My mother bade me tell thee that breakfast will soon be ready," she said, in accents which gave a peculiar charm to the Quaker form of speech.

For a moment Jacob forgot his impatience to be back by the river-side, searching for his friend. He never in his life had heard so sweet a voice, or seen a face and form of such simple grace. She made him think of Florie, not because the two were alike, but because they were so different. The little Quakeress was a gracious lily; Florie, a red rose, with all a rose's thorns.

Jacob was trying to frame a reply to her, when the mother entered the room.

"I know thee will be in a hurry, and I have hastened thy breakfast," she said, after a motherly greeting.

"You are too good to me!" was all Jacob could say, and that in a broken voice.

"We used often to get earlier breakfasts than this for our guests," she replied. "But until last night it is some time since strangers have tarried with us. I see that thy bedfellow is gone."

"Then I had a bedfellow?" said Jacob. "I was wondering whether I dreamed it."

"Yea, a wayfarer like thee; a civil-spoken young



JACOB AND THE YOUNG QUAKERESS.

man, who seemed touched when I told him thy story. He bade me say to thee how gladly he would have tarried to aid thee in the search for thy dear friend, but that important affairs prevented. I left food on the board for him; he must have taken it, and gone when it was hardly day."

"I wish I could have seen him and had his help!" said Jacob. "Whom can I get to help me?"

"Matthew, my husband, will find some person to go with him in a boat. But he came home late and weary last night, and he will not be so soon ready as thee. So if thee likes thee can take thy meal and go on down to the shore, and he will find thee there. Be seated; Ruth will help thee."

So Jacob sat at breakfast, waited upon by the sweet young Quakeress. It seemed to the homeless, friendless lad as if he were being entertained by angels; and he felt, as he took leave of them and started for the shore, that, though he should never see them again, he must always be a better boy, and a better man, for having known them.

He looked for the peddler on his way, and, not seeing him, concluded that he had gone up the creek. But, keeping the bank of the river, he soon spied the little Ark moving away under full steam, about half a mile farther on. At that distance it looked like a large tub, with a smoke-pipe.

The morning was beautiful after the rain. The trees shook their sunlit tops in the fresh breeze, the shore-grass waved, the river glanced and glittered in the early light. Jacob felt his heart leap with the gladness of youth. Then he thought of his friend, and wondered how he could be happy even for a moment.

The tub was turning and zigzagging along near the shore, and by running on the bank he soon came abreast of it. Sam Longshore, with his dog beside him, was on the bow, holding with one hand the tiller-wheel, which was behind him, and looking over intently at the water. Evidently his philosophical mind was for the time interested in Mr. Pinkey's money-belt.

Hearing a shout from the shore, and seeing Jacob, he headed the Ark to the sloping edge of the bank, and called to him to come aboard. Jacob stepped upon the bow as it struck.

The peddler had changed his position, and was now standing in a little pit-like place under a projection of the cabin roof. One hand was on the tiller-wheel before him, while the other reached back to a lever of his little engine in the hold. Ripper, the dog, watched and growled; but Jacob was not afraid of him now.

As soon as he was aboard, the bit of a steamer backed water, fell off into the slow, smooth current, then breasted it again, puffing and panting at an amusing rate, up the river.

"You see, I had a sort of kind of hankering for that belt of money," said the peddler, maneuvering his tub. "I've been up once to the tow-head and the trees you told about. Now I'm just scooting round a little at random. It's a poor show. I calc'late it's got lodged on the bottom somewheres; if the water was clear there'd be some chance of finding it. Did ye spend the half-dollar I lent ye last night?"

"I have n't paid it away yet," replied Jacob. "I stopped with some people who were so good to me that I was ashamed to offer 'em pay. But I left my bag with them, and when I go back for it, I mean to make them take the money if they will."





"What sort of folks? Ye did n't stumble on to Quaker Matthew's house, did ye?" said the peddler. "Well, I want to know! If you'd been black, I should have sent you there. Being as you're merely white, I never thought on't."

Jacob looked puzzled.

"Don't ye understand? Matthew Lane," said the peddler, with a dry pucker meant for a smile, "used to be station-master on the underground railroad."

"What's that?" said Jacob.

"You an Ohio boy, and don't know what the underground railroad is?—or rather used to be, for it's gone up since the war."

"I guess the tracks were never laid in the part where I lived."

"Mebby not. But there was a pretty extensive branch down here. Some say Quaker Matthew brought his family on from Pennsylvania expressly to take charge on't. So ye don't know what the underground railroad was! Well, I'll tell ye."

Jacob expected to hear one of those curious scientific explanations in which the peddling philosopher delighted. But he was mistaken.

"In the first place, there wa'n't no railroad about it. It was just a private arrangement for running off fugitive slaves. They used to escape across the river from Virginny and Kentucky; a good many got captured and carried back, but some that fell into the right hands got off to Canady. Quaker Matthew and his wife had the name of helping a good many. They did n't seem to be fanatical on the subject, and it was never proved that they induced slaves to run away from their masters. But if one came to their house they would harbor him, and Matthew would help him on his way to some other station-master of the underground railroad, as it was called, who would take him in his team and give him another lift. It was against the law of the land; and when Matthew was hauled up for it, he simply said he was obeying a higher law, and doing as he'd be done by. He was sent to jail, and fined for different offenses about two thousand dollars. That's what makes him a poor man to-day. They won't take any money of ye, so I guess you may as well hand me back that half-dollar."

Jacob produced it promptly.

"On the hull, though," said the proprietor of the Ark, after stooping down and throwing a small scoopful of coal into the little furnace of his engine, and taking time to reconsider the subject, "you'll want it some time, and you may as well keep it. Though it's like looking for a needle in a haystack, to try to find that belt. This river is always riled,—digging out its channel and carrying away the earth. It has cut through strata of rocks

and beds of coal and iron ore, as you can see in some places. You think the country is high along the shores, don't ye?"

"It looks so," said Jacob, absently, fingering the half-dollar.

"But when you get up there, you see that the country aint high at all. It's the bed of the river that's low. Go back a piece, and you find a higher country beyond, which used to be the shore, ages ago. Since then the river has cut this big ditch for itself, sixty or seventy feet deep, and in some places half a mile wide. It's flowing now just along the bottom of the channel; but high-water fills it clean up. When you go to Cincinnati, you'll see on the river-front of the city a long row of immense posts, fifty feet above the present level of the river. You'll wonder what they're for. I'll tell ye beforehand. When the river is high, it comes right up to the street, and these posts are to tie up the steamboats to."

The peddler seated himself on the side of the bow-deck, with one hand on the wheel and his legs hanging in the hold, and continued:

"You must know, a pretty considerable volume of water flows through such a channel, time of freshets. The river rises and falls a monstrous sight quicker, late years, than it used to. Do you know the reason?"

Jacob did not, nor did he care much for it then. He stood holding on to the projection of the deck, looking with sadly wistful eyes over into the water, while the philosopher at the wheel explained.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MORE OF SAM LONGSHORE'S PHILOSOPHY.

"YOU see, the country was once all forests on both sides. Then, when there came heavy rains or great thaws, the water run off slower, and it kept running longer. Now, a big part of the forests has been cut away, and the land sheds water like a duck's back. The river is up brim-full, then down again in a few days. I can't make headway against a very strong current. Curious," added the philosopher, "how the force of the stream and the force that works a steamboat up against it, both come from the same source. Did ye ever think of that?"

Jacob never had.

"Of course not. Only a few men of science have. Up to the village, a little above where you stayed last night," the philosophical peddler went on, "they've got some mills. They've dammed the crick, shet back the water, and got what they call a power. Now, not one person in ten thousand knows the origin of that power. Tell 'em it's the heat of the sun, and they'll laugh at you. But

that's just what it is. It's the heat of the sun that makes evaporation. A vapor goes up from seas and wet places, and makes clouds. Clouds make rain. Rain fills the streams, and the streams turn the mills. To put it differently,—the sun lifts the water, and the water falling again, turns your machinery."

Jacob saw the force of the argument, and smiled with surprise. Though not a great philosopher, like Sam Longshore, he was, like all intelligent boys, interested in tracing the reason of things.

"In a good many parts of the country," said the peddler, "they're going back to the old fashion of using wind-mills. On the prairies of Indiana and Illinois, particularly, they're sticking up the new patent wind-mills that tend themselves, and pump water for locomotives at railroad stations, and do a hundred other things. Well, ask any man you see what the power is that does the work, and he'll say, 'You fool, you! don't you see it's the wind?' A man said that to me once. Says I, 'It's you that's the fool, and I can prove it.' And prove it I did, to his satisfaction,—or rather dissatisfaction, for it made him as mad as a hopper, if anybody knows how mad that is. 'The sun,' says I, 'warms the atmosphere, more in some places than others.' He admitted that. 'Heated air,' says I, 'tends to rise.' He owned up again. 'If air rises,' says I, 'more air must rush in to fill its place.' He could n't deny that, either. 'So,' says I, 'it's the sun that makes the current of air,—what you call wind,—and turns the wind-mill. Now, who's the fool?' Oh, I tell ye, I've done a pile of thinking in my day!"

And the peddler smoked and shook his head in pleased astonishment at his own vast and profound understanding of things.

"If I should tell you of a man who heated his shop by water-power, you'd smile, perhaps."

"I think I should," said Jacob.

"Well, he did, and he did n't. He did—in this way. The water turned his machinery, and he made his machinery turn a great iron plate which rested on another iron plate; the friction heated the plates, and they warmed his shop like a stove. But was it water-power? Strictly speaking, no. But the heat of the sun that raised the vapor that made the water that turned the wheels was changed again into heat by the friction. Queer, aint it?"

Jacob thought it was.

"Now, coming back to what I said of the steam-boat working up against the stream. You call it steam-power. I call it sun-power again. For what makes steam? Water heated. What heats the

water? Burning a little wood or coal. Now, coal is a vegetable product, like wood. It's the sunlight that makes vegetables grow. And it's the heat of the sun stored up ages ago in this little shovelful of carbon,"—he brought up a specimen from his coal-bin,—“that will make steam for me, and propel my boat for the next half-hour. Aint it curious?"

So saying, he chuckled the coal under the little engine-boiler, slammed the furnace-door, seated himself on the top of the bow-deck, and laid hold of the wheel again.

"Now you see how the same power that lifts vapor and makes rivers, makes vapor again and drives the steamboat up-stream. I tell you, there's only one great source of power for us,—and that, after all, aint heat."

The peddler smiled quaintly on Jacob.

"What do you suppose it is?"

Jacob was puzzled to decide.

"It's gravitation, probably. Every particle of matter attracts every other particle. Hold up a piece of steel, let go of it, and it falls. The piece of steel and the earth rush together. The steel falls down to meet the earth, and the earth falls up—just a little ways—to meet the steel. When they come together, they make heat. If the steel hits stone, it strikes fire. So we see gravitation makes motion; motion checked makes friction; friction produces heat,—which is only another kind of motion. All the heat in the sun and planets has been produced by the rushing together of the particles of matter of which they are composed. So you see there is only one kind of force, whether you see it in the wind, or in water, or in steam, or in this hand which I lift,—for I get my strength from the same source; I eat the animal, that eats the plant, that grows by the light and heat of the sun, that's produced by gravitation."

"But what is gravitation?" said Jacob.

The peddler smiled his wisest and quaintest smile as he made answer:

"Young man, you beat me there! Some things neither I, nor you, nor no other man don't know."

With which sentence, strong as negatives could make it, he headed his craft toward the shore.

"Now, yender are the trees, I take it, 'longside of which your boat was upset. I propose to land, take an observation, and see what we can see."

This proposal suited Jacob better than philosophy just then; and taking the end of a line which the peddler passed to him, he stepped ashore with it as the Ark grounded, and made it fast to the root of one of the fallen trees.

(To be continued.)





## THE LION.

IF any of you ever saw a lion, I am quite sure that he was in a cage. Now a lion in a cage is a noble-looking beast, but he never seems so grand and king-like—you know some people call the lion the King of Beasts—as he does when he is free. Of course, almost any living creature will look happier and better when it is free than when it is shut up; but there is another reason why the lions we see in cages do not seem so grand as those which are free.

We almost always go to see wild animals in the day-time, and animals of the cat-kind, of which the lion is one, like to take the day for their sleeping time. So, when we see them, they are drowsy and lazy, and would much rather take a good nap than be bothered with visitors. If we could go and look at them at night, it is likely we should find them much more lively.

Lions are natives of Africa and Asia, and there they roam around at night and are not afraid of any living creature. They sometimes stand and roar as if they wished all other animals to know that a lion was about, and that they would do well to behave themselves.

When a lion is hungry, he kills a deer or an antelope, or some such animal, and eats it. But sometimes he comes near to men's houses and fields, and kills an ox or a cow, and carries it away. A lion must be very strong if he can even drag away a great ox.

The male lion is much handsomer and finer looking than the female, or lioness. He has a large head, with a great mane of hair hanging down all around his head and over his shoulders. This gives him a very noble look. The lioness has no mane at all.

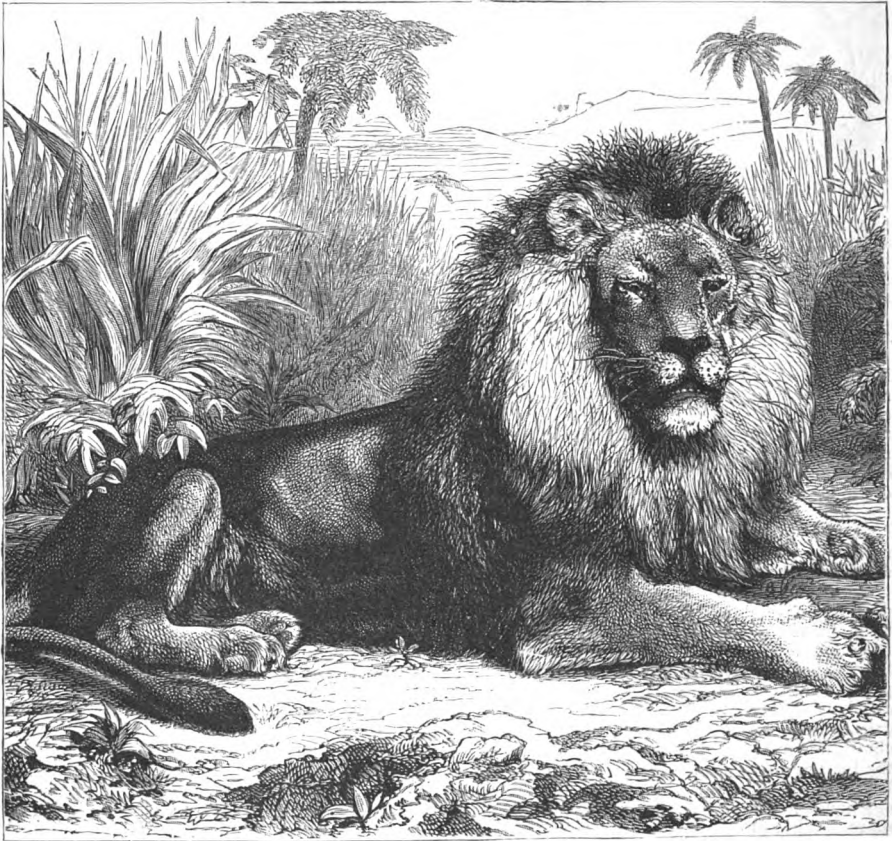
Baby lions are funny fellows. They look something like clumsy dogs, and are quite playful. But long before they are full-grown they begin to look grave and sober, as if they knew that it was a very grand thing to be a lion.

Two half-grown lions that I saw not long ago, looked just as quiet and sedate as their old father, who was in the next cage. But perhaps they had their play and fun at night, when there was nobody there to see.

Some lions are quite easily tamed, and often learn to like their keepers. I suppose you have seen performing lions in cages. The keeper goes into the cage and makes the lions, and sometimes leopards and other animals, jump about and do just as he tells them.

As the lion seems to have a better disposition than most other savage beasts, he sometimes becomes so tame that his keepers do not appear to be at all afraid of him.

But he is really a wild beast, at heart, and it would never do to let the very tamest lion think that he could go where he pleased, and choose his



THE LION.

dinner for himself. It would not be long before he would be seen springing upon a cow or a horse—if he did not fancy some little boy or girl.

So, after all, there are animals which have much nobler dispositions than the lion, and among these are elephants and dogs—who not only are often trusted servants of man, but also seem to have some reasoning powers, and are known to do actions that are really good and kind.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHENEVER I hear country folk rejoicing that the days soon will be getting longer, and laying half of their short-comings to poor Winter because its days were so short, I wink slyly at the birds, and set them tittering. Bless your heart! these cute little creatures never trouble themselves about the approach of short days. Why? Simply because most of them make it a rule to go where the days are longer. Birds have the same intense desire for sunshine that flowers have. Like flowers, they turn their backs to the dark and their faces to the light. When the days shorten in the north, the birds go south. There are other reasons for their going, but this surely is one.

Runeberg, the Swedish poet, during a long illness, occupied himself by observing the habits of birds; and at the end he declared that, like good men and women, birds always are seeking the light. (I get all this partly from the birds and partly from a newspaper scrap that flew about me one day until I caught it for the children.) "When days shorten," he writes, "the birds go to southern climes, where the nights recede. But as soon as the long northern days set in with their luminous long-drawn hours, the wanderers return to their old haunts. It is generally supposed that they move southward to get more abundant food; but why do they leave the rich southern feeding-grounds to return northward? Simply because one thing is richer there; and that is, light. The bird of passage is of noble origin; he bears a motto, and his motto is, *Lux mea dux*."

As neither the Deacon nor the dear Little School-ma'am happens to be around, Jack prefers not to translate the Latin—if it *is* Latin. May be it's only bad spelling, and really means "luck's mere ducks." But there is n't much sense in that. Some of you little chaps who send translations of the Latin stories in St. NICHOLAS may be able to

make something out of this motto of the birds. In my opinion, however, the birds around here don't take the trouble to lay out rules for themselves in the dead languages.

## A PAPER-MAKING SPIDER.

SPIDERS have been noted so long as spinners of the finest of silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper-maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me.

In the heart of the African Continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this she glues the square carefully around the edges.

When all is done, the spider—which is quite a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the day-times to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves.

## AN APE'S DEATH.

DEAR JACK: We are so used to looking upon monkeys and apes as frisky, playful creatures, with no thought beyond their mischievous pranks, that we forget how, in some circumstances, they show real distress, and even a pathetic sorrow that is almost human. Lately, at the Zoölogical Gardens at Dresden, a fine ape named "Mafuka," from being full of life and playfulness, suddenly began to droop. It was evident that some mortal ailment had seized her, and that she dimly realized the hopelessness of her condition. She would fully respond to any kind office in a way that seemed to say plainly, "You are kind, but you cannot help me." "This state of things," says the London "Echo," "lasted until within a few hours of her death. Then, as Herr Schopf (the director of the gardens) leaned over his favorite, the ape drew him toward her, placed her arm around the neck of her friend, and looked at him for some time with clear and tranquil eyes; she then pressed her cheek against him, motioned to be laid upon her couch, gave her hand to Schopf—as though bidding farewell to a companion of many happy years,—and slept never to wake again."

Thinking that some of my St. NICHOLAS cousins, dear Jack, might be interested in poor Mafuka, I have written you this brief letter.—Your sincere friend,  
ROBBY D.

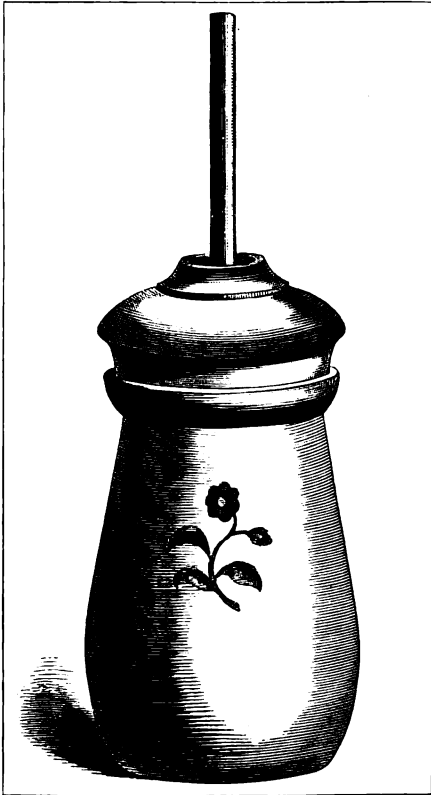
## A GOOD "BLOWING-UP."

I've heard country folk speak of "blowing up" their children in the hope of curing them of laziness and other bad qualities, but never until lately have I heard of blowing up lazy grape-vines by way of improvement. Yet, a new contributor to St. NICHOLAS says that the thing is done, and a very sensible plan it seems to be. Yes. Some enterprising grape-growers in Austria have lately used dynamite, a very explosive material, in cultivating their vines. In order to loosen the soil

and let in air and moisture to the roots, holes are made in the ground near the vines, and in them small quantities of this substance are exploded, loosening the earth to the depth of about *eight feet*. How much better than any spading and digging, and how much more easily and quickly done! I cannot conceive of anything more likely to give grape-vines a good start.

#### HOW TO MAKE BUTTER.

Saratoga Springs, January 29.  
 DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I send you an original recipe for butter. When I was in the country, I saw them making butter, and thought that as I had a dolly's churn, I would like to make some



too. I succeeded, and so I wrote down the recipe. I send you a picture of my churn, full size.—Yours truly,

RUBY H. WALWORTH.

First, you must be sure that the top of your churn will come off; then get some sour cream and fill the churn about half full, and churn till the butter comes. Take it out and put it on a saucer; get a tea-spoon and some water, and put the water with the butter, and press and work it well; put on fresh water several times to get all the buttermilk out; then put a little salt in the butter. Scald the churn before putting it away.

*Note.*—A churn three inches high will give a thimbleful and a half of butter. It takes about an hour to churn it. R. H. W.

#### ROYAL, BUT NEVER A KING.

A SCHOOL-GIRL sends your Jack a nice letter, in which she tells of a man whose life was "almost made of thrones, and who yet never sat upon a throne himself." It was Philip the Handsome, of Burgundy, she says, who died just 371 years ago. He was the son of Maximilian I. of Germany, the father of Charles V. and Ferdinand I. (successively Emperors of Germany), and of Eleanor, dowager Queen of Francis I. of France, and Mary dowager Queen of Hungary. Husband of Joan, afterward Queen of Castile; son-in-law of a king and queen (Ferdinand and Isabella), he was never a sovereign in his own right.

#### A NEW WAY OF COMFORTING.

THERE'S nothing like a comforting word when we are in trouble, and the least thing one can do when one has a necessary hurt to inflict, is to thrust in a bit of consolation at the same time. Jack heard, the other day, of a bright little four-year-old girl in Ontario who has discovered this principle for herself, and who carries it out in a most original manner. A nice long letter, telling of her odd ways, says:

"Mamie—that's her name—was death on the potato-bugs last summer. She would stamp on one, and, with a pitying shake of the head, say, soothingly: 'Poor sing! Mamie'll never hurt oo any more!' Then straightway she would look for others, treating them one by one in the same way, and each time with the same assurance: 'Mamie'll never hurt oo any more!' Very consoling to the striped victims, was n't it?"

#### JACK-STONES.

DEAR! DEAR! What curious things people do find out! Now, what do you say to your pet game of Jack-stones being a very ancient Greek game? Yes; pictures have been found in Pompeii of children playing it. They did n't call them "Jacks,"—no, indeed!—they had a dignified name,—Astragali. And the pieces were not glass, like the young Roman's, nor stones, nor cast-iron, like yours,—but the small-joint bones of sheep. They used five of them, though,—just as you do. In England, this game is called "dibbs;" and in Scotland, "chucks."

Now, Jack does n't know, but being a Yankee, he has a right to "guess,"—and he guesses that your name of Jacks comes from that same word "chucks." "Chuck-stones" easily might have been corrupted to "Jack-stones." What do you think about it?

There's a statue in Berlin, I'm told, of a young girl playing "Astragali."

#### AN OLD FLAME.

TRAVELERS tell a great many strange stories. I heard one telling, not long ago, of a fire in Persia that had been kept steadily burning by the Fire-worshippers for over three thousand years, without being allowed to go out during all that time.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## HOW TO MAKE A BIRD-HOUSE.

A BIRD-HOUSE like the one shown in the picture can be made easily and quickly. The materials for its construction can be collected, if need be, from the mere scraps of boards and slats usually to be found in any work-shop, and the only tools needed are hatchet, nails, and saw.

First, take the widest board you can find, of not more than an inch in thickness, and saw off a piece some two inches wider and longer than you desire your house to be. This is for the bottom or floor of your house. Then take the slats and saw off a number of pieces, making their length equal to the height you have chosen for the sides of your house. Place as many of these edge to edge as, when closely joined, will make up the length of the house from front to rear, and nail a wider strip of wood across the top, on the outside. Repeat this process with exactly the same measurements, and the two sides of your house are ready.

Now for the front and back, which will require more care, as you have here, in each case, to form a gable. As easy a way as any, perhaps, is this: After placing edge to edge as many of the slats as are necessary to make up the width of your house from side to side, nail them to a cross-piece, placed on the inside a little below the middle. Now take one of the two sides which you have already finished, place it edge to edge with the new layer of slats, their bottoms on an exact level, and mark the spot on the edge of the new layer where the topmost point of the completed layer touches it. This, you see, is an end of the gable where one of the eaves will be, and of course, must be of exactly the same height as the sides of the house; therefore, the above way of measuring is safest, unless you are an expert with the rule.

You have now one of the starting-points for your gable. The one on the other side of the house will be on an exact horizontal with it, or can be obtained by the same measurement which was employed to find the first. From these two points you can mark the top lines of the gable to their point of meeting, using any slant you choose, but remembering that the top of the gable should be in a direct line above the center of its base. Saw out your gable along the slant lines which you have drawn, and, along the edge of each on the outside, nail a piece of molding. The way in which these pieces will have to be joined at the top, is shown in the picture more readily than described. This done, all the process must be repeated, as with the sides, to form the other surface, though with this advantage, that you can, if you are very careful, take the completed end as your guide and thus save trouble and delay in measurement.

Having made the four sides of the house, select the one for the front and nail a slat across the bottom of it on the outside. A little above this, make a round or square hole for an entrance, adding, if you choose, a small porch over it as shown in the picture.

The four sides are now ready to be joined together, and the joining is an easy task. If your slats are thick enough, and you are skillful with the hammer, you can simply nail the side of the corner slat of one surface to the edge of that of the other; or, you can place a piece of molding (as long as the side is high), in each corner and nail the corner-slats to its sides. Then set this hollow, box-like house in correct position upon your bottom-board (which, you will remember, is so large that there will be a margin of two inches on every side), and mark on the bottom-board the dimensions of the inside of the house. Along the inside of each of the four lines thus made, nail a piece of molding firmly to the bottom-board; then set your box over these again (if you have done this part well, the four sides will fit closely over the molding), and nail the sides of your house to these pieces of molding inside it. Then your house is ready for the roof.

If you can join them closely enough, this may be formed of slats, screwed to, and projecting slightly beyond, the pieces of molding

which you have fastened already along the slopes of the front and rear. If these fail, a wide, thick shingle, or a piece of thin board, sawn to the proper size, will do for each side of the roof, and the two easily can be made water-proof where they join. Indeed, as good a bird-house as that shown in the picture can be constructed with less labor, by using a single thin board for each slope instead of the slats. In that case, however, the boards for the front and back should be thicker than those for the sides (or the reverse) in order that it may be nailed together more easily and securely. Only seven pieces are needed for a house of this kind, and after these have



THE BIRD-HOUSE.

been joined together, pretty pieces of bark and lichens can be to the outside of the house so as to cover it completely.

The best and fittest support for the house is a small, sturdy tree, with projecting branches; and, probably, one of these can be obtained in any woods. Saw off the main trunk a little above the crotch, and the branches at a somewhat distance: place your house upon the end of the trunk, and the branches notice what point of each branch together

the bottom-board, when the house is on a level. Saw off each branch at that point. Then place the house in position for the last time and fasten the margin of the bottom-board to the projecting branches with screws.

Set the support firmly in the ground, as you would a post, by dig-

ging a hole, inserting the support, and then filling up and packing with earth until it stands straight and firm.

It only remains to plant vines and flowers around the support, and, in time, you will have the gratification of beholding a real and substantial castle in the air.

C. G. L.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

Providence, R. I., January 13, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard the other day, from a lady who is staying with us, a story, which may interest some of your readers. When a little girl, this lady had a myrtle-tree, of which she was very fond. One day, a clothes-pole fell upon one of the branches and split it clear to the trunk, and the trunk itself nearly to the roots, completely separating it into two parts, though it did not break it off. The plant was one which she valued very much, and being very unwilling to let it die, she hit upon this way of healing it: Fitting the two halves carefully together, she wound a rag round and round the split part, plastered this well with mud and water, and outside this bound another rag. Every one said that the plant must die, and that neither her method nor any other could save it. But it never even withered, and before long healed completely, and grew as before.—Your constant reader,

CHARLES HART PAYNE.

Penn Yan, Jan. 1, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell about some puddings; they will not rival Mother Mitchell's tart, but they were pretty large.

In New England, before the Revolution, the farmers used to make enormous corn-puddings. It took about ten bushels of corn to make them, and once, one of them fell over and knocked down two men, so a law was made, that none containing over four bushels of corn should be made. It is impossible to say how I like ST. NICHOLAS.—Yours respectfully,

X.

### MORE ABOUT THE REAL GIANT AND GIANTESS.

Dyersburg, February 1, '77.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new contributor, twelve years old, and I thought I could write something that would please the young folks. I will tell that little girl who spoke of the giant and giantess, and his wife, that I have seen them thrice at fairs here in Dyersburg. They were very pleasant people, indeed. I talked with them frequently. Mrs. Bates showed me a most beautiful set of diamonds that the Queen of England gave her. It was so massive that even a giantess could not wear them but a few hours at a time. We had a gentleman boarding with us who had to stoop when coming through the door. We children thought he must be a giant; but when Captain Bates came, our tall man could walk under his arm easily. I was ten years old at the time, and was thought large for my age; still I only came to Mrs. Bates's knees.—I am yours truly,

MADGE CHILD.

Washington, Indiana.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I like the ST. NICHOLAS,—oh, so much! I wait as patiently as I can for it to come. When I get it, mamma, and auntie, and I scramble to see which will read it first. Finally, whoever gets hold of it has to read aloud to keep peace. I want to tell the girls and boys in the ST. NICHOLAS about a splendid old dog I had, that died last summer. He was seventeen years old, and weighed one hundred and forty pounds. You ought to have seen him. When I was a little fellow, he took care of me. When I went out to play or walk, if another dog would come toward me, he would stick up his ears and growl, as much as to say, "Don't you come near my boy;" and he was so large and fierce, they generally took the hint, and let me alone. He never hurt me. I used to ride on him, and sit on his side and play by the hour; but no one else could do it. He was such a good dog to watch the house! No stranger could come in unless we spoke to him first. He was so kind to all his friends! When any of us went away on a visit, when we came home he would be so glad, he would run and jump,—show in so many ways that he loved us! Before he died, he lost his hearing and eyesight. Poor fellow! just before he died, he wandered off into another part of town, and we had to bring him home. Every one in town knew "Towler." We miss him very much; and I wish all the bird-defenders would be dog-defenders too. Please put my name down as a bird-defender.

Now, Mr. Editor, will you please publish my obituary notice?

because I am sure Towser has gone to dog-heaven, and I want every one to know he was good enough to go there; and I want the children and you to know that we boys in Indiana read the ST. NICHOLAS, and love it so much!—Yours truly,

FRANKIE VAN TRUE.

New York.

DEAR JACK: In again looking over the ST. NICHOLAS for December, we found a description of the Moravian Christmas Putz. Now, I merely wish to tell you that it is not necessary to go to Bethlehem, Pa., to see such a Putz, as there is one, and a very handsome one, too, in this city at the present time. My brother made such a miniature landscape, and if you or the dear little School-ma'am would like to take a look at it, we would be only too glad to show it to you. I doubt if Mamie H. has seen a prettier one than ours, and only wish that she could see it. I cannot describe it to you, as it would take too much time: I will only say that it covers a space of 10 ft. by 6 ft., and the larger part of our back-parlor, and contains everything to make a perfect landscape.

Yours truly,

EDWARD B. MILLER.

### AMONG THE BOOKS AT THE CAPITOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: With your permission, I would like to give the little folks a few items about the National Library, or Library of Congress, which has grown to be a wonderfully big collection of books. It is now the largest in the country, containing more than 283,000 volumes, besides from fifty to seventy-five thousand pamphlets. Within the short space of five years, it has added one hundred thousand volumes; so that now the alcoves are all full and overflowing—crowding every available place, corner, perch, and table. One sees, upon entering the central library, long tables at which are seated, in the hottest summer days, numerous students, and literary and eager people, searching books of reference, consulting authorities, examining volumes of fine arts, or reading lighter literature. There are two wings, each as large as the central library, and containing more books, as they have four galleries each, and that has but three. The first floor of this middle room—extending the whole length of one side—is devoted to poetry. Another side of another gallery is filled with scientific works, another with histories, another with works on philosophy, and so on. Ascending the steep iron stair-ways to the third and fourth galleries, there are books to the right and books to the left of you; books before you, and books behind you, whichever way you look. Here are eight hundred Bibles, in eighty different languages. One quaint, curious Chinese Bible is almost without weight, and wrapped around in silky blue covers, fastened with little wooden pegs slipped through loops at top and bottom. Then there are Bibles too big to be handled—ponderous, illustrated, illuminated books; one of these was printed by hand.

The library does not contain a copy of every book published in the country, as many suppose, but of every book that is copyrighted. Sometimes a book is not copyrighted till it has been published four or five years.

The National Library was first called The Library of the United States, and was founded in 1800, with the purchase of \$1,000 of books, which was increased by the valuable library of ex-President Jefferson, who in his old age, becoming involved in debt, sold his 6,700 volumes to Congress.

Two fires have occurred in its history: the first in 1814, when the British burned our national capital; and the second resulting from some defective flue, when the collection had reached fifty-five thousand volumes: of these, only twenty thousand were saved. Con-

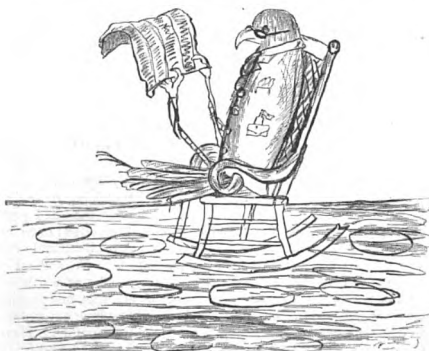


gress then appropriated \$75,000 for books, and \$92,500 for rebuilding the library in solid iron, adding the two wings, also of fire-proof material. The new building was quickly filled, as the Smithsonian Library, rich in scientific works, and the historical library of Peter Force, were added then to the remnant of the national collection.

The general appearance of the library is very attractive and tasteful; there is perhaps an excess of gilt ornamentation; the prevailing tints are soft-wood browns, which combine with the lighting up of the gilt, and the wrought-iron work, to make a very agreeable effect.

An independent building is greatly needed for the accommodation of this vast collection in all its different departments; and although the public is freely admitted to the privilege of consulting books here during the ordinary business hours, there is much dissatisfaction because Congress does not make it available for the large number of persons who can only go there at night, or outside of business hours. Only senators and representatives in Congress, with their families, are permitted to take out books.—Yours truly, C. N. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read your stories very much indeed. Papa bought me a baby-doll last Saturday, and it is real cunning. I went out Saturday and took my baby for a walk; and it was slippery, and I fell down in the mud and got my baby's shawl very dirty; and I got my new red stockings a little dirty too. I thought people tied strings around their fingers to make them remember things. When I tied a string around my finger, I could not remember my geography lesson a bit better. Do you know the reason why? I got mamma to write this for me, because I can only print. That's all. MABEL FARR.



A LITTLE GIRL sends us this comical drawing, made by herself, as a portrait of the "Parrot-Professor" of Mr. Boyesen's story "Mabel and I," published in our January number.

OUR boys, especially, will be glad to know that Colonel Higginson is issuing his Young Folks' Book of Explorers in America, containing narratives of discovery and adventure told in the precise words of the heroes themselves. What with its traditions of Norsemen and strange voyagers, its accounts of military exploits, and its stories of peaceful attempts at civilization more adventurous, perhaps, than even war itself, this will be a book well worth reading.

Kansas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a puzzle which is every word my own composition. It is hard work to make them, but I would rather do it than be a girl and have to wash dishes. Mother does not make me do any the day I make puzzles.

I am in my tenth year. I do not have a school to go to both winter and summer, as some boys do. But our district has voted bonds, and we will have a nice new school-house this winter. I will be glad when school begins, for then I will not have the dishes to wash. It is the worst job I have to do.

I have a little brother Joel. One day he said: "Ma, do you know when our chickens grow up they will be turkey gobblers? Uncle John has some, and of course they were chickens when they were

little." They had set a hen on turkey eggs, and he did not understand it. We had a big laugh, and he does not like to hear turkey gobblers mentioned.

#### PUZZLE.

My first is in road, but not in lane;  
My second is in suffer, but not in pain;  
My third is in trumpet, but not in horn;  
My fourth is in night, but not in morn;  
My fifth is in read, and also in spell;  
My sixth is in spring, but not in well;  
My seventh is in fail, but not in success;  
My eighth is in blood, but not in bleed;  
My ninth is in rat, but not in mouse;  
My tenth is in dwelling, but not in house;  
My eleventh is in bay, but not in sea;  
My twelfth is in piano, but not in key;  
My thirteenth is in round, and also in square;  
My fourteenth is in cage, but not in lair;  
My fifteenth is in home, but not in abroad;  
My sixteenth is in cheating, and also in fraud;  
My seventeenth is in bridle, and also in rein;  
My eighteenth is in window, but not in pane;  
My nineteenth is in hill, but not in mound;  
My twentieth is in land, but not in ground;  
My twenty-first is in my, and also in your;  
My twenty-second is in upper, and also in lower;  
My twenty-third is in skillet, but not in pan;  
My whole is the name of a popular man.  
So, boys and girls, please guess if you can.

ARTHUR S. HILL.

P. S.—Here is the answer: Rutherford Birchard Hayes.

Ishpeming, Mich., Jan. 22, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS. I will send you the money with this letter; here it is. I fixed my cart to-day. I am trying to learn "Sheridan's Ride." I have a dog named U-Know. Every time he hears the least noise, he will bark and growl, night and day. Now I will tell you something about the country. It is fine weather; the sun is shining brightly. This city was once a swamp, surrounded by hills. There are three lakes to be seen by standing on a hill. Mine and ma's plants are very pretty; the ivy covers the window. I have a brother, Ben Hill; but he is not the U. S. Senator from Georgia. Will you please send me the January ST. NICHOLAS right away, as I want to read "His Own Master." I was nine years old the last of December.—Your friend, FRED D. HILL.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you something. I had a mug for my birthday, with buds on each side. F. D. H.

North Woodstock, Maine, Feb. 3, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To you first, and then to my dear uncle, who lives in New York, do I send my thanks for the delightful ST. NICHOLAS. It is one of my greatest pleasures, for I live among the mountains, and do not have many playmates. My father is a doctor; he was sick, and came up here to stay a year or two, hoping to get well. He is better, but he has found a gold and silver mine, and I don't know how long I shall have to live here. They hope to start the mill next summer, and mother says I may send you a piece of the mill next summer, and mother says I may send you a piece of the silver as soon as they work some out. Father says it is a true fissure vein, and will surely be rich. On one side of the vein it is polished smooth as glass. Mother says when we get rich, I may send many little girls ST. NICHOLAS; and then I hope I can live in the village again. Mother says this is a beautiful place to live in, and girls and boys brought up here can make noble men and women; but it is rather lonesome for me sometimes, as I have no sister. Father has been telling me about geology; he says all the matter of which the earth consists was once held suspended in vapor. If you are willing, I would like to tell the Young Contributors something about this wonderful study. I will close by saying, Long live ST. NICHOLAS and its dear editors! ABBIE L. BRADBURY.

Louisville, Ky.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was looking over some old numbers of ST. NICHOLAS last night, I happened to see a letter from a little girl, in which she sent you a double pansy, and I thought I would tell you about a double flower in our garden. It was a double rose; I mean, two perfectly formed roses growing from the same calyx (I believe that is the right name; I mean the little cup from which the flower grows). The rose was a deep crimson velvet one; I don't know any other name for it. The flower, or flowers, were not quite as large as the others (the single ones, I mean), but appeared as perfectly formed as any. Give my love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and tell him I think a great deal of him, and have got much valuable information from him by following up the hints he gives sometimes.—Your affectionate friend, KITTIE B. WHIPPLE.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

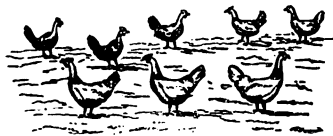
## PICTORIAL NUMERICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

## A New Puzzle.

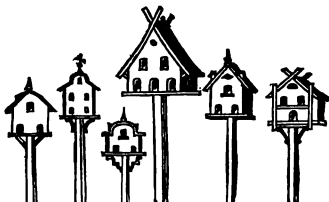
Transpose the letters of the two words expressing the number and name of the objects in each group into a single word which will answer to the definition given below the picture. Thus: No. 1 represents *seven dice*, which can be transposed into *evidences* (or *proofs*).



1. Proofs.



2. Increases.



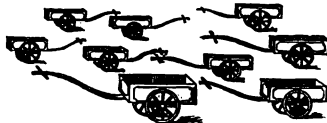
3. Lives at the same time with another.



4. Trifling.



5. Feasts.



6. Delicious fruits.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of twenty-six letters. The 3, 23, 11, 15 is a shrub common in Great Britain. The 3, 16, 9, 13, 23 was a female deity, fabled to preside over rivers and springs. The 8, 4, 9, 14, 1 is a woman's name, signifying happiness. The 10, 12, 24, 2, 14 is a young domestic animal. The 14, 5, 2, 19, 11 is an article of food. The 14, 9, 2, 12, 13 was the goddess of hunting. The 21, 6, 20, 5, 25 is an animal of the deer kind. The 26, 11, 8, 16, 7 is a motive power. The whole is a proverb.

ISOLA.

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. DECEITFUL. 2. Fragrance. 3. A French coin. 4. An expression of pleasure. 5. A painter's implement. JACKIE D. W.

## ANAGRAMS.

1. A GIRL stole. 2. To mice in a pan. 3. I can get pride. 4. Bind sin asleep. 5. Mere prison coat. 6. Sid is fast in a col. J.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLES.

I.—DIAGONAL from left to right: A girl's name, and also the surname of an American general. Words across: Each a girl's name. II.—Diagonal from left to right: A boy's name, and also the given name of an American general. Words across: Each a boy's name. B.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals are the names of two cities of Italy. 1. A toy. 2. One of the muses. 3. A color. 4. What merchants dislike to write. 5. A girl's name. B. F.

## EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A garden vegetable. 3. A river in the United States. 4. A part of the body. 5. A consonant. ISOLA.

## HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

CENTRALS, read downward, name the inflection of verbs.

1. Surmises. 2. Compounded. 3. A kingdom or state. 4. An army officer. 5. An engraved block. 6. A consonant. 7. A heathen deity. 8. A kind of cement. 9. A sick person. 10. Captives. 11. Durably. X + Y.

## WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from out another, and leave a complete word.

1. Take a staff from a burlesque, and leave to reward. 2. Take to free from a scepter, and leave a covering. 3. Take to fasten from a sick person, and leave to gasp. 4. Take to fit from a ship of war, and leave fortune. CYRIL DEANE.

## CHARADE.

My first contains corn,  
Or draws you and me;  
You may call it a coin,  
Or fowl of the sea.  
My last may be coarse,  
Or fine as a hair;  
A membrane it is,  
Or cloth that you wear.

My whole is a snare,—  
Little insect, beware!

L. W. H.

## HIDDEN DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

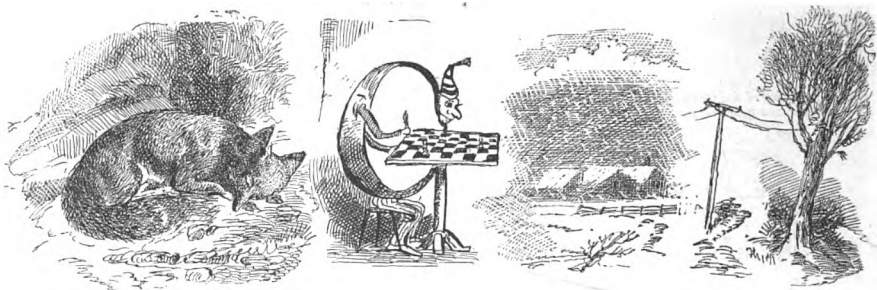
FILL the blanks in their order with, first, diagonal from left to right, then diagonal from right to left; then each word across, in its order from the top downward.

One rough day in — or —, said to her brother —, "If I am not as rich as a —, I will yet give a — to every beggar, and the — of my door shall not be fastened against the needy." B.





## REBUS.



## HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND a French proverb, asserting the peculiarities of different countries, in the following sentence:  
Such aqueducts pay; satisfying all, and proving a safe and undis-  
guised blessing.

## LOGOGRAPH.

WHOLE, I mean to discourse upon; behead and transpose, and I am a degree of value; transpose again, and I am a weed; transpose again, and I am to rend; lastly, behead, and I am a part of the head.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a comedy, and leave part of a circle.
2. Behead and curtail a precious jewel, and leave a part of the body.
3. Behead and curtail a part of the body, and leave another part of the body.
4. Behead and curtail a part of the body, and leave an instrument for fastening clothes, etc.
5. Behead and curtail a light liquid food, and leave a medicinal plant.
6. Behead and curtail another article of food, and leave a number.
7. Behead and curtail another article of food, and leave a measure of length.
8. Behead and curtail an article of clothing, and leave a measure of length.
9. Behead and curtail a lazy animal, and leave a portion of land.
10. Behead and curtail a dried fruit, and leave a small stream of water.

ISOLA.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

BEHEADED ENIGMAS.—1. Chart, hart. 2. March, arch. 3. Rash, ash. 4. Smart, mart, art. 5. Sit, it. 6. Trim, rim. 7. Charm, harm.

HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.—“Patentia vinces.”

PICTORIAL LIBRARY PUZZLE.—Spenser, Pindar, Longfellow, Lowell, Harte, Caesar, Burns, Tennyson, Kane, Paley, Bentley, Bunyan, Lockhart, Lamb, Hood, Grimm.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Main, mane. 2. Seen, scene. 3. Sees, seize, seas. 4. Sent, cent, scent. 5. Gate, gait. 6. Meets, metes, meats. 7. Knights, nights. 8. Been, bin. 9. Lynx, links. 10. Pear, pare, pair.

## CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.—

- |                |      |
|----------------|------|
| 1. Pi — P — cs | Pies |
| 2. St — A — ir | Stir |
| 3. Vi — T — al | Vial |
| 4. Co — R — al | Coal |
| 5. Si — O — op | Slop |
| 6. Ti — L — cs | Ties |

METAGRAM.—Severn, sever, verse, ever, veer, eve.

MELANGE.—1. Skate, Keats, steak, stake. 2. Skate, Kate. 3. Skate, sate. 4. Steak, teak. 5. Stake, take. 6. Sate, seat. 7. Teak, tea. 8. Seat, eat.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—William, Herbert.

- |   |        |   |
|---|--------|---|
| W | —rat—  | H |
| I | —odin— | E |
| L | —ate—  | R |
| L | —am—   | B |
| I | —nan—  | E |
| A | —muse— | R |
| M | —omen— | T |

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—B, Kid, Bison, Dog, N.  
HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—“Honi soit qui mal y pense.”  
TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Walrus, Badger, Rabbit.

W	—e—	B—	e—	R
A	—ustr—	A—	lasi—	A
L	—ow—	D—	ra—	B
R	—ed—	G—	ru—	B
U	—ndec—	E—	mvir—	I
S	—ca—	R—	le—	T

## HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

O	R	E	G	O	N
R	U	M	O	R	
E	M	I	T		
G	O	T			
O	R				
N					

## OMNIBUS WORD.—Prate.

- |      |   |   |   |     |     |   |
|------|---|---|---|-----|-----|---|
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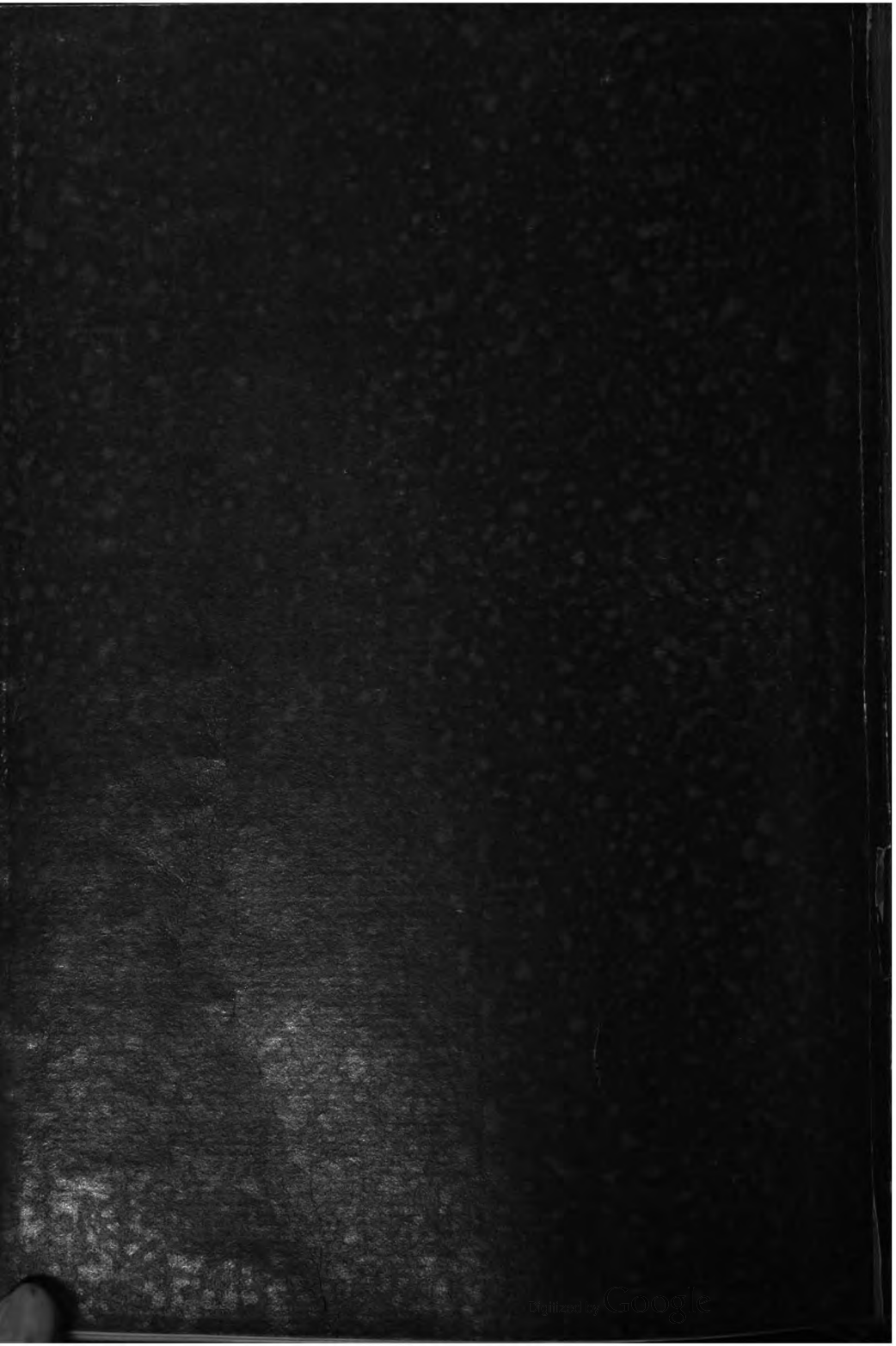
REBUS.—“There’s many a slip ‘twixt the cup and the lip.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18th, from A. R., “Moon Face,” Emma Elliott, Daisy Hobbs, “Elizabeth Eliza Peterkin,” “Minerva and Pluto,” Robert Smith, Alice Bartow-Moore, Florence Wilcox, Constance Grand Pierre, Maude L. Edgcomb, Alfred A. Mitchell, Carrie B. Mitchell, Howard S. Rodgers, Louis L. Richards, Bessie Taylor, D. V., Hallie Mygatt, Lora M., James B. Hamilton, Fannie M. Griswold, Lester Mapes, Frieda E. Lippert, Kittie H. Chapman, Arthur D. Smith, M. O. and R. J. P., Edith Lowry, Brainerd P. Emery, Fred Wolcott, “Beth,” Nessie E. Stevens, Ella G. Condie, Lucy V. McRill, “Toddie and Budgie,” Tom Landon, Alice Ostrom, C. A. Walker, Jr., S. N. Knapp, Harriet Etting, John Pyne, “Gennie Allis,” Nellie M. Sherwin, Ida A. Carson, Edith Wilkinson, “Capt. Nemo,” Madeleine D. W. Smith, Mark W. Morton, Mrs. L. Annie Wickes, A. Hughes Lamson, M. W. Collett, Willie Dibblee, “Alex,” Nellie Emerson, Kittie L. Roe, “Mercy,” J. G., “Oliver Twist,” George Herbert White, “Margold,” Carroll S. Maxey, A. G. Cameron, “A. B. C.,” J. Couch Flanders, Harry Nathan, Jennie Platt, Lottie Westland, Pauline Schloss, Arthur C. Smith, C. F. Cook, Eddie Vultee.









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